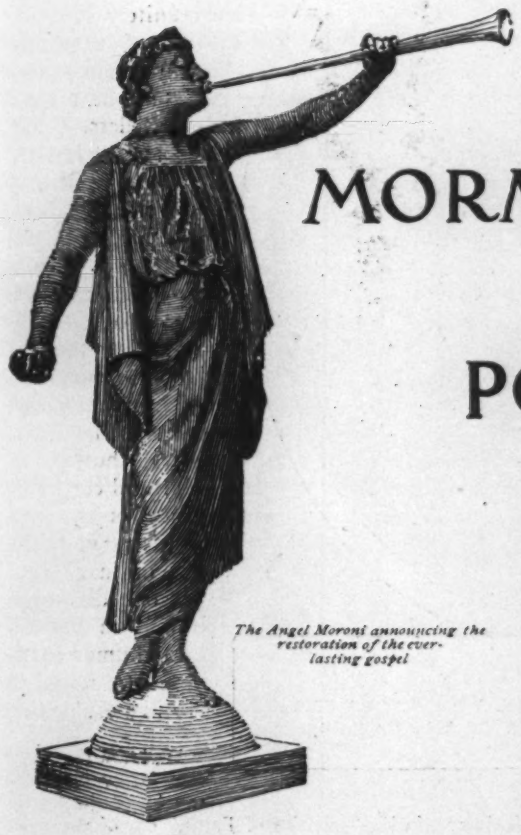
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVI JANUARY, 1911 No. 3



The Angel Moroni announcing the restoration of the everlasting gospel

THE MORMON REVIVAL OF POLYGAMY

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

ONE of the problems with which the American people will soon have to deal is the revival of polygamy in Utah. In 1890 the President of the Mormon Church received a revelation from Heaven commanding the cessation of this practice. This revelation, as interpreted by the Mormons themselves, demanded two things: the abandonment of polygamous relations entered into prior to 1890, and the prohibition of new plural marriages. Because of this fundamental change in Utah's social system, Congress in 1896 admitted the Territory as a sovereign American State. The evidence now seems abundantly clear that the Mormon Church has violated its own revelation in both respects: the polygamous unions contracted before 1890 have not been given up, and new plural marriages have taken place on a considerable scale.

All this is not surprising to any one familiar with Mormon history and Mormon theological doctrine. For Mormonism without polygamy largely ceases to be Mormonism. Its whole theological system, from its conception of the Godhead down, is pervaded with sensualism. The Mormon god is not only a just and a vengeful god, but he is a lustful god. The Mormon doctrine teaches the progressive development of earthly and celestial beings. Man comes into existence as a disembodied spirit, in due course takes up a tabernacle of clay, and then slowly advances in grace through several grades of eternal glory until he himself becomes a god. The god who presides over this present world has attained unto his celestial kingdom according to this stipulated program. The Mormons teach only vaguely the fundamental idea of one all-powerful, all-wise, overruling deity; their belief is essentially polytheistic. They have peopled the universe with a mighty heavenly host, and have allotted an endless system of planets and worlds to a multiplicity of gods. The earth has its god; the other planets of our system — Mars, Venus, Mercury, Saturn — all have theirs; the

Copyright, 1910, by The S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved

millions of heavenly bodies whirling far in the unseen universe have their presiding deities. Astronomy has always been a favorite study with the Mormons; and, according to their teachings, all the heavenly worlds are inhabited by sentient beings. They have eagerly hailed all scientific discoveries that seemed to substantiate this idea, and one of their particular heroes is Professor Percival Lowell, whose researches on the population of Mars they regard as a direct scientific indorsement of Mormon theology.*

JOSEPH SMITH, JR.
THE FOUNDER OF MORMONISM, WHO MADE POLYGAMY THE LEADING DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH

Adam the God of This World

The god of each one of these heavenly bodies, according to the Mormon doctrine, was originally a man. "What man is, God once was; what God is, man may become"—this is one of their favorite theological aphorisms. And God has progressed from this lowly stage to his present exaltation largely by the exercise of his procreative powers. The god of each planet has, as his subjects, his own posterity. Bearing in mind these two fundamental principles, that the god of our present world was once a man, and that we, its inhabitants, are merely his descendants, we can easily fix his identity. Our own presiding deity, of course, is Adam. "When our Father Adam came into the garden," says Brigham Young, explaining this doctrine, "he came into it with a celestial body, and brought Eve, *one of his wives*,† with him. He helped to make and organize this world. He is Michael, the Archangel, the Ancient of Days, about whom holy men have written and spoken. He is our Father and our God, and the only God with whom we have to do." This Adam-god, as well as all the other gods of the universe, is simply a perfected, celestialized man. Should we meet him face to face, we should see merely a reflection of ourselves; he would be far more dazzlingly beautiful than we are, his flesh would be of a finer texture, his movements far swifter, his mental comprehension infinitely superior to that of a purely human brain — but he would be a man nevertheless. We could shake him by the hand, walk and converse with him, laugh and tell jokes, sit down with him at table and enjoy a hearty meal. For the god of the Mormons has "body, parts, and passions"; he eats, walks, feels the warmth and cold, and can love, sympathize, enjoy, and become angry, much like an ordinary man. The only difference is that in him all these human attributes are raised to the highest power.

> We know that both the father and the son [says James F. Talmage, in his "Articles of Faith," one of the most widely circulated Mormon works] are in form and stature perfect men; each of them possesses a material body, infinitely pure and perfect, yet a body of flesh and bones.
>
> What are men? [writes Parley P. Pratt, in a discourse reprinted in Roberts' "Mormon Doctrine of Deity," 1903]. They are the offspring of God, the fathers and mothers in Jesus Christ. . . . They are capable of receiving intelligence and exaltation to such a degree as to be raised from the dead with a body like that of Jesus Christ, and to possess immortal flesh and bones, in which they will eat, drink, converse, reason, love, walk, sing, play on musical instruments, go on missions from planet to planet, or from system to system; being gods, or sons of God, endowed with the same powers, attributes, and capacities that their heavenly Father and Jesus Christ possess.

God Himself a Polygamist

And among this god's most transcendent qualities is his capacity for multiplying his

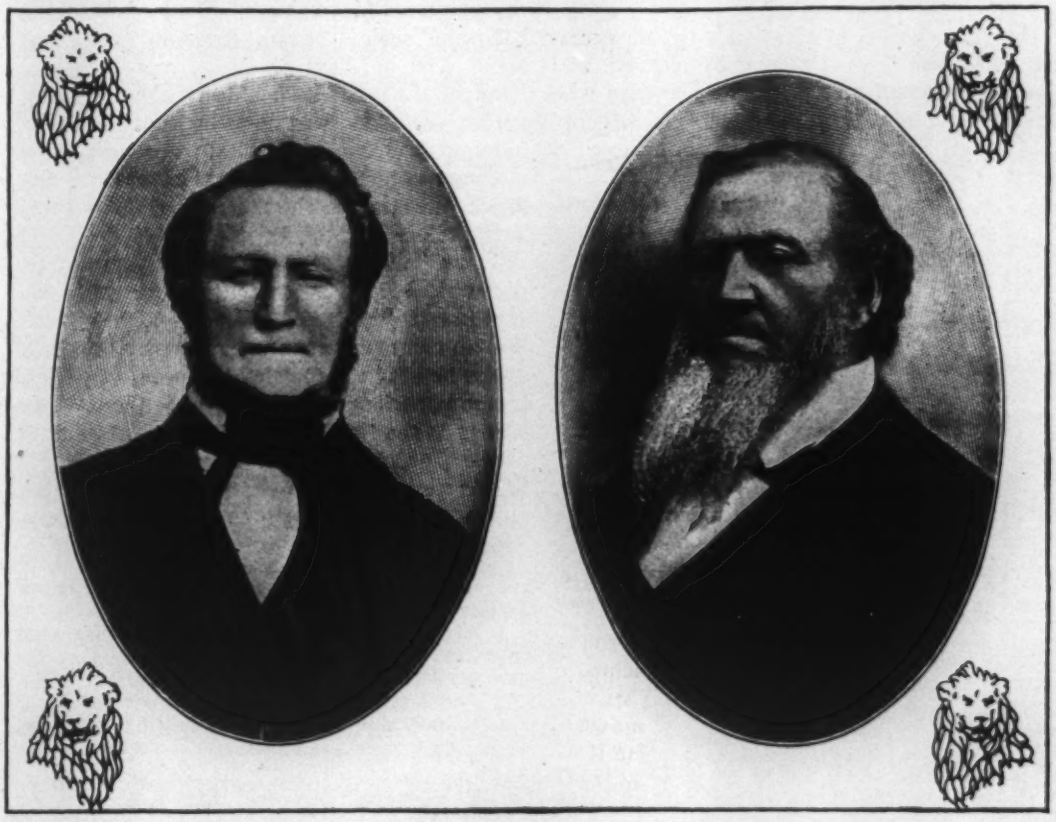
* Elsewhere in the magazine (see page 360) will be found a large number of quotations from Mormon writings, in which these theological ideas are set forth in detail.

† The italics are Brigham Young's. See *Journal of Discourses*, vol. 1, page 50.

kind. He came into the garden as Adam, an immortal being. While he was still in his state of innocence, God gave him Eve, his wife, with the admonition to "increase and multiply and replenish the earth." If procreation were one of Adam's functions while in this sinless state, is it absurd to suppose that now, when he has again taken on immortality, he has ceased to multiply his seed? In developing this idea, Mormon theology sinks into a grossness that can only be hinted at. It teaches, for example, that this Adam-god was the father of Jesus Christ, not in any spiritual or mystical sense, but after the flesh. Some Mormon writers have even taught that Jesus was a polygamist, that Mary and Martha were his wives, and that the wedding celebrated at Cana was his own. They have likewise taught that the polygamous family on earth is simply patterned after the polygamous family in heaven. God has not only many mansions, but he has many wives. "If none but gods will be permitted to multiply immortal children," writes Orson Pratt, "it follows that each god must have one or more wives." "When God sets up any portion of his kingdom upon the earth," says Orson Spencer, "it is patterned after his own order in the heavens. . . . The family of Abraham was a transcript of a celestial pattern." And the fact to be emphasized, in considering the moral consequences of doctrines of this sort, is that this god and these wives are not empty symbols, but are beings of flesh and bones, with an infinite capacity for indulgence.

Mormonism and Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird"

It is because God lives in marital relations that the necessity arises for polygamy on earth. For the people, the men and women and children, whom we see moving upon this planet, constitute the smaller part of its population. There are in the spirit world millions and millions of conscious human souls who have not yet taken on bodily form — all the offspring of the Almighty. As in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," these disembodied souls are eagerly waiting for opportunities to get into the world; for, before they can achieve immortal bliss, they must come here and pass their period of probation. Unless they do this, they are doomed to an eter-



BRIGHAM YOUNG
AS A YOUNG MAN AND IN OLD AGE. AN UNYIELDING ADVOCATE OF POLYGAMY, HE HAD TWENTY-SIX WIVES

nal life as homeless spirits; they must go wailing through eternity, with no abiding-place in any of the Mormon heavens — the cast-off, neglected children of the eternal Father. Consequently they have but a single purpose — they are irrepressibly seeking to be born. Every woman is constantly surrounded by thousands, millions of them, pleading for an opportunity to get into the world. The prime object, of course, is to capture the most desirable human parents. Especially blessed are those who are born in Utah and the other Mormon States, in the families of the saints. The supply of human parents is so small, however, and the multitude of homeless spirits so large, that many are constrained to enter the world under less desirable conditions. Some even submit willingly to a humiliating parentage; the fact that there are so many illegitimate children is due to their incessant pleadings. And the competition is now waxing acute, as there is only a little time left; in a few years the millennium will be here, the first resurrection will come, the reign of earthly man will be over, and there will be no further opportunity to enter the flesh. All the spirits who have not become human beings by that time will be doomed to outer darkness through limitless eternity.

Hence, according to Mormon ideas, the greatest responsibility of a man is fatherhood, and that of a woman motherhood. The man who pleases God most is the one who gives fleshly habitations to the largest number of his created spirits. Obviously, the man who is limited to one wife cannot fulfil this obligation to the fullest extent. Clearly, the more wives one has, the more imprisoned spirits will he set free. And the whole plan of salvation, according to Mormon doctrine, largely hangs upon this particular point.

Marriages for "Time" and for "Eternity"

The word for heavenly bliss, in Mormon theology, is not "salvation"; it is "exaltation." Nearly everybody may be saved, but all may not be "exalted." This transcendent glory is largely dependent upon one's matrimonial achievements. Marriage, in the Mormon Church, is different from anything known in any civilized country. There are several ways in which a Mormon may wed. He may be married for "time"— that is, for this world only, precisely as are all Christians —"until death do you part." The Mormons teach, however, that family relations in the future life are to be resumed, and that a man will go on living with his wife or wives, and continue to rear children. To be married for "time," therefore, means that one has his wife only for this life, and that at the resurrection she and all her children — his children, too — will be strangers to him.

Children Will be Born in the Next World

Therefore in Mormonism the only marriage that really counts is the marriage for eternity. The proper term for this is not "marriage," but "sealing." That is, a man and a woman are "married for time," but they are "sealed for eternity"— or "sealed up unto eternal life." The great majority of marriages are for both "time and eternity." A man and a woman live together in this life, and when both have gone "beyond the veil" they placidly resume their domestic relations and continue to have children throughout eternity. In many cases, a woman may be married to one man for time, and "sealed" to another for eternity. Children born to her in such a marriage do not belong to her temporal husband, but will go with her into the celestial kingdom and become part of the posterity of the husband to whom she has been "sealed." Thus a widow who has been already "sealed" to one good departed saint can still, without infringing divine law, become the wife of another saint, merely for time. Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, left many wives who had been "sealed" to him; Brigham Young took about half of them for time, and Heber C. Kimball the other half. Many obliging saints permit unmarried women to be sealed to them; hundreds were supposed to have been sealed to Brigham Young. Such sealings have no validity in this life, though the married relations begin in the celestial world.

These "sealings" are extremely consoling to spinsters, because thereby they are not only saved, but "exalted." For no man and no woman can ever get into the celestial kingdom unless he or she is married for eternity. There are no bachelors and no old maids there. This sealing is the "new and everlasting covenant" of marriage, and the revelations of Joseph Smith are very explicit in its observance as a qualification for entrance into the highest kingdom. Thus we read in Section 131:

> 1. In the celestial glory there are three heavens or degrees.
> 2. And in order to obtain the highest a man must enter into this order of the Priesthood (meaning the new and everlasting covenant of marriage);
> 3. And if he does not, he cannot obtain it.
> 4. He may enter into the other, but that is the end of his kingdom; he cannot have an increase.

A Man with an "Increase" May Become a God

And what the orthodox Mormon yearns for above all else is a "kingdom" and an "increase."

Unless he has this he can never be a god; he can only be an "angel." Those unmarried, or married only for time, will get no farther than the terrestrial kingdom. Their chief function in this lower sphere will be to serve as "ministering angels" or servants of those in the celestial world. And in this celestial world God reserves the highest glory for those who have the largest posterity. Not all the saints are equal in his sight; many are set apart and are commanded to follow the example of Abraham, Jacob, David, and Solomon, and to take unto themselves "a plurality of wives." To the Mormon who enters into this order there is practically no end of glory. For his wives polygamy is as essential to exaltation as for himself. These women can never be exalted except by the side of some man, and their highest aspiration is to be the "queens" of some polygamist in the celestial world. Here, husband and wives, they live together throughout eternity; there is a continuous increase of immortal children, and their seed, like that promised to Abraham, becomes as numerous as the stars in the heavens or the sands of the seashore. Ultimately, after millions and millions of sons and daughters have been born to him, the time arrives when the saint himself becomes a god. With his wives and children he moves to some planet, and there he reigns eternally as its god, just as Adam, because of his great posterity, reigns as the god of this world.

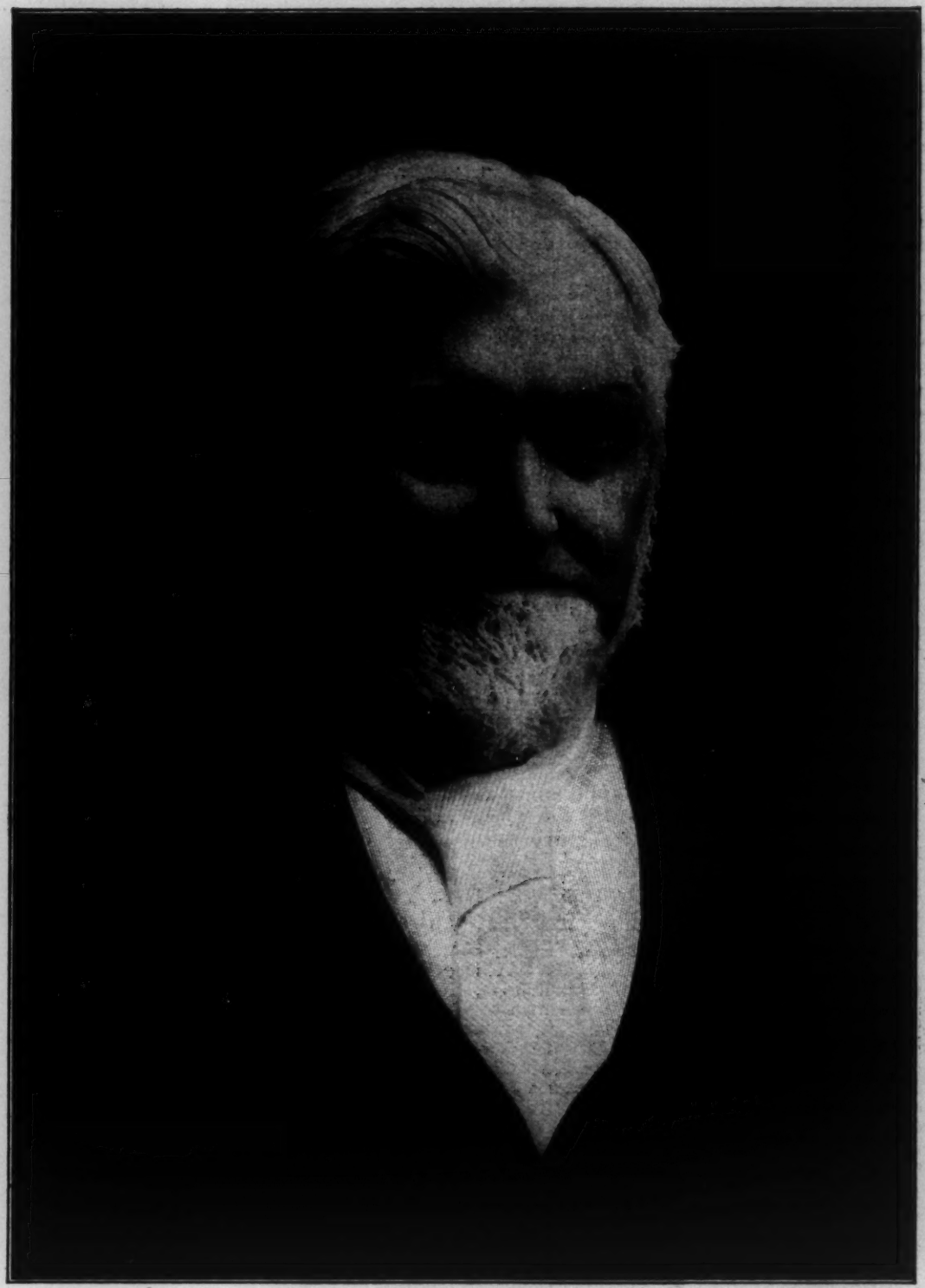
I wish to be perfectly understood here [writes Brigham H. Roberts in his famous Mormon work, "A New Witness for God"]. Let it be remembered that the Prophet Joseph Smith taught that man, that is, his spirit, is the offspring of Deity; not in any mystical sense, but actually; that man has not only a Father in heaven, but a Mother also. And when I say that the prophet taught that the resurrection is a reality, that the relationship of husband and wife is intended to be eternal, together with all its endearing affections, I mean all that in its most literal sense. I mean that in the life to come man will build and inhabit, eat, drink, associate and be happy with his friends; and that the power of endless increase will contribute to the power and dominion of those who attain by their righteousness unto these privileges. What a revelation is here! Instead of the God-given power of procreation being one of the chief things that is to pass away, it is one of the chief means of man's exaltation and glory in that great eternity which like an endless vista stretches out before him.

Federal Legislation Against Polygamy

Ever since Brigham Young planted his polygamous theocracy in Utah, in 1847, Mormon history has been one continuous conflict with the government for the preservation of this phallic form of worship. For nearly forty years our failure to destroy polygamy was recognized as a national reproach. Many sporadic attempts were made: several laws were passed; but the efforts always ended in failure. About 1882, however, Congress concluded that this uncivilized situation had lasted long enough, and entered upon a ten years' warfare with the Utah saints. It went into the campaign with a deadly seriousness, determined to destroy polygamy or destroy the Mormon Church. In that year it passed the Edmunds law, which struck deeply at the problem. By this time the government had learned the futility of attempting to punish polygamy as a specific crime. In order to convict on such a charge, it was necessary to prove a polygamous marriage; and the secrecy with which these marriages were performed made it virtually impossible to get the legal evidence. Congress therefore determined to assail the institution in the only practical way — by making the outward manifestation of polygamous relations the specific offense. Under the Edmunds law, therefore, it was not necessary to prove that a man had married a plural wife; all that was necessary to prove was that a man, "by common habit and repute," lived in the marital relation with more than one woman. The Edmunds law, therefore, described a new crime — that of "unlawful cohabitation."

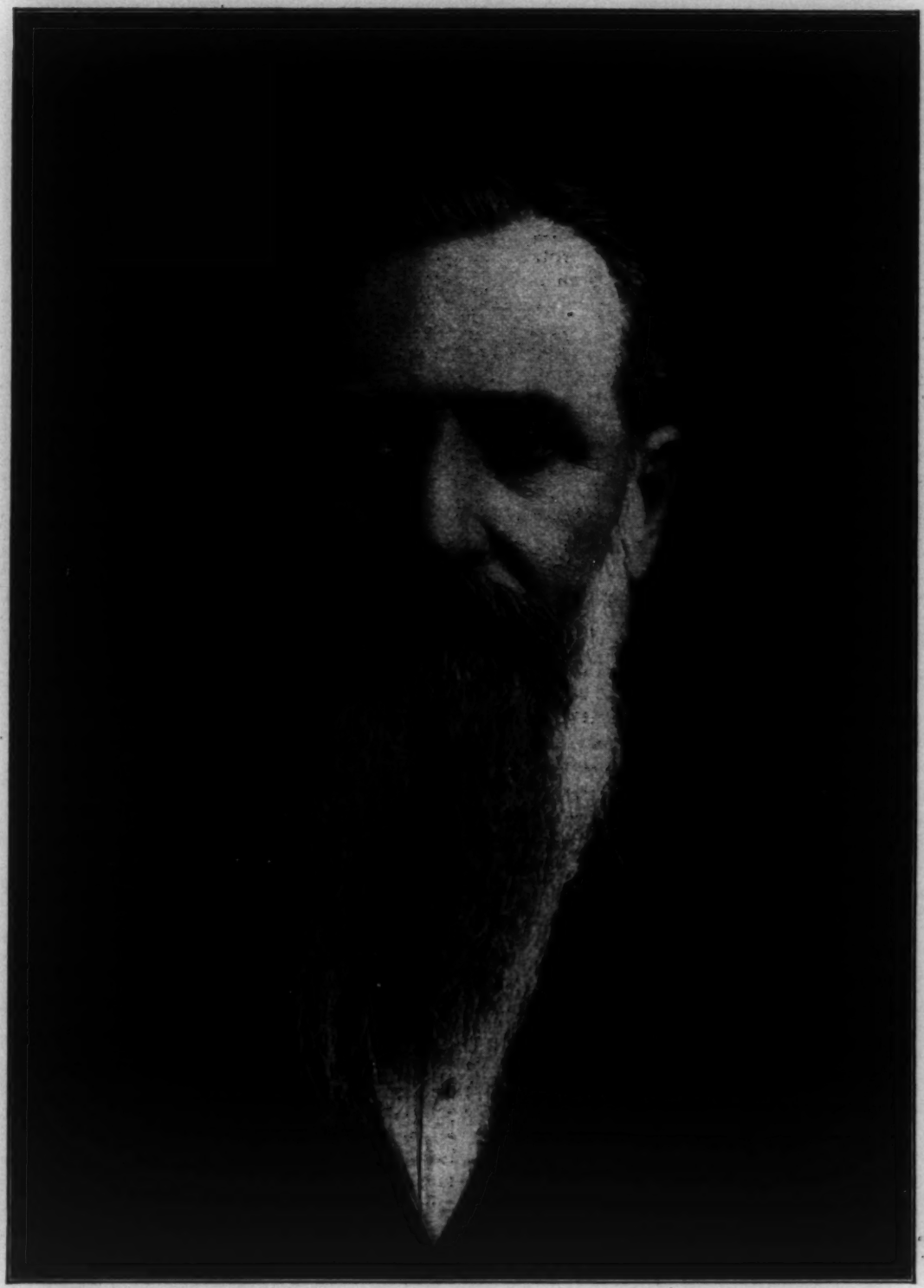
Polygamists in the "Underground"

Under this law there followed the period in Utah history which Mormon writers usually describe as the "Diocletian persecutions." President Arthur sent out, as Chief Justice, Charles S. Zane, of Illinois, Abraham Lincoln's successor in the Springfield law firm of Lincoln & Herndon. Judge Zane's arrival was a signal for a general flight of polygamist Mormons. Almost all the leading ecclesiastics suddenly went into hiding "in the underground," or left the country. For several years only three or four apostles were present at the semi-annual conferences of the church; the rest were fugitives from justice. A large part of the anti-Mormon population, official and unofficial, joined in the chase. Hunting "cohabs"— such was the name applied to those accused of unlawful cohabitation — became the chief occupation of a horde of deputy United States marshals, assisted by a small army of clergymen, newspaper reporters, bankers, merchants, and even women and children. In those days the appearance of a stranger in any Mormon town was usually followed by the scampering of a considerable part of its male population. The marshals found their prisoners everywhere: in cellars, in church belfries, between mattresses in beds, in caves. The officers, disguised as peddlers, book-agents, and tramps, surrounded suspected



WILFORD WOODRUFF

WHO, AS PRESIDENT OF THE MORMON CHURCH, RECEIVED A REVELATION FROM GOD IN 1890 COMMANDING THAT ALL MORMONS POLYGAMOUSLY MARRIED SHOULD GIVE UP THEIR PLURAL WIVES, AND ALSO THAT NO NEW PLURAL MARRIAGES SHOULD TAKE PLACE



JOSEPH F. SMITH

PROPHET, SEER, AND REVELATOR, PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS IN ALL THE WORLD. UNDER PRESIDENT SMITH'S REGIME POLYGAMY HAS BEEN RESUMED. HE IS HIMSELF THE MOST CONSPICUOUS VIOLATOR OF THE WOODRUFF MANIFESTO

houses in the night-time or at daybreak, and sometimes forced an entrance with axes.

"Lying to the Gentiles' God"

For three or four years the federal courts of Utah were crowded with cases of this kind. The really pathetic martyrs were the plural wives and their children. In proving polygamous relations the suspected wives of the accused were indispensable witnesses. The time-honored rule of evidence that protects a wife from testifying against her husband did not apply to plural wives, since, in the eyes of the law, they were not wives at all. There was almost nothing these women would not do, however, to protect their husbands: they never hesitated to perjure and even to dishonor themselves. They would frequently appear in court with their babies in their arms, and, when asked to name the fathers of these children, would quietly declare that they did not know. Mothers and fathers would similarly testify that they did not know who were the fathers of their daughters' children. "It's none of my business"; "I never had the curiosity to inquire"; "My daughter's old enough to take care of herself" — these were the answers frequently given. The older children, who were sometimes put upon the stand, would swear that they did not know who their fathers were, though invariably these same fathers were sitting a few feet away in the prisoners' pen. Such witnesses, when reproached outside the court-room for this manifest perjury, would sometimes say, "I lied to the Gentiles' God — not to our God." In many cases these polygamous wives, too conscientious to swear falsely, would sit sullenly and refuse to answer questions at all; some would even refuse to take oath or affirm or recognize the proceedings in any way. These, of course, would have to go to prison for contempt, and cases were by no means unknown in which their polygamous husbands permitted them to do so. To sacrifice everything for the church and divinely instituted polygamy — that was the command of the priesthood.

Congress Confiscates Church Property

Though the federal authorities sent more than a thousand polygamists to jail, the church showed no sign of yielding, and in 1887 Congress passed more legislation against the Mormons. It disincorporated the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and confiscated all its property. It did this on the ground that the church was a treasonable and law-defying organization. The courts appointed receivers to take possession of all the church's real and personal property and to use the proceeds for public education in Utah. The tithing-yard, the historian's office, the famous Lion and Beehive houses, the Amelia Palace, the Perpetual Immigration Fund, all were seized, and for several years the Mormons had to pay rentals to the American government for the use of their own buildings. A period of financial demoralization followed. The church had little money with which to take care of its poor; its ward meeting-houses became dilapidated, and it could raise hardly enough money for current expenses. The saints fought the validity of the act of confiscation before the Supreme Court of the United States. That body upheld it as constitutional, and thus the larger part of its temporalities passed out of the hands of the Mormon Church, apparently forever.

Congress Proposes to Disfranchise All Mormons

The federal courts in Utah refused to naturalize Latter-Day saints on the ground that they were members of a treasonable society. But Congress was by no means satisfied with putting up the bars against Mormon aliens. It had already disfranchised all polygamists; and now a concerted movement was started to deprive of their citizenship all members of the church, monogamists as well as those in the celestial order. The Territory of Idaho, one third of whose population was Mormon, had already passed such a law — a law which the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1890, had pronounced constitutional. The people of Utah were not slow in acting upon this decision. In the United States Senate, Shelby M. Cullom introduced a bill disfranchising the members of the Mormon Church in all the Territories, and, in the House, Representative Struble introduced a similar measure. Among the strong men who warmly advocated it were Senator Orville H. Platt and Congressmen William McKinley and Thomas B. Reed. It was the hardest blow yet aimed at the Mormon Church. If passed, it would entirely change the political complexion of Utah. It would take the territorial government out of the hands of a large Mormon majority and hand it over to a small Gentile minority. And that Congress was in earnest was evident from the fact that in April, 1890, this so-called Struble bill was favorably reported.

The Mormons, Crushed, Agree to Surrender

The spring of 1890, therefore, found the Mormon Church absolutely crushed. Its leading men were in hiding — fugitives from justice;

A GROUP OF MORMONS SERVING THEIR TERMS IN THE UTAH PENITENTIARY FOR POLYGAMOUS PRACTICES. THE MAN SITTING IN THE DOORWAY IS GEORGE Q. CANNON, AFTER BRIGHAM YOUNG'S DEATH THE MOST POWERFUL APOSTLE IN THE CHURCH. IT WAS THIS VIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW THAT LED TO THE ABANDONMENT OF POLYGAMY IN 1890

hundreds of its most conspicuous members were in the penitentiary — to which the government was ominously building a large addition; its property had been confiscated; it had lost its legal existence; and a measure had already advanced far in Congress, which, if passed, would disfranchise every adherent of the church.

If, under these circumstances, the leaders had still kept the faith,— if, like the Christian martyrs with whom they were so fond of comparing themselves, they had suffered all kinds of privation rather than burn incense to the gods,— they would have been entitled to that respect which is due all enthusiasts who will endure the extremest tortures rather than give up what they regard, however mistakenly, as a conscientious belief. But the Mormons were apparently weary of well doing. They had given their god manifold testimonies of their faith, and he had deserted them. They had been fed to the lions and burned as torches in the circus for nearly ten years, and all to no purpose. At last a wicked and adulterous generation had triumphed over the disciples of the only true living God; and the Mormon hierarchs, protestingly, tearfully, agreed to sacrifice to Diana.

Necessity of Statehood to the Mormon Church

At least, that is the way the situation seemed then; subsequent proceedings, however, have put events in a different light. There was just one way in which the Mormon Church could circumvent its "enemies" — could preserve itself and its peculiar institution, and yet remain unmolested. This was by getting statehood for Utah. The Mormon Church had suffered for fifty years because of one fact — that Utah was a Territory, not a sovereign State. As long as this situation continued, the authority of Congress would be supreme. The President appointed the Governor, who had a veto power over all the acts of the territorial legislature; Congress could legislate directly, as it had in the case of plural marriage; all the officers who enforced these laws, the marshals, the district attorneys, the judges, were appointees of the President of the United States. If Utah could once become a sovereign State, however, the situation would entirely change. The supreme

authority would then be, not the federal government, but the citizens of Utah. They would elect their own law officers, their own judges, pass and enforce their own laws. As two thirds of the people were Mormons, this meant that the Mormons would have absolute power. Under the American system, the control of the marriage relation is the exclusive prerogative of the States; the federal government, therefore, would have no right to come in and enforce the laws against polygamy.

Brigham Young, from the earliest days in Utah, had perceived the necessity of statehood. When he came to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, Utah, as well as California, New Mexico, and Arizona, was Mexican territory, and it was then unquestionably his ambition to erect an independent State. When sovereignty over this great area passed to the United States as a result of the Mexican war, Brigham Young quickly saw that this ambition could never be realized, and planned to obtain the next best thing — statehood. As far back as 1849 the Mormons organized the provisional State of Deseret, which included not only the present State of Utah, but generous slices of California, Arizona, and New Mexico, and applied to Congress for its admission into the Union. But Congress treated the application with contempt. Mormon policy, however, continued persistently to aim at statehood; and, up to 1893, seven applications had been made. In 1887, when the anti-polygamy crusade reached its height, the Mormons met in convention, adopted a constitution, and again asked for statehood, only to be again refused.

Congress had Always Refused to Grant Statehood Because of Polygamy

Utah had a larger population than several States already in the Union, and in the stability of its government and institutions and in the abundance of its resources it had every claim to statehood. But Congress had refused this boon chiefly for one reason. That was the predominance of the Mormon hierarchy. The cry invariably went up from all parts of the country, and especially from the Gentiles of Utah, that the proposition for statehood merely meant the erection of a self-governing polygamous commonwealth. Once withdraw federal authority, the protestants asserted, and polygamy would flourish undisturbed forever. The dominance of the church in politics was another ground of protest; statehood in Utah would mean that we should have that anomaly in American institutions — the union of church and state. From every source the Mormon leaders heard the same story: "You cannot get statehood until you abandon polygamy." In 1890 several prominent Mormons had a long talk with John W. Noble, Secretary of the Interior in President Harrison's cabinet. Mr. Noble told them that, unless the church itself took some stand against polygamy, Utah would never be admitted into the Union. But that the authorities would take such a stand, no one, in Utah or out, believed; their sufferings under the prosecutions had impressed all observers with their sincerity.

Even a year before the interview with Secretary Noble, the Mormon priesthood had outwardly modified its attitude on polygamy. Although it refused officially to give up the practice, it declared that new marriages were no longer performed under ecclesiastical sanction. The non-Mormons of Utah, however, asserted that these statements were made, not because the Mormons had changed their faith, but merely to stay the hand of "persecution." In view of the many well-known instances of new plural marriages in the late eighties, it is perhaps not strange that the Gentiles did not take these statements seriously.*

Mormons Officially Give Up Polygamy

In the early part of October, 1890, was held the regular semi-annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. These conferences are important occasions, ecclesiastically and socially. The faithful gather from all over the world; the farmers and their wives and babies pour into Salt Lake City, and, with lunch-baskets and nursing-bottles, take up headquarters in the Tabernacle and in the Temple grounds. There are three days of prayer, singing, and exhortation; the authorities of the church are "sustained" for the ensuing six months, and important steps in church policy are officially decided on. The president of the October conference in 1890 was Wilford Woodruff, a mild-mannered, sweet-tempered Connecticut Yankee, the only president of the church who has ever gained any strong hold upon the affections of the Gentile population. Mormonism, to Wilford Woodruff, meant simply the restoration of Christ's gospel upon earth; his faith was simple and unquestioning; in him there was much of the religious mystic — he believed in dreams and visions, and in every transaction of his daily life, however minute, he saw the ever-present hand and

* Thus, in the Smoot investigation in 1904, Josiah Hickman, then professor at the Brigham Young University in Provo, testified that he had been plurally married in June, 1890, and that he had received the necessary ecclesiastical permission from Francis M. Lyman, an apostle (Vol. 2, pp. 92 and 253). Numerous other cases could be cited.

voice of God. At this time President Woodruff was eighty-three years old; and, as his patriarchal figure rose to address the assembled saints, every face was upturned to him with that seraphic attention which one finds only in Mormon congregations. When the president opened his mouth, it was not Wilford Woodruff who was speaking: it was God himself.

"What do the Latter-Day Saints believe in?" he began, and then he called upon Bishop Orson F. Whitney to read the articles of faith — in which there is no mention of polygamy. Then, without further ado, Bishop Whitney read the following:

OFFICIAL DECLARATION

To Whom It May Concern:

Press despatches having been sent for political purposes from Salt Lake City, which have been widely published, to the effect that the Utah Commission, in their recent report to the Secretary of the Interior, allege that plural marriages are still being solemnized, and that forty or more such marriages have been contracted in Utah since last June or during the past year; also that in public discourses the leaders of the church have taught, encouraged, and urged the continuance of the practice of polygamy;

I, therefore, as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, do hereby, in the most solemn manner, declare that these charges are false We are not teaching polygamy, or plural marriage, nor permitting any person to enter into its practice; and I deny that either forty or any number of plural marriages have during that period been solemnized in our temples or in any other place in the Territory.

One case has been reported in which the parties alleged that the marriage was performed in the endowment house in Salt Lake City in the spring of 1889.

But I have not been able to learn who performed the ceremony. Whatever was done in the matter was without my knowledge. In consequence of this alleged occurrence, the endowment house was, by my instructions, taken down without delay.

Inasmuch as laws have been enacted by Congress forbidding plural marriages, which laws have been pronounced constitutional by the court of last resort, I hereby declare my intention to submit to those laws, and to use my influence with the members of the church over which I preside to have them do likewise.

There is nothing in my teachings to the church, or in those of my associates, during the time specified, which can be reasonably construed to inculcate or encourage polygamy, and when any elder of the church has used language which appeared to convey any such teaching, he has been promptly reproved, and I now publicly declare that my advice to the Latter-Day Saints is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the laws of the land.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,
President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

According to Mormon custom, every action of the church authorities, before it becomes binding, must be "sustained" by the people in conference assembled. When Bishop Whitney finished reading this momentous document, therefore, Lorenzo Snow, at that time the president of the twelve apostles, made the motion for its acceptance. He said:

I move, recognizing Wilford Woodruff as the president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and the only man on earth at the present time who holds the keys of the sealing ordinances, we consider him fully authorized by virtue of his position to issue the manifesto which has been read in our hearing and which is dated September 25, 1890, and that, as a church in general conference assembled, we accept his declaration concerning plural marriage as authoritative and binding.

"All who accept this document will signify it by raising the right hand," continued President Snow.

Immediately from all over the Tabernacle there went up a forest of right hands pointing heavenward — the famous Mormon sign of affirmation and agreement.

"Contrary minded, by the same sign."

Not a single hand was uplifted in opposition. In the next few weeks hundreds of similar assemblages were held throughout Mormondom. There were conferences in all the stakes of Zion and in all the bishops' wards. Everywhere the Woodruff manifesto was read, and everywhere, without a dissenting voice, the Mormon people accepted it as the binding law of the church. In order to be at peace with their fellow Americans, they had abandoned polygamy, apparently forever.

Manifesto, Said Woodruff, Meant the Giving Up of Plural Wives

Hardly had the first excitement passed, however, when murmurs arose from both Gentiles and Mormons. What did the manifesto mean? The non-Mormons ridiculed the statement, with which it began, that polygamy had not recently been taught or practised. On every hand, however, the chief point of inquiry was concerning its scope. The great question was: Does the manifesto merely prohibit new marriages, or does it also require the cessation of polygamous relations established prior to 1890? That it specifically prohibited new polygamous marriages seemed clear; that Mormons polygamously married before 1890, however, should cease living with their plural wives — that was not so plain. But, at this particular time, that was the real point at issue. As has already been explained, the government had found that there was only one effectual way of destroying polygamy, and that was by breaking up polygamous relations. In the anti-polygamy fight, it had centered its energies not so much on preventing polygamous marriages as on pre-

venting men and women so married from living in the married relation. Every one realized the difficulties of the situation, especially for the women. The government took the position, however, that these people had knowingly violated the laws, and must suffer the penalties like other criminals. No one suggested that the Mormons should cease maintaining their plural wives and caring for and educating their polygamous children. In the eyes of non-Mormons in Utah, the mere fact of plural marriage in itself did not greatly endanger public morals; the situation became a scandal only when the polygamous husband lived openly with several women and appeared as the father of several families. They would accept no surrender of the Mormon Church that did not mean the ending of these conditions.

The church authorities clearly understood this point, and hastened to quiet public apprehension. Soon after the manifesto was issued, the Mormon Church made application for the restoration of its escheated property. In the proceedings before the master in chancery the leading members of the hierarchy were closely examined on this particular point — whether the manifesto meant that they should give up their plural wives as well as enter into no more new marriages. President Woodruff testified as follows:

Q. Did you intend by that general statement of intention to make the application to existing conditions where the plural marriages already existed.
A. Yes, sir.
Q. As to living in the state of plural marriage?
A. Yes, sir; that is, to the obeying of the law.

Lorenzo Snow, George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith, and Anthon H. Lund, all apostles, testified to the same effect.

Woodruff Says that God Commanded Him to Write the Manifesto

But was the manifesto a real revelation — a command direct from God himself? Many people said that it was not. President Woodruff publicly explained this point in an address at the Logan Tabernacle on November 1, 1891. He said:

I have had some revelations of late, and very important ones to me, and I will tell you what the Lord has said to me. Let me bring your minds to what is termed the manifesto. . . . I want to say this: I should have let all the temples go out of our hands; I should have gone to prison myself and let every other man go there, had not the God of heaven commanded me to do what I did do; and when the hour came that I was commanded to do that, it was all clear to me. I went before the Lord, and I wrote what the Lord told me to write. I laid it before my brethren, such strong men as Brother George Q. Cannon, Brother Joseph F. Smith, and the twelve apostles. I might as well undertake to turn an army with banners out of its course as to turn them out of a course that they considered to be right. These men agreed with me, and ten thousand Latter-Day Saints also agreed with me. Why? Because they were moved upon by the spirit of God and by the revelations of Jesus Christ to do it.

Mormons Generally Give Up Their Plural Wives

More convincing than all their words, however, were their acts. All over Zion the word was passed: "God has commanded you to give up your plural wives. You must support them, you must protect them against want; you must care for and educate your polygamous children; but the old relations must cease." Messages like this — if not in these precise words, at least to this effect — were passed from mouth to mouth by those having authority. And nearly all the important leaders, so far as is known, themselves scrupulously "took counsel." President Woodruff avoided even the appearance of associating with his plural wives. Lorenzo Snow, who a few years before, in the Utah penitentiary, had haughtily refused to yield an inch, for the rest of his life lived with one wife — the youngest, a Danish girl, Minnie Henson. George Q. Cannon, according to general belief, likewise faithfully kept his covenants. There were many, some of them highly placed, who did not give up their wives — but generally, all through Mormondom, an honest attempt was made to observe the manifesto. At least, this was the opinion of the harshest critics of the Mormon people, the Gentiles of Salt Lake City.

In other ways, too, the church had seemingly reformed. It ceased to meddle in politics; the old-time struggles between the Mormon or People's party and the Anti-Mormon or Liberal party abruptly ended. The old party alignments were dropped; the Mormons, for the first time in the history of Utah, became Republicans and Democrats, and began to show an active interest in national affairs. Mormons and Gentiles now drew closer together, and social and business relations became more agreeable. This period, which lasted from about 1890 to 1895, is known in Utah history as the "era of good feeling." All over the country and the world went the news that the Mormon problem had been solved. The Mormons had followed the advice given them several years before by President Cleveland and had become "like the rest of us."

President Harrison Issues a General Pardon to Mormons

Everywhere the spirit of forgiveness was abroad. There was a national desire to show the Mormons that the American people had not punished them for their religion, but merely for their violations of civil law. The courts proceeded to ignore their previous decision against naturalizing Mormon aliens, and freely admitted them to American citizenship. The President of the United States, Benjamin Harrison, was only too glad to exercise the pardoning power; he extended clemency to several hundred saints who were under indictment for unlawful cohabitation or were suffering civil disabilities because of criminal convictions. In 1891 the Mormon hierarchy, acting under the advice and indorsement of their Gentile friends, applied for a general pardon covering all their people and all offenses. President Harrison issued a proclamation granting general amnesty; but upon "the express condition" that those accepting it "shall in the future faithfully obey the laws." Thus all the apostles who signed this petition, and the thousands of their flock who profited from it, received full pardon and amnesty on the promise of giving up their plural wives.

Mormons Offer to Outlaw Polygamy in Exchange for Statehood

A few months later Congress restored to the church all its confiscated property. What the church desired above all, however, was statehood for Utah. In order to obtain this, the leaders were prepared to make every possible concession. They offered to insert a clause in the Utah constitution providing for the separation of church and state, and another forever prohibiting the practice of polygamy. They even suggested that the constitution contain another clause stipulating that these particular sections should never be repealed or amended, except with the consent of the Congress and the President of the United States. They offered to reënact, as State laws, all the anti-polygamy laws passed by Congress — the same ones against which they had so bitterly fought for years. In spite of all these evidences of good faith, there were still a few protesting Gentiles:

FRANCIS M. LYMAN, WHO, IF HE LIVES, WILL BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH, AND APOSTLE JOHN HENRY SMITH, SECOND IN SUCCESSION TO THE PRESIDENCY. BOTH MEN HAVE VIOLATED THE WOODRUFF MANIFESTO

"Can't you see that it's all a Mormon trick?" they said. "What they are after is statehood; that will give them control of affairs. The church will control the legislature and the courts — and that's what it wants. They make these promises, of course — because they know they can't get statehood unless they do. They will pass these anti-polygamy laws, too — but do you suppose they will ever enforce them? As soon as they get the situation in their own hands, they will simply laugh at us and restore the old conditions."

But most Gentiles regarded this view as expressing the extreme prejudice of the irreconcilables. In some instances, the non-Mormons advocating statehood were probably not entirely disinterested. United States senatorships, seats in Congress, governorships, and other prospective offices proved tempting baits. The proceeding involves an important political story, which need not detain us here. And, for the great part, the advocacy of statehood by Gentiles was entirely sincere. In previous years, when the bill came up for hearing before Congress, a large delegation of influential non-Mormons invariably appeared in opposition. In 1892 these same men went to Washington, side by side with Mormons, to advocate it. Judge Zane, whom the Mormons had regarded as the Jeffreys of the anti-polygamy assize, wrote to the Senate that "polygamy is a dead issue." Judge Anderson, who had refused to naturalize Mormon aliens, now declared that Utah was ready for statehood. Before the Senate committee, Judge Judd, who had sent many saints to prison, said: "I do not believe to-day that we could any more, by the consent of the people of the Territory of Utah, reëstablish polygamy there than you could reestablish slavery in Georgia or Tennessee."

Congress Gives Statehood to Utah

In consequence of these representations, Congress passed the act giving statehood to Utah. In 1895 a convention met to draw up a constitution for the projected state. The membership of this convention included seventy-seven Mormons, of whom thirty were polygamists. Its Gentile membership was only thirty. Notwithstanding the fact that the Mormons were thus largely in the majority, the convention inserted a clause prohibiting polygamy for all time, and the Mormon legislature also enacted all the federal laws against polygamous crimes.

Thus, as a result of several years' manoeuvering, the Mormon Church made Utah a State. With this change the authority of Congress over the marriage relation ended. Because the Mormons comprise two thirds the population of Utah, the control of the church became supreme. In 1890, in order to gain statehood, the hierarchy had passed the word among the faithful: "Cease associating with your plural wives." Soon after statehood was obtained, the word quietly went around: "Live your religion."

Joseph F. Smith Brings Back the Spirit of Brigham Young

Even before 1901 polygamous households had been reëstablished on a considerable scale, but with the succession of Joseph F. Smith to the presidency of the church the restoration of old conditions became practically open. More than any of the prophet's successors has Mr. Smith brought back to the church the spirit of Brigham Young. He has not Brigham's ability or his capacity for leadership, but he has all of Brigham's fanaticism, all his aggressiveness, all his fiery devotion to the Mormon Church. In order to understand the character of President Smith, one must understand the circumstances of his early life. His father was Hyrum Smith, the brother of the Prophet Joseph and, at the time of his death, the presiding Patriarch of the church. In its earliest days Mormonism lived in constant conflict with its neighbors; in Ohio, in Missouri, in Illinois, its early history was a succession of mobbings, lynchings, and miscellaneous outrages. These disturbances form the most vivid memories of President Smith's childhood. Eleven days before he was born (in Far West Missouri, in 1838) his father and his uncle were arrested, tried on a charge of treason, and sentenced to death. The prophets were reprieved on this occasion, but greater disasters awaited them. In June, 1844, the wildest disorder broke out in the Mormon city of Nauvoo; the Prophet Joseph, his brother Hyrum, and several other Mormons were arrested and taken to the Carthage jail. A mob surrounded the building, determined to murder the prisoners. Hyrum was shot, dying instantly; the Prophet Joseph jumped from a second-story window, and was filled with bullets as he lay on the ground. His last words were, "The Lord my God." The present Joseph F. Smith vividly remembers the day — he was only six years old — when the dead bodies of his father and uncle were brought home.

The blood of the martyrs thus flows in the veins of Joseph F. Smith; nor has he ever permitted himself to forget it. When he was only eight, he started with his mother on the long exodus from Nauvoo to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, Joseph himself driving an ox-cart all the way. He has had practically no formal education; on his way across the plains, in the

tent, or by the light of the camp-fire, his mother taught him to read; and his reading has been largely confined to the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, and other orthodox works. His early experiences may account for the intensity of his nature. All of Brigham's successors have been mild-mannered souls, but President Smith is a man of violent passions; one could easily imagine him torturing heretics or burning witches to advance the kingdom of God. In his eyes, only one thing really counts, and that is Mormonism. "From my youth up to the present," he says, "I have not believed that Joseph Smith was a prophet, for I have known that he was. In other words, my knowledge has superseded my belief." President Smith has spent all his days in the service of the church; he went on his first mission to the Sandwich Islands when he was fifteen; and the succeeding years, until 1880, when he became first counselor to President John Taylor, he spent traveling over the world, without purse or scrip, frequently in rags, often hungry, preaching to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people the gospel of the last dispensation in the fullness of time. And to an unusual degree President Smith has participated in all the promised gifts of the spirit. He has learned the languages of the strange peoples among whom he has labored, not so much as a result of study as it was a direct revelation from God. He has had the gift of healing and has performed many miracles. Once, in the Sandwich Islands, a woman was brought before him suffering with an evil spirit, visibly manifest in contortions of the face and insane cavortings. "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ," said Joseph, placing his hands on the maniac's head, "I rebuke you"; and presently the devil fled.

President Smith Enforces the Temporal Power of the Church

There are other than spiritual sides to his character, however. Four years ago the present "prophet, seer, and revelator" shocked the people of Salt Lake City by appearing, with eight of his sons, as a spectator at an especially brutal prize fight. Like Brigham Young, he believes that the Mormon Church is a temporal as well as a spiritual power. "He who says I can rule him spiritually and not temporally," he once said in an address at Provo, "lies in the sight of God." President Smith has illustrated his own belief by himself bearing arms against the American government. In 1857 President Buchanan sent an army to Utah to enforce the federal authority, and Joseph F. Smith joined the Mormon militia hastily called together by Brigham Young to expel "the enemy." In business and financial matters Mr. Smith, again like Brigham, has the keenest instinct. Before his elevation to the presidency he was a poor man; he is now reputed to be a millionaire. He is a director in the Union Pacific Railroad, the president of several banks and trust companies, the head of a great department-store and of a wagon company, president of the corporations that have control of the beet-sugar business in Utah and Idaho, president of a large salt monopoly, and the editor of three magazines. He is trustee in trust for a theater, a dancing pavilion, and a bathing beach.

President Smith a Fanatic on Polygamy

In Mormonism the doctrine that is nearest President Smith's heart is unquestionably polygamy. Upon that subject he is an unyielding fanatic. "Some people have supposed," he said, in a sermon preached July 7, 1878, "that the doctrine of plural marriage was a sort of superfluity or non-essential to the salvation or exaltation of mankind. In other words, some of the saints have said, and believe, that a man with one wife, sealed to him by the authority of the priesthood for time and eternity, will receive an exaltation as great and glorious, if he is faithful, as he possibly could with more than one. I want here to enter my solemn protest against this idea, for I know it is false. . . . I understand the law of celestial marriage to mean that every man in this church who has the ability to obey and practise it in righteousness, and will not, shall be damned. I say I understand it to mean this, and nothing less, and I testify in the name of Jesus that it does mean that. . . . . The marriage of one woman to a man for time and eternity by the sealing power, according to the law of God, is a fulfilment of the celestial law of marriage in part — and is good so far as it goes. But this is only the beginning of the law, not the whole of it."

Mr. Smith has practised his own doctrine. His first marriage, that with Levira A. Smith in 1859, turned out unhappily. She left him, went to California, and obtained a civil divorce on the ground of adultery. This charge, of course, was easily established in an ordinary court of law, as, by that time, Mr. Smith had begun marrying plural wives. Thirty years afterward, when she died, Joseph F. Smith, although he had himself secured a Mormon Church divorce from his deceased wife, attempted (unsuccessfully) to make a legal claim to her property. Mr. Smith has married five wives besides this one — two of them sisters — and, up to date, has

had forty-three children. It is not strange that, under the presidency of a man of this type, there should be a resumption of polygamy.

President Smith Says He is "Violating the Laws of God"

In a sermon delivered at the dedication of a meeting-house in Payson, Utah, in 1896, Mr. Smith said: "Take care of your polygamous wives; we don't care for Uncle Sam now." From the day that President Woodruff issued his anti-polygamy manifesto, Mr. Joseph F. Smith has ignored it. So far as any one knows, he has married no new wives; but he has lived with five continuously since 1890. The real facts, so far as Mr. Smith is concerned, became definitely known when he himself testified concerning them at the investigation conducted by the Senate committee in 1904 to test the eligibility of Reed Smoot, a Mormon apostle, to hold his seat as Senator:

Mr. Tayler. Is the cohabitation with one who is claimed to be a plural wife a violation of the law or rule of the church, as well as of the law of the land?

Mr. Smith. That was the case, and is the case even to-day. . . . That it is contrary to the rule of the church and contrary as well to the law of the land for a man to cohabit with his wives.

But I was placed in this position: I had a plural family, if you please; that is, my first wife was married to me over thirty-eight years ago, my last wife was married to me over twenty years ago, and with these wives I had children, and I simply took my chances, preferring to meet the consequences of the law rather than to abandon my children and their mothers; and I have cohabited with my wives — not openly, that is, not in a manner that I thought would be offensive to my neighbors — but I have acknowledged them; I have visited them. They have borne me children since 1890, and I have done it, knowing the responsibility and knowing that I was amenable to the law. . . .

Chairman. I wish to ask you a question right here. You speak of your unwillingness to abandon your children.

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir.

Chairman. Why is it necessary, in order to support your children, educate and clothe them, that you should continue to have children by a multiplicity of wives?

Mr. Smith. Because my wives are like everybody else's wife. . . .

Mr. Tayler. How many children have been born to you since 1890?

Mr. Smith. I have had eleven children born since 1890. . . . All of my wives bore children.

Mr. Tayler. Since 1890?

Mr. Smith. That is correct. . . .

Chairman. How many children have you in all?

Mr. Smith. I have had born to me forty-two children, twenty-one boys and twenty-one girls; and I am proud of every one of them. . . .

Senator Overman. Is there not a revelation that you shall abide by the laws of the State and of the land?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir.

Senator Overman. If that is a revelation, are you not violating the laws of God?

Mr. Smith, I have admitted that, Mr. Senator, a great many times here.

At this same hearing Mr. Smith admitted, in so many words, that he had violated his pledges:

Mr. Smith. I wish to assert that the church has obeyed the law of the land, and that it has kept its pledges with the government; but I have not, as an individual, and I have taken that chance myself.

President F. M. Lyman Says He is Living "in Disobedience to the Laws of God and Man"

Mr. Smith's heir apparent as head of the church is Mr. Francis Marion Lyman, now president of the quorum of the twelve apostles. Mr. Lyman, before the Senate committee in 1904, testified as follows concerning his observance of the manifesto:

Mr. Tayler. Did you think it would have been right to abstain from polygamous cohabitation with your plural wife?

Mr. Lyman. I think it would have been right.

Mr. Tayler. You did not do that, though?

Mr. Lyman. No, sir. . . .

Mr. Tayler. So you violated both laws?

Mr. Lyman. Yes, sir.

Chairman. You are now continuing in this polygamous relation?

Mr. Lyman. Yes, sir.

Chairman. And intend to?

Mr. Lyman. I had thought of nothing else, Mr. Chairman.

Senator Hoar. So you say that you, an apostle of your church, expecting to succeed, if you survive Mr. Smith, to the office in which you will be the person to be the medium of divine revelation, are living, and are known to your people to live, in disobedience of the law of the land and of the law of God?

Mr. Lyman. Yes, sir.

Next in succession to the headship of the church is Mr. John Henry Smith, at present second counselor to President Joseph F. In the same proceedings John Henry testified as follows:

Mr. Tayler. In your own case, you understand that the rule of the church is against polygamous cohabitation, do you?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir.

Mr. Tayler. And the law of the land is against it?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir.

Mr. Tayler. But you propose to continue to violate the law of the land and the rule of the church as a purely personal matter with yourself, and to take such consequences as may be imposed upon you for it?

Mr. Smith. Neither the law of the land nor of the church can take away obligations and contracts and relieve me of them as made between me and my God.

Brigham H. Roberts, one of the first seven presidents of seventies, testified to similar effect:

Chairman. Then you are disregarding both the law of God and of man?

Mr. Roberts. I suppose I am.

The Smoot investigation showed that, of the fifteen men who then constituted the first presidency and the apostles' quorum, eight were openly living with plural wives, in defiance of the revelation received in 1890. These eight men had, in the aggregate, thirty wives.

As already related, in 1893 thirteen of the first presidency and apostles applied to President Harrison for amnesty for all members of the church suffering disabilities for polygamy and unlawful cohabitation. In this petition they "pledged their faith and honor for their future." The Smoot investigation showed that the following apostles who had signed this petition and received such amnesty, had violated their pledges: Joseph F. Smith, Moses Thatcher, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, John Henry Smith, John W. Taylor, M. W. Merrill, and Abraham H. Cannon.

Polygamous Living Now the Rule

With these examples in high places, it would have been strange if the rank and file had not returned to their polygamous relations. Indeed, the "old polygamists"— that is, those who were polygamously married before 1890 — now make virtually no pretense of living apart from their plural wives. Every Mormon city and town has its fair quota. They are found everywhere — in high positions in the church, in both houses of the State legislature, in important official positions in the gift of Utah. Mormon governors have not hesitated to appoint polygamists, living openly in defiance of law, to positions of great honor and trust. Perhaps the most conspicuous instance was the selection of Utah's representative to the First International Congress for School Hygiene at Nuremberg in 1903. Governor Heber M. Wells — himself a Mormon — appointed Apostle Heber J. Grant, who was at that time a fugitive from justice, a warrant having been issued for his arrest on a charge of unlawful cohabitation. In Mormon educational institutions polygamists likewise occupy high places. Thus George M. Brimhall is president of the Brigham Young University, a co-educational institution with more than a thousand students; and Josiah Hickman is the head of the Murdock Academy at Beaver.

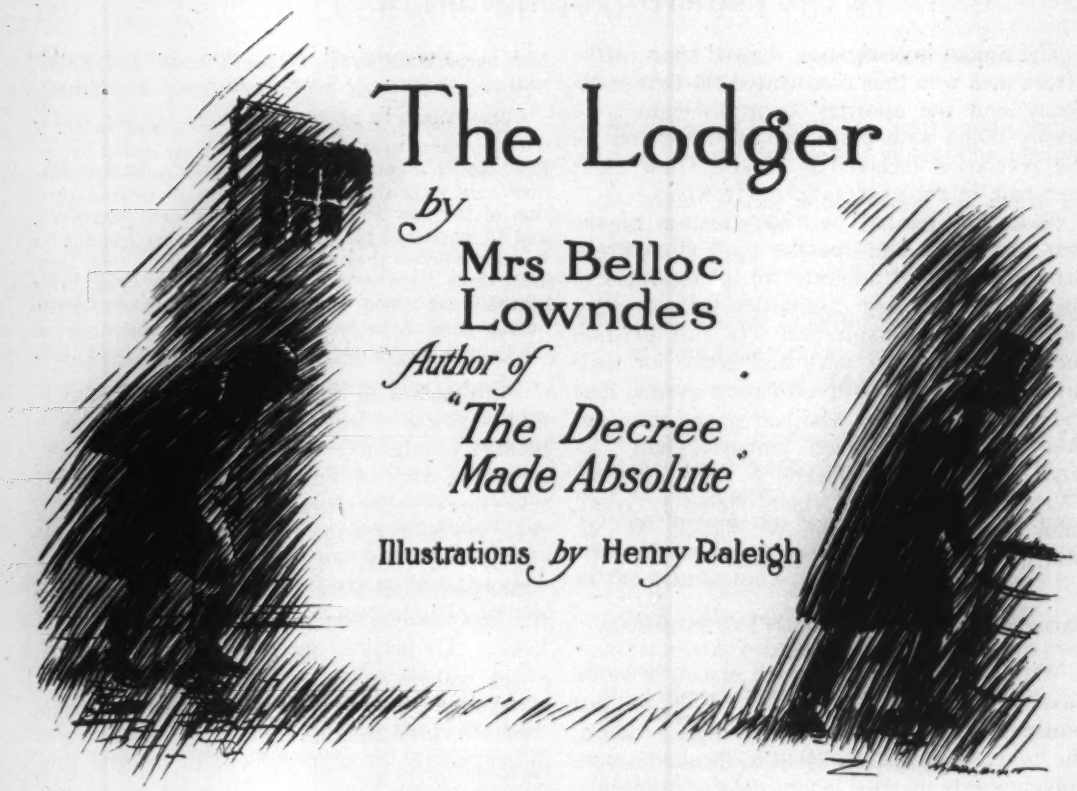
How the Polygamists Are Justified

How can these polygamists conscientiously disregard the divinely revealed manifesto of their own church — admit, as do Joseph F. Smith and the other apostles, that they are "defying the laws of God and man"? A reference to the original revelation on polygamy makes this clear. Section 26 reads as follows:

> Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man marry a wife according to my word, and they are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, according to mine appointment, and he or she shall commit any sin or transgression of the new and everlasting covenant whatever, and all manner of blasphemies, and if they commit no murder, wherein they shed innocent blood — yet they shall come forth in the first resurrection, and enter into their exaltation; but they shall be destroyed in the flesh and shall be delivered unto the buffetings of Satan unto the day of redemption, saith the Lord God.

In other words, any man polygamously married is absolved from sin. It is a new form of plenary indulgence. Instead of paying money, as in the days of Tetzel, the Mormon simply takes one or more plural wives. The mere act of polygamous marriage makes him sinless. He can do anything except murder, wherein he "sheds innocent blood," and yet "come forth in the first resurrection, and enter into his exaltation." To perjure one's self on the witness-stand, to make solemn covenants with the American people with not the slightest idea of keeping them, to carry on cunningly a long campaign of deceit for the accomplishment of definite purposes — these, under the Mormon revelation, would be no sin, so long as one were in the celestial order. Some people have said that President Smith's statement that he was "defying the laws of God and man" was blasphemy. But this very revelation permits him — since he has entered the new and everlasting covenant — to commit "all manner of blasphemies" and still not lose his "exaltation." In this world he may be "delivered unto the buffetings of Satan," that is, he may be punished by the civil power. This actually happened to President Smith in November, 1906. In that month a child was born to one of his plural wives — his forty-third. On this evidence a Salt Lake Gentile swore out a warrant for adultery against the president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Mr. Smith was not submitted to the indignity of arrest, and the charge was changed by the prosecuting attorney to one of unlawful cohabitation. On this accusation he was permitted to plead guilty through his lawyer; he was fined three hundred dollars, and paid the fine.

In this article the writer has confined himself to one phase of the situation — the restoration of the polygamous relations that existed prior to 1890. But the Mormons have violated the manifesto in the second respect — that is, new plural marriages, by young men and women in their twenties and thirties, have been performed. In the February McClure's this aspect of modern polygamy will be described.



The Lodger

by

Mrs Belloc Lowndes

Author of "The Decree Made Absolute"

Illustrations *by* Henry Raleigh

"THERE he is at last, and I'm glad of it, Ellen. 'Tain't a night you would wish a dog to be out in."

Mr. Bunting's voice was full of unmistakable relief. He was close to the fire, sitting back in a deep leather arm-chair — a clean-shaven, dapper man, still in outward appearance what he had been so long, and now no longer was — a self-respecting butler.

"You needn't feel so nervous about him; Mr. Sleuth can look out for himself, all right." Mrs. Bunting spoke in a dry, rather tart tone. She was less emotional, better balanced, than was her husband. On her the marks of past servitude were less apparent, but they were there all the same — especially in her neat black stuff dress and scrupulously clean, plain collar and cuffs. Mrs. Bunting, as a single woman, had been for long years what is known as a useful maid.

"I can't think why he wants to go out in such weather. He did it in last week's fog, too," Bunting went on complainingly.

"Well, it's none of your business — now, is it?"

"No; that's true enough. Still, 'twould be a very bad thing for us if anything happened to him. This lodger's the first bit of luck we've had for a very long time."

Mrs. Bunting made no answer to this remark. It was too obviously true to be worth answering. Also she was listening — following in imagination her lodger's quick, singularly quiet —"stealthy," she called it to herself — progress through the dark, fog-filled hall and up the staircase.

"It isn't safe for decent folk to be out in such weather — not unless they have something to do that won't wait till to-morrow." Bunting had at last turned round. He was now looking straight into his wife's narrow, colorless face; he was an obstinate man, and liked to prove himself right. "I read you out the accidents in *Lloyd's* yesterday — shocking, they were, and all brought about by the fog! And then, that 'orrid monster at his work again ——"

"Monster?" repeated Mrs. Bunting absently. She was trying to hear the lodger's footsteps overhead; but her husband went on as if there had been no interruption:

"It wouldn't be very pleasant to run up against such a party as that in the fog, eh?"

"What stuff you do talk!" she said sharply; and then she got up suddenly. Her husband's remark had disturbed her. She hated to think of such things as the terrible series of murders that were just then horrifying and exciting the nether world of London. Though she enjoyed pathos and sentiment,— Mrs. Bunting would listen with mild amusement to the details of a breach-of-promise action,— she shrank from stories of either immorality or physical violence.

Mrs. Bunting got up from the straight-backed chair on which she had been sitting. It would soon be time for supper.

She moved about the sitting-room, flecking off an imperceptible touch of dust here, straightening a piece of furniture there.

Bunting looked around once or twice. He would have liked to ask Ellen to leave off fidgeting, but he was mild and fond of peace, so he refrained. However, she soon gave over what irritated him of her own accord.

But even then Mrs. Bunting did not at once go down to the cold kitchen, where everything was in readiness for her simple cooking. Instead, she opened the door leading into the bedroom behind, and there, closing the door quietly, stepped back into the darkness and stood motionless, listening.

At first she heard nothing, but gradually there came the sound of some one moving about in the room just overhead; try as she might, however, it was impossible for her to guess what her lodger was doing. At last she heard him open the door leading out on the landing. That meant that he would spend the rest of the evening in the rather cheerless room above the drawing-room floor — oddly enough, he liked sitting there best, though the only warmth obtainable was from a gas-stove fed by a shilling-in-the-slot arrangement.

It was indeed true that Mr. Sleuth had brought the Buntings luck, for at the time he had taken their rooms it had been touch and go with them.

After having each separately led the sheltered, impersonal, and, above all, the financially easy existence that is the compensation life offers to those men and women who deliberately take upon themselves the yoke of domestic service, these two, butler and useful maid, had suddenly, in middle age, determined to join their fortunes and savings.

Bunting was a widower; he had one pretty daughter, a girl of seventeen, who now lived, as had been the case ever since the death of her mother, with a prosperous aunt. His second wife had been reared in the Foundling Hospital, but she had gradually worked her way up into the higher ranks of the servant class, and as useful maid she had saved quite a tidy sum of money.

Unluckily, misfortune had dogged Mr. and Mrs. Bunting from the very first. The seaside place where they had begun by taking a lodging-house became the scene of an epidemic. Then had followed a business experiment which had proved disastrous. But before going back into service, either together or separately, they had made up their minds to make one last effort, and, with the little money that remained to them, they had taken over the lease of a small house in the Marylebone Road.

Bunting, whose appearance was very good, had retained a connection with old employers and their friends, so he occasionally got a good job as waiter. During this last month his jobs had perceptibly increased in number and in profit; Mrs. Bunting was not superstitious, but it seemed that in this matter, as in everything else, Mr. Sleuth, their new lodger, had brought them luck.

As she stood there, still listening intently in the darkness of the bedroom, she told herself, not for the first time, what Mr. Sleuth's departure would mean to her and Bunting. It would almost certainly mean ruin.

Luckily, the lodger seemed entirely pleased both with the rooms and with his landlady. There was really no reason why he should ever leave such nice lodgings. Mrs. Bunting shook off her vague sense of apprehension and unease. She turned round, took a step forward, and, feeling for the handle of the door giving into the passage, she opened it, and went down with light, firm steps into the kitchen.

She lit the gas and put a frying-pan on the stove, and then once more her mind reverted, as if in spite of herself, to her lodger, and there came back to Mrs. Bunting, very vividly, the memory of all that had happened the day Mr. Sleuth had taken her rooms.

The date of this excellent lodger's coming had been the twenty-ninth of December, and the time late afternoon. She and Bunting had been sitting, gloomily enough, over their small banked-up fire. They had dined in the middle of the day — he on a couple of sausages, she on a little cold ham. They were utterly out of heart, each trying to pluck up courage to tell the other that it was no use trying any more. The two had also had a little tiff on that dreary afternoon. A newspaper-seller had come yelling down the Marylebone Road, shouting out, "'Orrible murder in Whitechapel!" and just because Bunting had an old uncle living in the East End he had gone out and bought a paper, and at a time, too, when every penny, nay, every halfpenny, had its full value! Mrs. Bunting remembered the circumstance because that murder in Whitechapel had been the first of these terrible crimes — there had been four since — which she would never allow Bunting to discuss in her presence, and yet which had of late begun to interest curiously, uncomfortably, even her refined mind.

But, to return to the lodger. It was then, on that dreary afternoon, that suddenly there had come to the front door a tremulous, uncertain double knock.

"'I CAME DOWN TO SEE IF YOU HAD A GAS-STOVE'"

Bunting ought to have got up, but he had gone on reading the paper; and so Mrs. Bunting, with the woman's greater courage, had gone out into the passage, turned up the gas, and opened the door to see who it could be. She remembered, as if it were yesterday instead of nigh on a month ago, Mr. Sleuth's peculiar appearance. Tall, dark, lanky, an old-fashioned top hat concealing his high bald forehead, he had stood there, an odd figure of a man, blinking at her.

"I believe — is it not a fact that you let lodgings?" he had asked in a hesitating, whistling voice, a voice that she had known in a moment to be that of an educated man — of a gentleman. As he had stepped into the hall, she had noticed that in his right hand he held a narrow bag — a quite new bag of strong brown leather.

Everything had been settled in less than a quarter of an hour. Mr. Sleuth had at once "taken" to the drawing-room floor, and then, as Mrs. Bunting eagerly lit the gas in the front room above, he had looked round him and said, rubbing his hands with a nervous movement, "Capital — capital! This is just what I've been looking for!"

The sink had specially pleased him — the sink and the gas-stove. "This is quite first-rate!" he had exclaimed, "for I make all sorts of experiments. I am, you must understand, Mrs. — er — Bunting, a man of science." Then he had sat down — suddenly. "I'm very tired," he had said in a low tone, "very tired indeed! I have been walking about all day."

From the very first the lodger's manner had been odd, sometimes distant and abrupt, and then, for no reason at all that she could see, confidential and plaintively confiding. But Mrs. Bunting was aware that eccentricity has always been a perquisite, as it were the special luxury, of the well born and well educated. Scholars and such-like are never quite like other people.

And then, this particular gentleman had proved himself so eminently satisfactory as to the one thing that really matters to those who let lodgings. "My name is Sleuth," he said, "S-l-e-u-t-h. Think of a hound, Mrs. Bunting, and you'll never forget my name. I could give you references," he had added, giving her, as she now remembered, a funny sidewise look, "but I prefer to dispense with them. How much did you say? Twenty-three shillings a week, with attendance? Yes, that will suit me perfectly; and I'll begin by paying my first month's rent in advance. Now, four times twenty-three shillings is"— he looked at Mrs. Bunting, and for the first time he smiled, a queer, wry smile — "ninety-two shillings."

He had taken a handful of sovereigns out of his pocket and put them down on the table. "Look here," he had said, "there's five pounds; and you can keep the change, for I shall want you to do a little shopping for me to-morrow."

After he had been in the house about an hour, the bell had rung, and the new lodger had asked Mrs. Bunting if she could oblige him with the loan of a Bible. She brought up to him her best Bible, the one that had been given to her as a wedding present by a lady with whose mother she had lived for several years. This Bible and one other book, of which the odd name was Cruden's Concordance, formed Mr. Sleuth's only reading: he spent hours each day poring over the Old Testament and over the volume which Mrs. Bunting had at last decided to be a queer kind of index to the Book.

However, to return to the lodger's first arrival. He had had no luggage with him, barring the small brown bag, but very soon parcels had begun to arrive addressed to Mr. Sleuth, and it was then that Mrs. Bunting first became curious. These parcels were full of clothes; but it was quite clear to the landlady's feminine eye

that none of those clothes had been made for Mr. Sleuth. They were, in fact, second-hand clothes, bought at good second-hand places, each marked, when marked at all, with a different name. And the really extraordinary thing was that occasionally a complete suit disappeared — became, as it were, obliterated from the lodger's wardrobe.

As for the bag he had brought with him, Mrs. Bunting had never caught sight of it again. And this also was certainly very strange.

Mrs. Bunting thought a great deal about that bag. She often wondered what had been in it; not a night-shirt and comb and brush, as she had at first supposed, for Mr. Sleuth had asked her to go out and buy him a brush and comb and tooth-brush the morning after his arrival. That fact was specially impressed on her memory, for at the little shop, a barber's, where she had purchased the brush and comb, the foreigner who had served her had insisted on telling her some of the horrible details of the murder that had taken place the day before in Whitechapel, and it had upset her very much.

As to where the bag was now, it was probably locked up in the lower part of a chiffonnier in the front sitting-room. Mr. Sleuth evidently always carried the key of the little cupboard on his person, for Mrs. Bunting, though she looked well for it, had never been able to find it.

And yet, never was there a more confiding or trusting gentleman. The first four days that he had been with them he had allowed his money — the considerable sum of one hundred and eighty-four pounds in gold — to lie about wrapped up in pieces of paper on his dressing-table. This was a very foolish, indeed a wrong thing to do, as she had allowed herself respectfully to point out to him; but as only answer he had laughed, a loud, discordant shout of laughter.

Mr. Sleuth had many other odd ways; but Mrs. Bunting, a true woman in spite of her prim manner and love of order, had an infinite patience with masculine vagaries.

On the first morning of Mr. Sleuth's stay in the Buntings' house, while Mrs. Bunting was out buying things for him, the new lodger had turned most of the pictures and photographs hanging in his sitting-room with their faces to the wall! But this queer action on Mr. Sleuth's part had not surprised Mrs. Bunting as much as it might have done; it recalled an incident of her long-past youth — something that had happened a matter of twenty years ago, at a time when Mrs. Bunting, then the still youthful Ellen Cottrell, had been maid to an old lady. The old lady had a favorite nephew, a bright, jolly young gentleman who had been learning to paint animals in Paris; and it was he who had had the impudence, early one summer morning, to turn to the wall six beautiful engravings of paintings done by the famous Mr. Landseer! The old lady thought the world of those pictures, but her nephew, as only excuse for the extraordinary thing he had done, had observed that "they put his eye out."

Mr. Sleuth's excuse had been much the same; for, when Mrs. Bunting had come into his sitting-room and found all her pictures, or at any rate all those of her pictures that happened to be portraits of ladies, with their faces to the wall, he had offered as only explanation, "Those women's eyes follow me about."

Mrs. Bunting had gradually become aware that Mr. Sleuth had a fear and dislike of women. When she was "doing" the staircase and landing, she often heard him reading bits of the Bible aloud to himself, and in the majority of instances the texts he chose contained uncomplimentary reference to her own sex. Only to-day she had stopped and listened

"'I BELIEVE — IS IT NOT A FACT THAT YOU LET LODGINGS?'"

while he uttered threateningly the awful words, "A strange woman is a narrow pit. She also lieth in wait as for a prey, and increaseth the transgressors among men." There had been a pause, and then had come, in a high singsong, "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." It had made Mrs. Bunting feel quite queer.

The lodger's daily habits were also peculiar. He stayed in bed all the morning, and sometimes part of the afternoon, and he never went out before the street lamps were alight. Then, there was his dislike of an open fire; he generally sat in the top front room, and while there he always used the large gas-stove, not only for his experiments, which he carried on at night, but also in the daytime, for warmth.

But there! Where was the use of worrying about the lodger's funny ways? Of course, Mr. Sleuth was eccentric; if he hadn't been "just a leetle 'touched' upstairs"— as Bunting had once described it — he wouldn't be their lodger now; he would be living in a quite different sort of way with some of his relations, or with a friend of his own class.

Mrs. Bunting, while these thoughts galloped disconnectedly through her brain, went on with her cooking, doing everything with a certain delicate and cleanly precision.

While in the middle of making the toast on which was to be poured some melted cheese, she suddenly heard a noise, or rather a series of noises. Shuffling, hesitating steps were creaking down the house above. She looked up and listened. Surely Mr. Sleuth was not going out again into the cold, foggy night? But no; for the sounds did not continue down the passage leading to the front door.

The heavy steps were coming slowly down the kitchen stairs. Nearer and nearer came the thudding sounds, and Mrs. Bunting's heart began to beat as if in response. She put out the gas-stove, unheedful of the fact that the cheese would stiffen and spoil in the cold air; and then she turned and faced the door. There was a fumbling at the handle, and a moment later the door opened and revealed, as she had known it would, her lodger.

Mr. Sleuth was clad in a plaid dressing-gown, and in his hand was a candle. When he saw the lit-up kitchen, and the woman standing in it, he looked inexplicably taken aback, almost aghast.

"Yes, sir? What can I do for you, sir? I hope you didn't ring, sir?" Mrs. Bunting did not come forward to meet her lodger; instead, she held her ground in front of the stove. Mr. Sleuth had no business to come down like this into her kitchen.

"No, I — I didn't ring," he stammered; "I didn't know you were down here, Mrs. Bunting. Please excuse my costume. The truth is, my gas-stove has gone wrong, or, rather, that shilling-in-the-slot arrangement has done so. I came down to see if *you* had a gas-stove. I am going to ask leave to use it to-night for an experiment I want to make."

Mrs. Bunting felt troubled — oddly, unnaturally troubled. Why couldn't the lodger's experiment wait till to-morrow? "Oh, certainly, sir; but you will find it very cold down here." She looked round her dubiously.

"It seems most pleasantly warm," he observed, "warm and cozy after my cold room upstairs."

"Won't you let me make you a fire?" Mrs. Bunting's housewifely instincts were roused. "Do let me make you a fire in your bedroom, sir; I'm sure you ought to have one there these cold nights."

"By no means — I mean, I would prefer not. I do not like an open fire, Mrs. Bunting." He frowned, and still stood, a strange-looking figure, just inside the kitchen door.

"Do you want to use this stove now, sir? Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"No, not now — thank you all the same, Mrs. Bunting. I shall come down later, altogether later — probably after you and your husband have gone to bed. But I should be much obliged if you would see that the gas people come to-morrow and put my stove in order."

"Perhaps Bunting could put it right for you, sir. I'll ask him to go up."

"No, no — I don't want anything of that sort done to-night. Besides, he couldn't put it right. The cause of the trouble is quite simple. The machine is choked up with shillings; a foolish plan, so I have always felt it to be."

Mr. Sleuth spoke very pettishly, with far more heat than he was wont to speak; but Mrs. Bunting sympathized with him. She had always suspected those slot-machines to be as dishonest as if they were human. It was dreadful, the way they swallowed up the shillings!

As if he were divining her thoughts, Mr. Sleuth, walking forward, stared up at the kitchen slot-machine. "Is it nearly full?" he asked abruptly. "I expect my experiment will take some time, Mrs. Bunting."

"Oh, no, sir; there's plenty of room for shillings there still. We don't use our stove as much as you do yours, sir. I'm never in the kitchen a minute longer than I can help this cold weather."

And then, with him preceding her, Mrs. Bunting and her lodger made a slow progress to the ground floor. There Mr. Sleuth courteously bade his landlady good night, and proceeded upstairs to his own apartments.

Mrs. Bunting again went down into her kitchen, again she lit the stove, and again she cooked the toasted cheese. But she felt unnerved, afraid of she knew not what. The place seemed to her alive with alien presences, and once she caught herself listening, which was absurd, for of course she could not hope to hear what her lodger was doing two, if not three, flights upstairs. She had never been able to discover what Mr. Sleuth's experiments really were; all she knew was that they required a very high degree of heat.

The Buntings went to bed early that night. But Mrs. Bunting intended to stay awake. She wanted to know at what hour of the night her lodger would come down into the kitchen, and, above all, she was anxious as to how long he would stay there. But she had had a long day, and presently she fell asleep.

The church clock hard by struck two in the morning, and suddenly Mrs. Bunting awoke. She felt sharply annoyed with herself. How could she have dropped off like that? Mr. Sleuth must have been down and up again hours ago!

Then, gradually, she became aware of a faint acrid odor; elusive, almost intangible, it yet seemed to encompass her and the snoring man by her side almost as a vapor might have done.

Mrs. Bunting sat up in bed and sniffed; and then, in spite of the cold, she quietly crept out of the nice, warm bedclothes and crawled along to the bottom of the bed. There Mr. Sleuth's landlady did a very curious thing; she leaned over the brass rail and put her face close to the hinge of the door. Yes, it was from there that this strange, horrible odor was coming; the smell must be very strong in the passage. Mrs. Bunting thought she knew now what became of those suits of clothes of Mr. Sleuth's that disappeared.

As she crept back, shivering, under the bedclothes, she longed to give her sleeping husband a good shake, and in fancy she heard herself saying: "Bunting, get up! There is something strange going on downstairs that we ought to know about."

But Mr. Sleuth's landlady, as she lay by her husband's side, listening with painful intentness, knew very well that she would do nothing of the sort. The lodger had a right to destroy his clothes by burning if the fancy took him. What if he did make a certain amount of mess, a certain amount of smell, in her nice kitchen? Was he not — was he not such a good lodger! If they did anything to upset him, where could they ever hope to get another like him?

Three o'clock struck before Mrs. Bunting heard slow, heavy steps creaking up her kitchen stairs. But Mr. Sleuth did not go straight up to his own quarters, as she expected him to do. Instead, he went to the front door, and, opening it, put it on the chain. At the end of ten minutes or so he closed the front door, and by that time Mrs. Bunting had divined why the lodger had behaved in this strange fashion — it must have been to get the strong acrid smell of burning wool out of the passage. But Mrs. Bunting felt as if she herself would never get rid of the horrible odor. She felt herself to be all smell.

At last the unhappy woman fell into a deep, troubled sleep; and then she dreamed a most terrible and unnatural dream; hoarse voices seemed to be shouting in her ear, "'Orrible murder off the Edgeware Road!" Then three words, indistinctly uttered, followed by "—— at his work again! Awful details!"

Even in her dream Mrs. Bunting felt angered and impatient; she knew so well why she was being disturbed by this horrid nightmare. It was because of Bunting — Bunting, who insisted on talking to her of those frightful murders, in which only morbid, vulgar-minded people took any interest. Why, even now, in her dream, she could hear her husband speaking to her about it.

"Ellen,"— so she heard Bunting say in her ear,—"Ellen, my dear, I am just going to get up to get a paper. It's after seven o'clock."

Mrs. Bunting sat up in bed. The shouting, nay, worse, the sound of tramping, hurrying feet smote on her ears. It had been no nightmare, then, but something infinitely worse — reality. Why couldn't Bunting have lain quietly in bed awhile longer, and let his poor wife go on dreaming? The most awful dream would have been easier to bear than this awakening.

She heard her husband go to the front door, and, as he bought the paper, exchange a few excited words with the newspaper boy. Then he came back and began silently moving about the room.

"Well!" she cried. "Why don't you tell me about it?"

"I thought you'd rather not hear."

"Of course I like to know what happens close to our own front door!" she snapped out.

And then he read out a piece of the newspaper — only a few lines, after all — telling in brief, unemotional language that the body of a woman, apparently done to death in a peculiarly atrocious fashion some hours before, had been found in a passage leading to a disused warehouse off the Marylebone Road.

"It serves that sort of hussy right!" was Mrs. Bunting's only comment.

When Mrs. Bunting went down into the kitchen, everything there looked just as she had

left it, and there was no trace of the acrid smell she had expected to find there. Instead, the cavernous whitewashed room was full of fog, and she noticed that, though the shutters were bolted and barred as she had left them, the windows behind them had been widely opened to the air. She, of course, had left them shut.

She stooped and flung open the oven door of her gas-stove. Yes, it was as she had expected; a fierce heat had been generated there since she had last used the oven, and a mass of black, gluey soot had fallen through to the stone floor below.

Mrs. Bunting took the ham and eggs that she had bought the previous day for her own and Bunting's breakfast, and broiled them over the gas-ring in their sitting-room. Her husband watched her in surprised silence. She had never done such a thing before.

"I couldn't stay down there," she said, "it was so cold and foggy. I thought I'd make breakfast up here, just for to-day."

"Yes," he said kindly; "that's quite right, Ellen. I think you've done quite right, my dear."

But, when it came to the point, his wife could not eat any of the nice breakfast she had got ready; she only had another cup of tea.

"Are you ill?" Bunting asked solicitously.

"No," she said shortly; "of course I'm not ill. Don't be silly! The thought of that horrible thing happening so close by has upset me. Just hark to them, now!"

Through their closed windows penetrated the sound of scurrying feet and loud, ribald laughter. A crowd, nay, a mob, hastened to and from the scene of the murder.

Mrs. Bunting made her husband lock the front gate. "I don't want any of those ghouls in here!" she exclaimed angrily. And then, "What a lot of idle people there must be in the world," she said.

The coming and going went on all day. Mrs. Bunting stayed indoors; Bunting went out. After all, the ex-butler was human — it was natural that he should feel thrilled and excited. All their neighbors were the same. His wife wasn't reasonable about such things. She quarreled with him when he didn't tell her anything, and yet he was sure she would have been angry with him if he had said very much about it.

The lodger's bell rang about two o'clock, and Mrs. Bunting prepared the simple luncheon that was also his breakfast. As she rested the tray a minute on the drawing-room floor landing, she heard Mr. Sleuth's high, quavering voice reading aloud the words:

"She saith to him, Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell."

The landlady turned the handle of the door and walked in with the tray. Mr. Sleuth was sitting close by the window, and Mrs. Bunting's Bible lay open before him. As she came in he hastily closed the Bible and looked down at the crowd walking along the Marylebone Road.

"There seem a great many people out to-day," he observed, without looking round.

"Yes, sir, there do." Mrs. Bunting said nothing more, and offered no other explanation; and the lodger, as he at last turned to his landlady, smiled pleasantly. He had acquired a great liking and respect for this well-behaved, taciturn woman; she was the first person for whom he had felt any such feeling for many years past.

He took a half sovereign out of his waistcoat pocket; Mrs. Bunting noticed that it was not the same waistcoat Mr. Sleuth had been wearing the day before. "Will you please accept this half sovereign for the use of your kitchen last night?" he said. "I made as little mess as I could, but I was carrying on a rather elaborate experiment."

She held out her hand, hesitated, and then took the coin.

As she walked down the stairs, the winter sun, a yellow ball hanging in the smoky sky, glinted in on Mrs. Bunting, and lent blood-red gleams, or so it seemed to her, to the piece of gold she was holding in her hand.

II

It was a very cold night — so cold, so windy, so snow-laden the atmosphere, that every one who could do so stayed indoors. Bunting, however, was on his way home from what had proved a very pleasant job; he had been acting as waiter at a young lady's birthday party, and a remarkable piece of luck had come his way. The young lady had come into a fortune that day, and she had had the gracious, the surprising thought of presenting each of the hired waiters with a sovereign.

This birthday treat had put him in mind of another birthday. His daughter Daisy would be eighteen the following Saturday. Why shouldn't he send her a postal order for half a sovereign, so that she might come up and spend her birthday in London?

Having Daisy for three or four days would cheer up Ellen. Mr. Bunting, slackening his footsteps, began to think with puzzled concern of how queer his wife had seemed lately. She had become so nervous, so "jumpy," that he didn't know what to make of her sometimes.

"WAS IT POSSIBLE THAT THEIR PLACE WAS BEING WATCHED—ALREADY?"

She had never been a really good-tempered woman,— your capable, self-respecting woman seldom is,— but she had never been like what she was now. Of late she sometimes got quite hysterical; he had let fall a sharp word to her the other day, and she had sat down on a chair, thrown her black apron over her face, and burst out sobbing violently.

During the last ten days Ellen had taken to talking in her sleep. "No, no, no!" she had cried out, only the night before. "It isn't true! I won't have it said! It's a lie!" And there had been a wail of horrible fear and revolt in her usually quiet, mincing voice. Yes, it would certainly be a good thing for her to have Daisy's company for a bit. Whew! it *was* cold; and Bunting had stupidly forgotten his gloves. He put his hands in his pockets to keep them warm.

Suddenly he became aware that Mr. Sleuth, the lodger who seemed to have "turned their luck," as it were, was walking along on the opposite side of the solitary street.

Mr. Sleuth's tall, thin figure was rather bowed, his head bent toward the ground. His right arm was thrust into his long Inverness cape; the other occasionally sawed the air, doubtless in order to help him keep warm. He was walking rather quickly. It was clear that he had not yet become aware of the proximity of his landlord.

Bunting felt pleased to see his lodger; it increased his feeling of general satisfaction. Strange, was it not, that that odd, peculiar-looking figure should have made all the difference to his (Bunting's) and Mrs. Bunting's happiness and comfort in life?

Naturally, Bunting saw far less of the lodger than did Mrs. Bunting. Their gentleman had made it very clear that he did not like either the husband or wife to come up to his rooms without being definitely asked to do so, and Bunting had been up there only once since Mr. Sleuth's arrival five weeks before. This seemed to be a good opportunity for a little genial conversation.

Bunting, still an active man for his years, crossed the road, and, stepping briskly forward, tried to overtake Mr. Sleuth; but the more he hurried, the more the other hastened, and that without even turning to see whose steps he heard echoing behind him on the now freezing pavement.

Mr. Sleuth's own footsteps were quite inaudible — an odd circumstance, when you came to think of it, as Bunting did think of it later,

lying awake by Ellen's side in the pitch-darkness. What it meant was, of course, that the lodger had rubber soles on his shoes.

The two men, the pursued and the pursuer, at last turned into the Marylebone Road. They were now within a hundred yards of home; and so, plucking up courage, Bunting called out, his voice echoing freshly on the still air:

"Mr. Sleuth, sir! Mr. Sleuth!"

The lodger stopped and turned round. He had been walking so quickly, and he was in so poor a physical condition, that the sweat was pouring down his face.

"Ah! So it's you, Mr. Bunting? I heard footsteps behind me, and I hurried on. I wish I'd known that it was only you; there are so many queer characters about at night in London."

"Not on a night like this, sir. Only honest folk who have business out of doors would be out such a night as this. It *is* cold, sir!" And then into Bunting's slow and honest mind there suddenly crept the query as to what Mr. Sleuth's own business out could be on this cold, bitter night.

"Cold?" the lodger repeated. "I can't say that I find it cold, Mr. Bunting. When the snow falls the air always becomes milder."

"Yes, sir; but to-night there's such a sharp east wind. Why, it freezes the very marrow in one's bones!"

Bunting noticed that Mr. Sleuth kept his distance in a rather strange way: he walked at the edge of the pavement, leaving the rest of it, on the wall side, to his landlord.

"I lost my way," he said abruptly. "I've been over Primrose Hill to see a friend of mine, and then, coming back, I lost my way."

Bunting could well believe that, for when he had first noticed Mr. Sleuth he was coming from the east, and not, as he should have done if walking home from Primrose Hill, from the north.

They had now reached the little gate that gave on to the shabby, paved court in front of the house. Mr. Sleuth was walking up the flagged path, when, with a "By your leave, sir," the ex-butler, stepping aside, slipped in front of his lodger, in order to open the front door for him.

As he passed by Mr. Sleuth, the back of Bunting's bare left hand brushed lightly against the long Inverness cape the other man was wearing, and, to his surprise, the stretch of cloth against which his hand lay for a moment was not only damp, damp from the flakes of snow that had settled upon it, but wet — wet and gluey. Bunting thrust his left hand into his pocket; it was with the other that he placed the key in the lock of the door.

The two men passed into the hall together. The house seemed blackly dark in comparison with the lighted up road outside; and then, quite suddenly, there came over Bunting a feeling of mortal terror, an instinctive knowledge that some terrible and immediate danger was near him. A voice — the voice of his first wife, the long-dead girl to whom his mind so seldom reverted nowadays — uttered in his ear the words, "Take care!"

"I'm afraid, Mr. Bunting, that you must have felt something dirty, foul, on my coat? It's too long a story to tell you now, but I brushed up against a dead animal — a dead rabbit lying across a bench on Primrose Hill."

Mr. Sleuth spoke in a very quiet voice, almost in a whisper.

"No, sir; no, I didn't notice nothing. I scarcely touched you, sir." It seemed as if a power outside himself compelled Bunting to utter these lying words. "And now, sir, I'll be saying good night to you," he added.

He waited until the lodger had gone upstairs, and then he turned into his own sitting-room. There he sat down, for he felt very queer. He did not draw his left hand out of his pocket till he heard the other man moving about in the room above. Then he lit the gas and held up his left hand; he put it close to his face. It was flecked, streaked with blood.

He took off his boots, and then, very quietly, he went into the room where his wife lay asleep. Stealthily he walked across to the toilet-table, and dipped his hand into the water-jug.

The next morning Mr. Sleuth's landlord awoke with a start; he felt curiously heavy about the limbs and tired about the eyes.

Drawing his watch from under his pillow, he saw that it was nearly nine o'clock. He and Ellen had overslept. Without waking her, he got out of bed and pulled up the blind. It was snowing heavily, and, as is the way when it snows, even in London, it was strangely, curiously still.

After he had dressed he went out into the passage. A newspaper and a letter were lying on the mat. Fancy having slept through the postman's knock! He picked them both up and went into the sitting-room; then he carefully shut the door behind him, and, tossing the letter aside, spread the newspaper wide open on the table and bent over it.

As Bunting at last looked up and straightened himself, a look of inexpressible relief shone upon his stolid face. The item of news he had felt certain would be there, printed in big type on the middle sheet, was not there.

He folded the paper and laid it on a chair, and then eagerly took up his letter.

DEAR FATHER [it ran]: I hope this finds you as well as it leaves me. Mrs. Puddle's youngest child has got scarlet fever, and aunt thinks I had better come away at once, just to stay with you for a few days. Please tell Ellen I won't give her no trouble.

Your loving daughter,

DAISY.

Bunting felt amazingly light-hearted; and, as he walked into the next room, he smiled broadly.

"Ellen," he cried out, "here's news! Daisy's coming to-day. There's scarlet fever in their house, and Martha thinks she had better come away for a few days. She'll be here for her birthday!"

Mrs. Bunting listened in silence; she did not even open her eyes. "I can't have the girl here just now," she said shortly; "I've got just as much as I can manage to do."

But Bunting felt pugnacious, and so cheerful as to be almost light-headed. Deep down in his heart he looked back to last night with a feeling of shame and self-rebuke. Whatever had made such horrible thoughts and suspicions come into his head?

"Of course Daisy will come here," he said shortly. "If it comes to that, she'll be able to help you with the work, and she'll brisk us both up a bit."

Rather to his surprise, Mrs. Bunting said nothing in answer to this, and he changed the subject abruptly. "The lodger and me came in together last night," he observed. "He's certainly a funny kind of gentleman. It wasn't the sort of night one would choose to go for a walk over Primrose Hill, and yet that was what he had been doing — so he said."

It stopped snowing about ten o'clock, and the morning wore itself away.

Just as twelve was striking, a four-wheeler drew up to the gate. It was Daisy — pink-cheeked, excited, laughing-eyed Daisy, a sight to gladden any father's heart. "Aunt said I was to have a cab if the weather was bad," she said.

There was a bit of a wrangle over the fare. King's Cross, as all the world knows, is nothing like two miles from the Marylebone Road, but the man clamored for one-and-sixpence, and hinted darkly that he had done the young lady a favor in bringing her at all.

While he and Bunting were having words, Daisy, leaving them to it, walked up the path to the door where her stepmother was awaiting her.

Suddenly there fell loud shouts on the still air. They sounded strangely eerie, breaking sharply across the muffled, snowy air.

"What's that?" said Bunting, with a look of startled fear. "Why, whatever's that?"

The cabman lowered his voice: "Them are crying out that 'orrible affair at King's Cross. He's done for two of 'em this time! That's what I meant when I said I might have got a better fare; I wouldn't say anything before Missy there, but folk 'ave been coming from all over London — like a fire; plenty of toffs, too. But there — there's nothing to see now!"

"What! Another woman murdered last night?" Bunting felt and looked convulsed with horror.

The cabman stared at him, surprised. "Two of 'em, I tell ycr — within a few yards of one another. He 'ave got a nerve ——"

"Have they caught him?" asked Bunting perfunctorily.

"Lord, no! They'll never catch 'im! It must 'ave happened hours and hours ago — they was both stone-cold. One each end of an archway. That's why they didn't see 'em before."

The hoarse cries were coming nearer and nearer — two news-venders trying to outshout each other.

"'Orrible discovery near King's Cross!" they yelled exultantly. And as Bunting, with his daughter's bag in his hand, hurried up the path and passed through his front door, the words pursued him like a dreadful threat.

Angrily he shut out the hoarse, insistent cries. No, he had no wish to buy a paper. That kind of crime wasn't fit reading for a young girl, such a girl as was his Daisy, brought up as carefully as if she had been a young lady by her strict Methody aunt.

As he stood in his little hall, trying to feel "all right" again, he could hear Daisy's voice — high, voluble, excited — giving her stepmother a long account of the scarlet-fever case to which she owed her presence in London. But, as Bunting pushed open the door of the sitting-room, there came a note of sharp alarm in his daughter's voice, and he heard her say: "Why, Ellen! Whatever is the matter? You do look bad!" and his wife's muffled answer: "Open the window — do."

Rushing across the room, Bunting pushed up the sash. The newspaper-sellers were now just outside the house. "Horrible discovery near King's Cross — a clue to the murderer!" they yelled. And then, helplessly, Mrs. Bunting began to laugh. She laughed and laughed and laughed, rocking herself to and fro as if in an ecstasy of mirth.

"Why, father, whatever's the matter with her?" Daisy looked quite scared.

"She's in 'sterics — that's what it is," he said shortly. "I'll just get the water-jug. Wait a minute."

Bunting felt very put out, and yet glad, too, for this queer seizure of Ellen's almost made him forget the sick terror with which he had been possessed a moment before. That he and his wife should be obsessed by the same fear, the same terror, never crossed his simple, slow-working mind.

The lodger's bell rang. That, or the threat of the water-jug, had a magical effect on Mrs. Bunting. She rose to her feet, still trembling, but composed.

As Mrs. Bunting went upstairs she felt her legs trembling under her, and put out a shaking hand to clutch at the bannister for support. She waited a few minutes on the landing, and then knocked at the door of her lodger's parlor.

But Mr. Sleuth's voice answered her from the bedroom. "I'm not well," he called out querulously; "I think I caught a chill going out to see a friend last night. I'll be obliged if you'll bring me up a cup of tea and put it outside my door, Mrs. Bunting."

"Very well, sir."

Mrs. Bunting went downstairs and made her lodger a cup of tea over the gas-ring, Bunting watching her the while in heavy silence.

During their midday dinner the husband and wife had a little discussion as to where Daisy should sleep. It had already been settled that a bed should be made up for her in the sitting-room, but Bunting saw reason to change this plan. As the two women were clearing away the dishes, he looked up and said shortly: "I think 'twould be better if Daisy were to sleep with you, Ellen, and I were to sleep in the sitting-room."

Ellen acquiesced quietly.

Daisy was a good-natured girl; she liked London, and wanted to make herself useful to her stepmother. "I'll wash up; don't you bother to come downstairs," she said.

Bunting began to walk up and down the room. His wife gave him a furtive glance; she wondered what he was thinking about.

"Didn't you get a paper?" she said at last.

"There's the paper," he said crossly, "the paper we always do take in, the *Telegraph*." His look challenged her to a further question.

"I thought they was shouting something in the street — I mean just before I was took bad."

But he made no answer; instead, he went to the top of the staircase and called out sharply: "Daisy! Daisy, child, are you there?"

"Yes, father," she answered from below.

"Better come upstairs out of that cold kitchen."

He came back into the sitting-room again.

"Ellen, is the lodger in? I haven't heard him moving about. I don't want Daisy to be mixed up with him."

"Mr. Sleuth is not well to-day," his wife answered; "he is remaining in bed a bit. Daisy needn't have anything to do with him. She'll have her work cut out looking after things down here. That's where I want her to help me."

"Agreed," he said.

When it grew dark, Bunting went out and bought an evening paper. He read it out of doors in the biting cold, standing beneath a street lamp. He wanted to see what was the clue to the murderer.

The clue proved to be a very slender one — merely the imprint in the snowy slush of a half-worn rubber sole; and it was, of course, by no means certain that the sole belonged to the boot or shoe of the murderer of the two doomed women who had met so swift and awful a death in the arch near King's Cross station. The paper's special investigator pointed out that there were thousands of such soles being worn in London. Bunting found comfort in that obvious fact. He felt grateful to the special investigator for having stated it so clearly.

As he approached his house, he heard curious sounds coming from the inner side of the low wall that shut off the courtyard from the pavement. Under ordinary circumstances Bunting would have gone at once to drive whoever was there out into the roadway. Now he stayed outside, sick with suspense and anxiety. Was it possible that their place was being watched — already?

But it was only Mr. Sleuth. To Bunting's astonishment, the lodger suddenly stepped forward from behind the wall on to the flagged path. He was carrying a brown-paper parcel, and, as he walked along, the new boots he was wearing creaked and the tap-tap of wooden heels rang out on the stones.

Bunting, still hidden outside the gate, suddenly understood what his lodger had been doing the other side of the wall. Mr. Sleuth had been out to buy himself a pair of boots, and had gone inside the gate to put them on, placing his old footgear in the paper in which the new boots had been wrapped.

Bunting waited until Mr. Sleuth had let himself into the house; then he also walked up the flagged pathway, and put his latch-key in the door.

In the next three days each of Bunting's waking hours held its meed of aching fear and suspense. From his point of view, almost any alternative would be preferable to that which

"'KEEP INNOCENCY,' HE SAYS, WAGGING HIS HEAD AT ME"

to most people would have seemed the only one open to him. He told himself that it would be ruin for him and for his Ellen to be mixed up publicly in such a terrible affair. It would track them to their dying day.

Bunting was also always debating within himself as to whether he should tell Ellen of his frightful suspicion. He could not believe that what had become so plain to himself could long be concealed from all the world, and yet he did not credit his wife with the same intelligence. He did not even notice that, although she waited on Mr. Sleuth as assiduously as ever, Mrs. Bunting never mentioned the lodger.

Mr. Sleuth, meanwhile, kept upstairs; he had given up going out altogether. He still felt, so he assured his landlady, far from well.

Daisy was another complication, the more so that the girl, whom her father longed to send away and whom he would hardly let out of his sight, showed herself inconveniently inquisitive concerning the lodger.

"Whatever does he do with himself all day?" she asked her stepmother.

"Well, just now he's reading the Bible," Mrs. Bunting had answered, very shortly and dryly. "Well, I never! That's a funny thing for a gentleman to do!" Such had been Daisy's pert remark, and her stepmother had snubbed her well for it.

III

Daisy's eighteenth birthday dawned uneventfully. Her father gave her what he had always promised she should have on her eighteenth birthday — a watch. It was a pretty little silver watch, which Bunting had bought second-hand on the last day he had been happy; it seemed a long time ago now.

Mrs. Bunting thought a silver watch a very extravagant present, but she had always had the good sense not to interfere between her husband and his child. Besides, her mind was now full of other things. She was beginning to fear that Bunting suspected something, and she was filled with watchful anxiety and unease. What if he were to do anything silly — mix them up with the police, for instance? It certainly would be ruination to them both. But there — one never knew, with men! Her husband, however, kept his own counsel absolutely.

Daisy's birthday was on Saturday. In the middle of the morning Ellen and Daisy went down into the kitchen. Bunting didn't like the feeling that there was only one flight of stairs

between Mr. Sleuth and himself, so he quietly slipped out of the house and went to buy himself an ounce of tobacco.

In the last four days Bunting had avoided his usual haunts. But to-day the unfortunate man had a curious longing for human companionship — companionship, that is, other than that of Ellen and Daisy. This feeling led him into a small, populous thoroughfare hard by the Edgeware Road. There were more people there than usual, for the housewives of the neighborhood were doing their marketing for Sunday.

Bunting passed the time of day with the tobacconist, and the two fell into desultory talk. To the ex-butler's surprise, the man said nothing at all to him on the subject of which all the neighborhood must still be talking.

And then, quite suddenly, while still standing by the counter, and before he had paid for the packet of tobacco he held in his hand, Bunting, through the open door, saw, with horrified surprise, that his wife was standing outside a greengrocer's shop just opposite. Muttering a word of apology, he rushed out of the shop and across the road.

"Ellen!" he gasped hoarsely. "You've never gone and left my little girl alone in the house?"

Mrs. Bunting's face went chalky white. "I thought you were indoors," she said. "You *were* indoors. Whatever made you come out for, without first making sure I was there?"

Bunting made no answer; but, as they stared at each other in exasperated silence, *each knew that the other knew.*

They turned and scurried down the street.

"Don't run," he said suddenly; "we shall get there just as quickly if we walk fast. People are noticing you, Ellen. Don't run."

He spoke breathlessly, but it was breathlessness induced by fear and excitement, not by the quick pace at which they were walking.

At last they reached their own gate. Bunting pushed past in front of his wife. After all, Daisy was his child — Ellen couldn't know how he was feeling. He made the path almost in one leap, and fumbled for a moment with his latch-key. The door opened.

"Daisy!" he called out in a wailing voice. "Daisy, my dear, where are you?"

"Here I am, father; what is it?"

"She's all right!" Bunting turned his gray face to his wife. "She's all right, Ellen!" Then he waited a moment, leaning against the wall of the passage. "It did give me a turn," he said; and then, warningly, "Don't frighten the girl, Ellen."

Daisy was standing before the fire in the sitting-room, admiring herself in the glass. "Oh, father," she said, without turning round, "I've seen the lodger! He's quite a nice gentleman — though, to be sure, he does look a cure! He came down to ask Ellen for something, and we had quite a nice little chat. I told him it was my birthday, and he asked me to go to Madame Tussaud's with him this afternoon." She laughed a little self-consciously. "Of course I could see he was 'centric, and then at first he spoke so funnily. 'And who be you?' he says, threatening-like. And I says to him, 'I'm Mr. Bunting's daughter, sir.' 'Then you're a very fortunate girl' — that's what he said, Ellen — 'to 'ave such a nice stepmother as you've got. That's why,' he says, 'you look such a good, innocent girl.' And then he quoted a bit of the prayer-book at me. 'Keep innocency,' he says, wagging his head at me. Lor'! It made me feel as if I was with aunt again."

"I won't have you going out with the lodger — that's flat." Bunting spoke in a muffled, angry tone. He was wiping his forehead with one hand, while with the other he mechanically squeezed the little packet of tobacco, for which, as he now remembered, he had forgotten to pay.

Daisy pouted. "Oh, father, I think you might let me have a treat on my birthday! I told him Saturday wasn't a very good day — at least, so I'd heard — for Madame Tussaud's. Then he said we could go early, while the fine folk are still having their dinners. He wants you to come, too." She turned to her stepmother, then giggled happily. "The lodger has a wonderful fancy for you, Ellen; if I was father, I'd feel quite jealous!"

Her last words were cut across by a loud knock on the door. Bunting and his wife looked at each other apprehensively.

Both felt a curious thrill of relief when they saw that it was only Mr. Sleuth — Mr. Sleuth dressed to go out: the tall hat he had worn when he first came to them was in his hand, and he was wearing a heavy overcoat.

"I saw you had come in," — he addressed Mrs. Bunting in his high, whistling, hesitating voice,— "and so I've come down to ask if you and Miss Bunting will come to Madame Tussaud's now. I have never seen these famous waxworks, though I've heard of the place all my life."

As Bunting forced himself to look fixedly at his lodger, a sudden doubt, bringing with it a sense of immeasurable relief, came to him. Surely it was inconceivable that this gentle, mild-mannered gentleman could be the monster of cruelty and cunning that Bunting had but a moment ago believed him to be!

"You're very kind, sir, I'm sure." He tried to catch his wife's eye, but Mrs. Bunting was

looking away, staring into vacancy. She still, of course, wore the bonnet and cloak in which she had just been out to do her marketing. Daisy was already putting on her hat and coat.

Madame Tussaud's had hitherto held pleasant memories for Mrs. Bunting. In the days when she and Bunting were courting they often spent part of their "afternoon out" there. The butler had an acquaintance, a man named Hopkins, who was one of the waxworks' staff, and this man had sometimes given him passes for "self and lady." But this was the first time Mrs. Bunting had been inside the place since she had come to live almost next door, as it were, to the big building.

The ill-sorted trio walked up the great staircase and into the first gallery; and there Mr. Sleuth suddenly stopped short. The presence of those curious, still figures, suggesting death in life, seemed to surprise and affright him.

Daisy took quick advantage of the lodger's hesitation and unease.

"Oh, Ellen," she cried, "do let us begin by going into the Chamber of Horrors! I've never been in there. Aunt made father promise he wouldn't take me, the only time I've ever been here. But now that I'm eighteen I can do just as I like; besides, aunt will never know!'

Mr. Sleuth looked down at her.

"Yes," he said, "let us go into the Chamber of Horrors; that's a good idea, Miss Bunting."

They turned into the great room in which the Napoleonic relics are kept, and which leads into the curious, vault-like chamber where waxen effigies of dead criminals stand grouped in wooden docks. Mrs. Bunting was at once disturbed and relieved to see her husband's old acquaintance, Mr. Hopkins, in charge of the turnstile admitting the public to the Chamber of Horrors.

"Well, you *are* a stranger," the man observed genially. "I do believe this is the very first time I've seen you in here, Mrs. Bunting, since you married!"

"Yes," she said; "that is so. And this is my husband's daughter, Daisy; I expect you've heard of her, Mr. Hopkins. And this" — she hesitated a moment — "is our lodger, Mr. Sleuth."

But Mr. Sleuth frowned and shuffled away. Daisy, leaving her stepmother's side, joined him.

Mrs. Bunting put down three sixpences.

"Wait a minute," said Hopkins; "you can't go into the Chamber of Horrors just yet. But you won't have to wait more than four or five minutes, Mrs. Bunting. It's this way, you see; our boss is in there, showing a party round." He lowered his voice. "It's Sir John Burney — I suppose you know who Sir John Burney is?"

"No," she answered indifferently; "I don't know that I ever heard of him." She felt slightly — oh, very slightly — uneasy about Daisy. She would like her stepdaughter

"SUDDENLY MR. SLEUTH SWERVED TO ONE SIDE"

to keep well within sight and sound. Mr. Sleuth was taking the girl to the other end of the room.

"Well, I hope you never *will* know him — not in any personal sense, Mrs. Bunting." The man chuckled. "He's the Head Commissioner of Police — that's what Sir John Burney is. One of the gentlemen he's showing round our place is the Paris Prefect of Police, whose job is on all fours, so to speak, with Sir John's. The Frenchy has brought his daughter with him, and there are several other ladies. Ladies always like 'orrors, Mrs. Bunting; that's our experience here. 'Oh, take me to the Chamber of 'Orrors!' — that's what they say the minute they gets into the building."

A group of people, all talking and laughing together, were advancing from within toward the turnstile.

Mrs. Bunting stared at them nervously. She wondered which of them was the gentleman with whom Mr. Hopkins had hoped she would never be brought into personal contact. She quickly picked him out. He was a tall, powerful, nice-looking gentleman with a commanding manner. Just now he was smiling down into the face of a young lady. "Monsieur Barberoux is quite right," he was saying; "the English law is too kind to the criminal, especially to the murderer. If we conducted our trials in the French fashion, the place we have just left would be very much fuller than it is to-day! A man of whose guilt we are absolutely assured is oftener than not acquitted, and then the public taunt us with 'another undiscovered crime'!"

"D'you mean, Sir John, that murderers sometimes escape scot-free? Take the man who has been committing all those awful murders this last month. Of course, I don't know much about it, for father won't let me read about it, but I can't help being interested!" Her girlish voice rang out, and Mrs. Bunting heard every word distinctly.

The party gathered round, listening eagerly to hear what the Head Commissioner would say next.

"Yes." He spoke very deliberately. "I think we may say — now, don't give me away to a newspaper fellow, Miss Rose — that we do know perfectly well who the murderer in question is ——"

Several of those standing near by uttered expressions of surprise and incredulity.

"Then why don't you catch him?" cried the girl indignantly.

"I didn't say we know *where* he is; I only said we know *who* he is; or, rather, perhaps I ought to say that we have a very strong suspicion of his identity."

Sir John's French colleague looked up quickly. "The Hamburg and Liverpool man?" he said interrogatively.

The other nodded. "Yes; I suppose you've had the case turned up?"

Then, speaking very quickly, as if he wished to dismiss the subject from his own mind and from that of his auditors, he went on:

"Two murders of the kind were committed eight years ago — one in Hamburg, the other just afterward in Liverpool, and there were certain peculiarities connected with the crimes which made it clear they were committed by the same hand. The perpetrator was caught, fortunately for us red-handed, just as he was leaving the house of his victim, for in Liverpool the murder was committed in a house. I myself saw the unhappy man — I say unhappy, for there is no doubt at all that he was mad,"— he hesitated, and added in a lower tone,— "suffering from an acute form of religious mania. I myself saw him, at some length. But now comes the really interesting point. Just a month ago this criminal lunatic, as we must regard him, made his escape from the asylum where he was confined. He arranged the whole thing with extraordinary cunning and intelligence, and we should probably have caught him long ago were it not that he managed, when on his way out of the place, to annex a considerable sum of money in gold with which the wages of the staff were about to be paid."

The Frenchman again spoke. "Why have you not circulated a description?" he asked.

"We did that at once,"— Sir John Burney smiled a little grimly,— "but only among our own people. We dare not circulate the man's description among the general public. You see, we may be mistaken, after all."

"That is not very probable!" The Frenchman smiled a satirical little smile.

A moment later the party were walking in Indian file through the turnstile, Sir John Burney leading the way.

Mrs. Bunting looked straight before her. Even had she wished to do so, she had neither time nor power to warn her lodger of his danger.

Daisy and her companion were now coming down the room, bearing straight for the Head Commissioner of Police. In another moment Mr. Sleuth and Sir John Burney would be face to face.

Suddenly Mr. Sleuth swerved to one side. A terrible change came over his pale, narrow face; it became discomposed, livid with rage and terror.

But, to Mrs. Bunting's relief,— yes, to her inexpressible relief,— Sir John Burney and his friends swept on. They passed by Mr. Sleuth unconcernedly, unaware, or so it seemed to her,

that there was any one else in the room but themselves.

"Hurry up, Mrs. Bunting," said the turnstile-keeper; "you and your friends will have the place all to yourselves." From an official he had become a man, and it was the man in Mr. Hopkins that gallantly addressed pretty Daisy Bunting. "It seems strange that a young lady like you should want to go in and see all those 'orrible frights," he said jestingly.

"Mrs. Bunting, may I trouble you to come over here for a moment?" The words were hissed rather than spoken by Mr. Sleuth's lips.

His landlady took a doubtful step forward.

"A last word with you, Mrs. Bunting." The lodger's face was still distorted with fear and passion. "Do not think to escape the consequences of your hideous treachery. I trusted you, Mrs. Bunting, and you betrayed me! But I am protected by a higher power, for I still have work to do. Your end will be bitter as wormwood and sharp as a two-edged sword. Your feet shall go down to death, and your steps take hold on hell." Even while Mr. Sleuth was uttering these strange, dreadful words, he was looking around, his eyes glancing this way and that, seeking a way of escape.

At last his eyes became fixed on a small placard placed above a curtain. "Emergency Exit" was written there. Leaving his landlady's side, he walked over to the turnstile. He fumbled in his pocket for a moment, and then touched the man on the arm. "I feel ill," he said, speaking very rapidly; "very ill indeed! It's the atmosphere of this place. I want you to let me out by the quickest way. It would be a pity for me to faint here—especially with ladies about." His left hand shot out and placed what he had been fumbling for in his pocket on the other's bare palm. "I see there's an emergency exit over there. Would it be possible for me to get out that way?"

"Well, yes, sir; I think so." The man hesitated; he felt a slight, a very slight, feeling of misgiving. He looked at Daisy, flushed and smiling, happy and unconcerned, and then at Mrs. Bunting. She was very pale; but surely her lodger's sudden seizure was enough to make her feel worried. Hopkins felt the half sovereign pleasantly tickling his palm. The Prefect of Police had given him only half a crown—mean, shabby foreigner!

"Yes, I can let you out that way," he said at last, "and perhaps when you're standing out in the air on the iron balcony you'll feel better. But then, you know, sir, you'll have to come round to the front if you want to come in again, for those emergency doors only open outward."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Sleuth hurriedly; "I quite understand! If I feel better I'll come in by the front way, and pay another shilling—that's only fair."

"You needn't do that if you'll just explain what happened here."

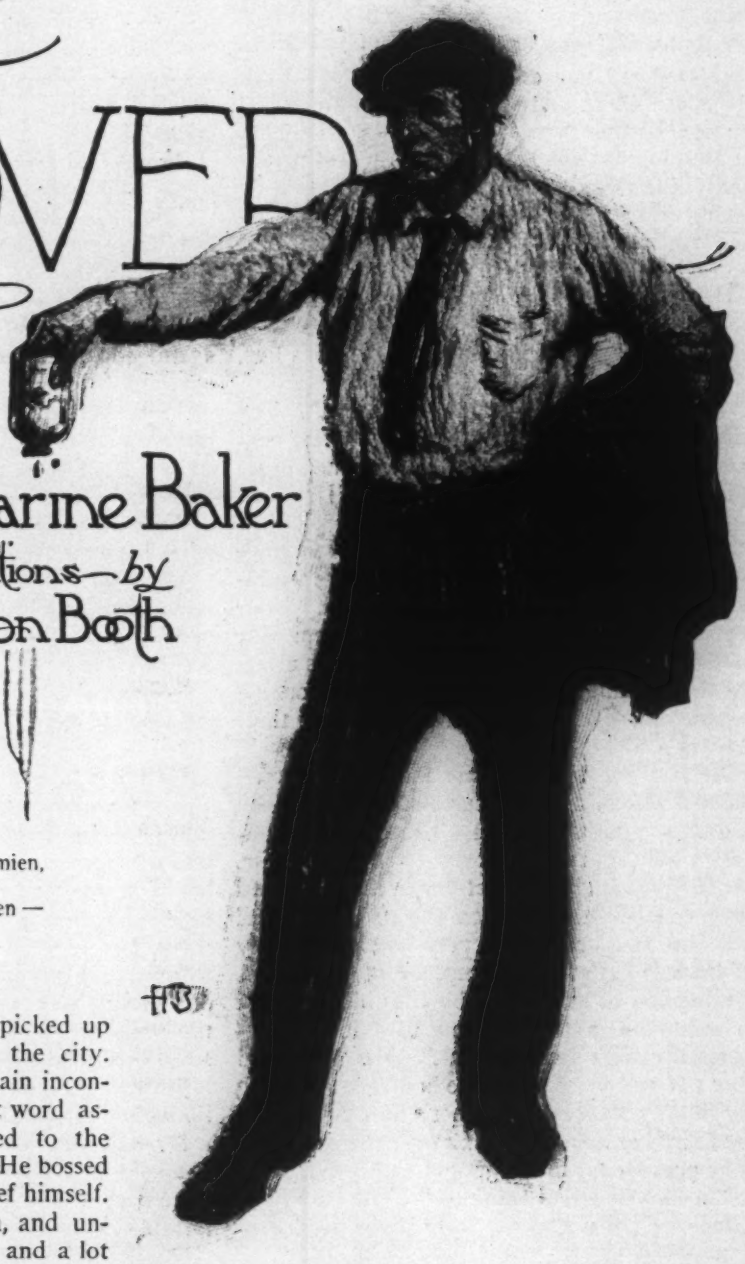
The man went and pulled the curtain aside, and put his shoulder against the door. It burst open, and the light for a moment blinded Mr. Sleuth. He passed his hand over his eyes.

"Thank you," he said; "thank you. I shall get all right here."

Five days later Bunting identified the body of a man found drowned in the Regent's Canal as that of his late lodger; and, the morning following, a gardener working in the Regent's Park found a newspaper in which were wrapped, together with a half-worn pair of rubber-soled shoes, two surgical knives. This fact was not chronicled in any newspaper; but a very pretty and picturesque paragraph went the round of the press, about the same time, concerning a small box filled with sovereigns which had been forwarded anonymously to the Governor of the Foundling Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Bunting are now in the service of an old lady, by whom they are feared as well as respected, and whom they make very comfortable.

The ROVER



By Katharine Baker

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green —
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

THE engineer had picked up an assistant in the city. There was a certain incongruity about that word assistant as applied to the man. Seldom did he assist. He bossed — more often than not the chief himself. Still, the chief held a diploma, and understood stress and parabola and a lot of similar things; so, in spite of his youth and unimpressive personality, he did not fear for his job.

No such technical information troubled the assistant, who had been chosen mainly because in his wide wanderings he had seen and observed the dykes of Holland, which the engineer and his employer had not, and because he professed calm confidence in his ability to reproduce them on the Jersey coast.

The event bore out his claim. The sea-wall rose, unique among sea-walls, a heap of rough boulders resting on a mat of oak fascines, twice daily invested by the sea, which it neither repelled nor admitted. The water broke over the boulders, trickled helplessly away through the crevices, slunk back baffled. The assistant engineer was sure of his hundred a month until the miles of wall should be finished.

He stood, one day, among the Italian laborers, humming to himself — a melancholy sound:

"The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has lost the look he had
In my ain countree."

As a matter of fact, this was an unfair criticism of the sun, which could not possibly have looked brighter in anybody's country than it actually did above him.

Oak bundles glowing with red leaves, tall heaps of them like gay festival decorations, lay along the wall. Between them, picking her way over loose stones, hydraulic pipes, and litter, came the owner's daughter, to see what was new. The chief escorted her with pride. The Italians flashed white teeth. The assistant stared gravely from his pale-blue eyes; the pipe that he had just begun to fill dropped from his hands and shivered on the stones below.

"What rotten luck!" said the chief sympathetically. He had admired that even-tinted meerschaum.

But the assistant paid no heed to his loss. With undeniable ease, he ignored also the disreputable state of his working-clothes. While the chief introduced him to the girl he gazed at her steadily, as if trying to commit her to memory. In that moment life opened very desirable prospects before the assistant.

The interview was short. The girl did not care for draggled tweeds and corduroys. She was disappointed. It was to meet the assistant that she had come. Of course, the chief did not know that. Only the stupidest of young women would have been so transparent. He thought she wanted his company, and came because he had orders to give his subordinate. The chief was not strikingly clever.

However, he now gave the instructions with enjoyment; he liked to display authority before her.

"Look after the pile-driver, too, McPherson," he ended. "There are some posts to be reset over there. I'll hardly get back this afternoon."

McPherson nodded. The chief was off after the girl, who was already picking her way out of sight around a heap of brush. He rejoined her, and they disappeared together. McPherson stood watching the vanishing-point for a moment, though the work slackened around him.

"A frowsy Scotchman," was her verdict.

The chief could not feel displeased to hear it.

"He's right on the job, just the same," he conceded to the absent, fearing no rivalry. "Pity foreigners don't shave. That red-bearded style isn't ornamental."

"I should think he'd die of loneliness," she speculated.

But it seemed there was no occasion.

"Not while he has himself to associate with. He spends his evenings in his room at the boarding-house. There he sits with his feet on a varnished golden-oak wash-stand, with a bare bulb swinging on a cord behind him, and reads Hume's philosophy, and drinks — especially drinks."

The chief had only recently learned to despise varnished oak, and had all the ardor of the proselyte. Nor, indeed, were shaded lights among the memories of his childhood. He cultivated fastidiousness.

The lady was interested and mildly shocked. He continued the animating topic. Drink? Well, rather. No, he didn't think the fellow was a gentleman. How could anybody be, with such clothes? Certainly, twelve hundred a year wouldn't allow much latitude in clothes; but the assistant never lived on his twelve hundred a year. Why, his whiskey must cost him about all of that.

He touched lightly upon an ancient flask of chased and battered silver that was always in McPherson's pocket. To the girl this sounded like an heirloom of romance, and she suggested that McPherson was probably a personage fallen on evil times — a suggestion that displeased her escort, who refuted it warmly. To be sure, somebody sent money, for he got regular letters with drafts, reinclosed through Morgan & Co., but evidently not much, for look at those clothes! And his people were very plain.

"He spoke of his cousin once," volunteered the chief, in support of this. "I asked him what was his cousin's business. He stared a minute in that fishy way of his, and then said he hadn't heard lately; he believed his present occupation was slaughtering cattle, if his luck was good. Think of calling it good luck to be a successful butcher! They must have been feeling the pinch."

Well, obviously, that didn't sound as romantic as the antique flask. But the owner's daughter was not convinced. She suspended judgment, meaning to investigate this problematic assistant more fully.

Far behind, the debatable Scot had resumed his job with his usual single-hearted energy. For the rest of the afternoon he realigned ill-sunk posts and saw the last of the day's oak bundles well anchored under their rock ballast.

The laborers quit at the whistle-blast. The assistant strode off along the deserted beach to study a weak place where the ocean threatened to outwit his fortifications. At a bend of the wall he came upon the girl and the chief.

The girl had just decided that the chief was a bore. She had given up conversation as requiring too great an effort, and was trying to count the mewing gulls that swooped over the waves or sat rocking on them. At sight of the assistant her face lighted flatteringly.

It was a long time since he had talked with a pretty, well-bred woman. When, after a while, she held out a hand to him and he helped her to rise from her stony seat, there was a warm glow about his heart. The chief was conspicuously sullen. He was learning by experience the painful truth that it is only among the blind that the one-eyed man is king.

"I was forgetting to tell you," said McPherson to him, at parting. "A chap on the pile-driver told me that much of the piling under the north pier is rotted to the breadth of a child's wrist. I looked for myself, and it's so. Those posts would snap like match-sticks in a storm. It should be seen to."

"I have my eye on the work," said the chief shortly. He was not fond of suggestions.

Now, however, the assistant swung away down the beach on his errand, while the chief and the girl walked homeward. McPherson went whistling a gay melody:

"The collier had a daughter, and she was wonder bonny;
A laird he was that sought her——"

At "rich baith in land and money" he broke off with a grim laugh.

The sun was setting gorgeously over the wide marshes. When he had frowned at the flaws in the construction, he turned to survey the meadows and the shore. Far away, a fluttering flag marked the owner's dwelling. The assistant's rugged face began to clear.

"I'd do the decent thing by her, if I got her," he announced to the wheeling gulls. He pulled out a battered silver flask, opened it, and deliberately turned it upside down. A pale stream descended to the heap of stones. "Good whiskey, too," he murmured thoughtfully, watching it drip away. "But there's still cauld kail in Aberdeen." After which apparently senseless remark he looked again toward the fluttering flag. Probably the lady wouldn't have cared for the metaphor, and no doubt the chief would have likened her more euphemistically to a rose or some such matter; but, on the other hand, he wouldn't have given up his cigarettes for her.

The owner's daughter had decided to enlarge her circle, which included only the chief and herself and was correspondingly dull. This decision was sad for the chief, accustomed as he was to an undivided reign; but he had no choice, and the assistant made intimate progress.

They even dined together, one evening, at the owner's house, where there was more mahogany and candlelight than the chief was used to, though not more than he intended to have some day, when this girl — The chief began to feel some uneasiness about this girl, once so exclusively his friend. There sat the assistant, with uncommonly smooth hair, and from some place or other he had exhumed correct clothes. The chief suddenly remembered having heard in an inattentive moment that a black cravat was not right with evening dress. He could hardly resist clutching spasmodically at his own.

And that drunken adventurer had happened on the proper combination. He hadn't been drinking lately, either — not in public. Of course, private drinkers are the worst. Even here he was letting his wine stand untouched. The chief wondered why. He raised his glass toward McPherson.

"Miss Evelyn!" he said.

The assistant drank the toast unhesitatingly. But he did not take up the glass again until Evelyn asked doubtfully, "Isn't the wine right?" Then he drank it all, with a friendly look at her.

The owner himself, who seldom regarded anybody except in a business way, showed an unexpected human liking for McPherson, and listened to his opinions. It was most annoying to the chief, who was swelling with news that he felt entitled him to the center of the stage. He tried to force his host's attention with talk about the work. As soon as he was fairly involved, Evelyn rose and left them. McPherson followed.

In the shadowy drawing-room, she sat down at her piano. The assistant came and leaned beside her.

"I'll play Scotch songs, if you'll sing them," she offered.

"I am not a singer," he demurred. The light glimmered on her soft hair. "Do you know 'Love Will Venture In'?" he asked boldly. She did not know it. He began singing just above his breath in a very pleasant voice:

"Oh, Love will venture in where he daurna weel be seen;
Oh, Love will venture in where Wisdom ance has been."

She looked up, could not meet his intense gaze, looked away again.

"And you say you can't sing, Mr. McPherson!" she protested.

"McPherson is not my name," he confessed frankly. "'Tis a nickname I had when I was a lad, because I was such an outlaw."

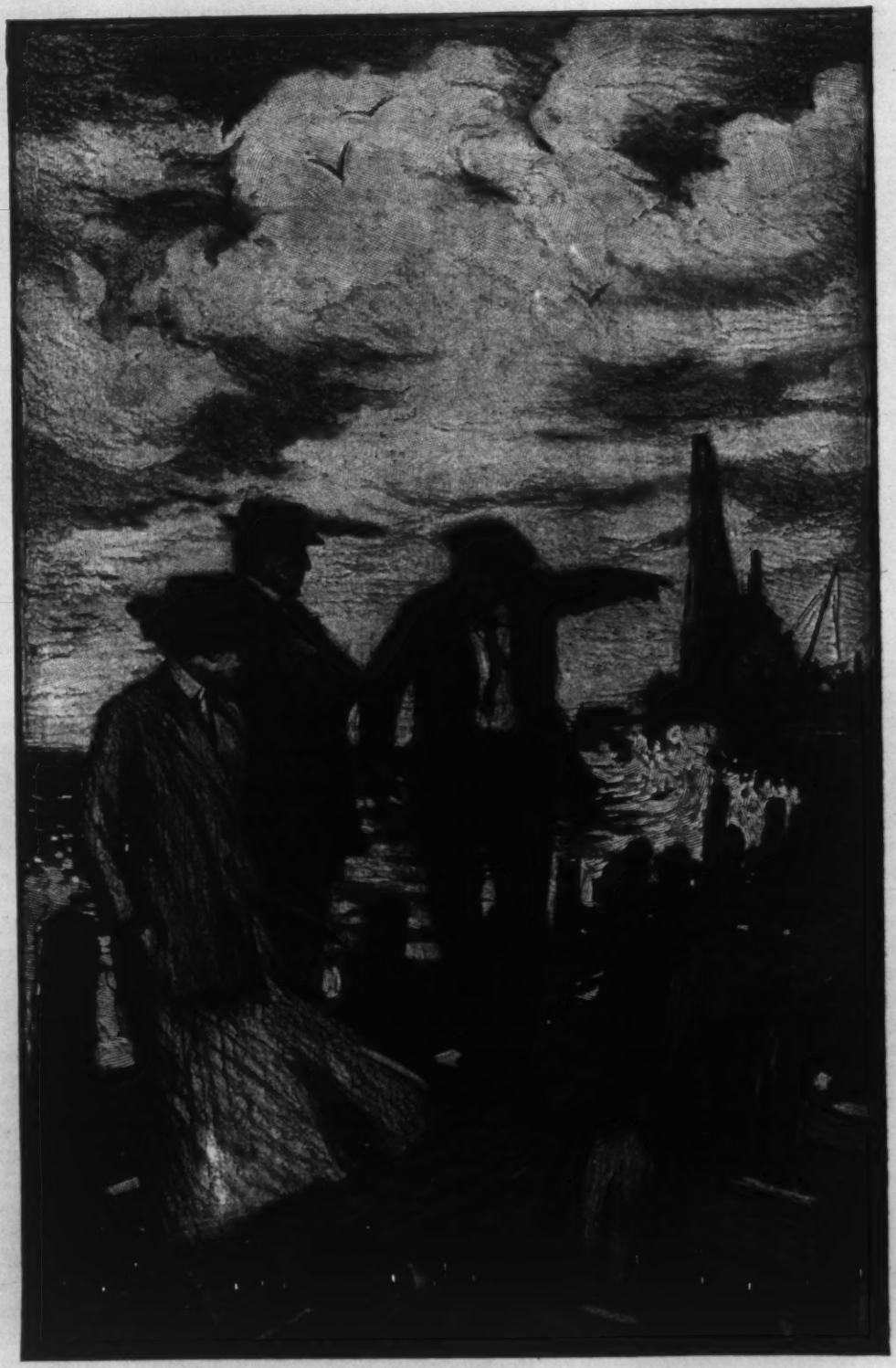
"Is that an outlaw's name?" she asked.

"Why, don't you know McPherson?" he exclaimed, surprised. "'Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, sae dauntingly gaed he!' And I went rather rantingly, I fear."

The girl was playing pianissimo; the candles glowed in the gloom.

"What is your name, then?" she asked.

The assistant drew a long breath.



"EVELYN, CURIOUS AS USUAL, HAD COME TO SEE THE SHOW"

"Too good a name for a reckless rover. I'll tell you, if you care at all to know," he began.

"Indeed I do," she replied, keen to elicit his confidence; and at that moment the jealous voice of the chief hailed them from the doorway. He had broken through the net of his own devising and come to interrupt this objectionable tête-à-tête.

All the rest of the evening he tried to arrange one for himself; but a better engineer frustrated his plans. There was evidently a new confidential relation between the assistant and the girl. At last the chief gave up hope of privacy, and launched his news.

"I shall hardly be here more than a month or so longer, if your father will accept my resignation," he said. "The Corpus Christi Construction Company want me to come to Texas to take charge of some work there. They offer ten thousand a year, so I can't afford to refuse them."

"Oh," said Evelyn innocently, with new respect; "they've heard about your sea-wall."

A smile flickered across McPherson's face. The chief colored. Well he knew whose wall it was he was getting the credit for. But after that Evelyn was very nice to him. If the assistant did not, in turn, experience her neglect, it was perhaps because his words, "Too good a name for a reckless rover," were not forgotten. Between this new affluence of the chief and the mystery attaching to his subordinate, Evelyn began to find life interesting.

Two determined men went home that night — the chief to bed, the assistant to sit down in his varnished, red-carpeted room and write to his uncle, for the first time in many years.

"No doubt it's more civil to tell you directly than through lawyers," the letter ran. "Henceforth you can keep your remittances. I'll have no more pauperizing outdoor relief. Do not hastily conclude that I am reforming. I had sworn off, but to-night I deliberately drank a glass of their confounded Californian imitation Johannisberger, that hasn't even the excuse of temptation about it. So rejoice that Lochinnan's the consolation to you I'll never be, and keep the remittances to buy him a wedding gift. I'll do for myself hereafter."

All the next week Evelyn was away, and the chief's disposition suffered. He had gone to the station to say good-by, and had found her inclined to coquet. The chief, who was rather handsome, spoke contemptuously of McPherson's appearance. But the time for that had gone by.

"Somehow, he manages to look more like a man than anybody else I ever saw," retorted Evelyn, and the tribute rankled in the chief's memory all that week. He was surly with McPherson, who only smiled tolerantly at his rudeness.

"It's coming on for a northeaster," the assistant spoke one day. "You remember, I mentioned last week the piling under that upper pier is rotten. You'd be wise to put in auxiliary piles, if you don't want it to go out in the first high tide."

"That's my province," growled the chief. "I understand my business; and I don't get all my information out of Hume or a whiskey-bottle, either." He had forgotten the earlier warning, and now the lowering day made him uneasy.

"What ails you, man?" inquired McPherson serenely. "You are quite safe, of course, for one can't fight under his size. Besides, I realize that you're not yourself."

"At least, my name's my own," returned the chief.

So Evelyn had discussed that! But the assistant instantly excused her to his soul. Women always told things.

"There are moments," said McPherson blandly, "when Kant would be more soothing than Hume. According to Kant, for instance, you are merely a kind of shadow cast by my mentality. When you impinge upon my sunlight, what a comfort to reflect that by simply removing myself I do away with you. Are you interested?"

"No!" snapped the chief.

"Then I'll just proceed to your obliteration," replied McPherson, and walked away.

In spite of Kant, the chief materialized at the railway station that evening. McPherson was there, too, ostensibly to buy a newspaper, though he was regularly served at the house.

It was the night Evelyn was expected home, a nasty night with a high wind. The northeaster had come much more quickly than anybody had expected. Rain drove slantingly across the roofed platform. The roaring surf drowned the roar of the approaching train.

The chief went to the edge of the platform, and waited, all eyes to meet Evelyn. McPherson stood with the unfolded paper in his hand, staring into the storm.

"The poor lad!" he muttered. "The poor lad!"

The train clanged in, unheeded by him. The owner and his daughter descended, the chief fell upon them, they climbed into a closed carriage. The train drew out, grumbling. McPherson shook himself as one

awakening from a dream, and went out into the deluge.

LOSS OF THE "PTARMIGAN"
SOLE SURVIVOR TELLS STORY

were the headlines that had caught his eye. McPherson was not one to trade upon disaster. He had not foreseen in fancy the tale under those leaded lines. Of all on board the *Ptarmigan*, one man alone had reached an Eskimo settlement some weeks before. The *Ptarmigan* had been chartered by a small party of sportsmen to hunt musk-oxen in the Arctic circle. The ship had been crushed by a submerged iceberg. Those who escaped to land had perished, one by one, in an attempt to reach the settlement. The Master of Lochinnan, only son of Lord Inverury, had been the first to succumb.

The report was a bare outline without detail. The rain beat the paper that held it to a pulp as McPherson plowed homeward through screaming blasts. He thought with generous pity of the daring boy exposed to those fiercer elements that had destroyed the *Ptarmigan's* survivors. But when he came into his warm, ugly room, with its stuffy varnish smell, he had a vision of Evelyn with him in a different world, and his heart quickened.

All night the storm raged. At dawn a fist pounding upon his door awakened him. The chief's voice called, "The tide's raising hell on the front."

McPherson was up and at the door in an instant, his dreams thrust aside.

"Wall gone?" he asked.

"No," said the chief, hesitating; "it stood. But the north pier went, and the end of the theater on the south pier, and there's a mile of wreckage piled along the wall — planks and two-by-tens splintered into toothpicks."

McPherson was dressing rapidly. Being a man, he did not mention the decayed supports of the north pier.

They made their way to the front, climbed over far-strewn wreckage, and, while flying balls of foam struck and stung their faces, entered the shuddering pier. At the farthest end the chief opened the theater door.

"By George!" he muttered. The stage was gone, with the wall behind it. The side walls, gaping, framed a strange, new picture. The proscenium-boxes sagged toward a green, tumbling sea that swept in from the horizon. Gray clouds, ready to pour rain again, scudded in a forbidding sky. The building reverberated to every plunging breaker.

McPherson walked to the slippery edge of the sinking floor, and leaned out to look under at the driving sea. It had loosened many piles, and was battering them like rams against the supports that still stood upright.

"Nothing doing?" questioned the chief.

"Tide's on the turn," deliberated McPherson. "Send for Nelson's Swedes. They're fishermen in summer and carpenters in winter; they can handle this business. Get a boat-winch and cable and some pulleys. We'll anchor those ramming timbers and shore up the floor. Then I think it may weather the storm."

The chief was no longer averse to taking advice. Nelson came with his Swedes, cold-eyed, silent men, used to make shift in emergency. The chief was ill at ease with them. They ignored him utterly; McPherson took command. Under his orders, the staggering piles were lassoed to their steadier mates in the racing water. A loop of cable was flung over the head of each, the complaining winch dragged them upright, bold men risked lives to fasten them in place.

"What smashed it? Why didn't the whole thing go?" asked Nelson, at the winch, of the assistant. The chief was standing by. He had just handed the cable to Olsen, having tried to loop a pile and missed. Hearing the question, he flushed darkly. McPherson did not answer.

"Big section of the north pier floated down whole and banged it off," volunteered a youth who had slipped in and stood watching.

The chief turned on him angrily.

"We don't want any loafers here," he shouted. "Clear out!"

The puzzled youth shrank away. Behind him stood another intruder. Evelyn, curious as usual, had come to see the show.

The chief in his embarrassment could not look at her. He called a meaningless order to the men, who misunderstood. McPherson's arm went out suddenly and swept Evelyn to one side, as the coil of rope at her feet leaped past her after the flying loop.

"This is dangerous," he warned her.

"You think I've no business here interfering, don't you?" she asked.

He smiled at her in silence. He did think so, but would not say it.

But now the chief had recovered his wits, and approached them.

"Just look after the men, McPherson," he directed unnecessarily.

"He has to. It's more than you can do," muttered Nelson.

Evelyn moved apart with the chief. McPherson turned his back, but his heart told him how the wind was blowing the hair about her face, the skirts about her feet in their solid little storm-boots. What was she saying to the chief?

It was nothing especially agreeable.

"'SAY, NOW, McPHERSON, IF YOU HAD COME TO WITH HER ARMS AROUND YOU, THAT DAY, WOULDN'T YOU CONSIDER IT MORE OR LESS SETTLED?'"

"Was that true — what the boy said?" she asked. "When Mr. McPherson spoke of it last week, you told him you were looking after it. I heard somebody say that father would lose forty thousand dollars by this. Why wasn't the north pier fixed?"

She was measuring him with grave eyes. Evelyn liked the chief, but she detested failure.

In his tongue-tied confusion the chief had an appealingly boyish look. She softened.

"If you'd simply told Mr. McPherson to go ahead and fix it, he'd have attended to it," she added regretfully.

"I did," muttered the chief, and straightway was dyed an agonizing purple. Evelyn thought it was reluctance to incriminate another. But he whirled about abruptly on his heel and hurried to the farthest corner of the sagging platform, where a stooping man was screwing up a pulley.

Thus cavalierly abandoned, Evelyn felt that she lagged superfluous on the scene, and left the theater. Busy men were very disagreeable.

"That's no place for your pulley; you'll not get the right angle on the haul," objected the chief. He had to quarrel with somebody.

The man rose, contemptuously smiling. It was McPherson.

"By heaven, you pall on me sometimes!" he avowed candidly.

The chief opened his mouth. As no words came, he left it open and moved away a step.

"Look out!" called McPherson. "You're too close."

The chief's back was toward the water. He started forward. The floor was wet, and had a fatal slant. The chief's foot slipped, he staggered, and with a horror-struck face of death slid backward and dropped out of sight.

In the same instant McPherson snatched the ready loop from Olsen's hand and slung it around his own shoulders.

"Look sharp, Nelson!" he commanded the man at the winch, and was over the edge and into the boiling sea below.

The noise of running feet, of shouting, rose above the uproar of wind and water. Some sounds convey disaster. Evelyn heard, and hurried back. The winch was creaking. Men, crowded together on the dangerous verge, were easing away a burden. As she ran down the aisle, they disentangled two bodies and stretched them on the floor.

One lay limp; the other immediately tried to

sit up. Evelyn ran to the unconscious chief. Those other, surer judges of manhood all gathered around McPherson.

"He'll come out O.K.," said Nelson, with a scornful glance at the chief. "Them kind always do."

The chief, whose breath had been completely knocked out of him, recovered it comfortably in Evelyn's arms. McPherson, struggling to rise on a broken leg, saw the affectionate tableau through the rough group around him, and his face faded to an ugly blue.

"Get back on the job, Nelson," he commanded, after an instant. "Send for some kind of conveyance. I'm laid off. You can take charge."

Both strong men tacitly disregarded the existence of the chief.

When a man is done up in a plaster cast, with a weight hanging from a very sensitive leg, he has time to think about all the unpleasant things in the world, of which there are a great many. When the doctor had called the nurse off the case out of consideration for his too slender purse, and the landlady's first humane interest was weakening, so that McPherson had his days pretty thoroughly to himself — well, it was not so much the days, now that the throbbing had gone down a little, but the long nights, which dragged sleeplessly.

There he lay and thought of those exceedingly unpleasant things — of the look on her face as she lifted that handsome, helpless head. Sure, we cannot all be young, but we lose a grace thereby. And the fellow would have money enough, of which, indeed, McPherson had hitherto thought nothing. A dead branch tapped against the window-pane with imbecile iteration, such a branch as the one that dictated Beethoven's symphony of Fate tapping at the door. Old words began to run in McPherson's mind to its mysterious rhythm:

> The soldier frae the war returns,
> The merchant frae the main;
> But I hae parted wi' my love,
> And ne'er to meet again,
> My dear,
> And ne'er to meet again.

McPherson's jaw settled heavily. Careful not to disturb the leg, he reached under the bed, found and drew forth a heavy box. The bottles were very dusty; they had long been undisturbed.

"McPHERSON SAT THROUGH THE LONG HOURS IN DEEP CONTENT"

There was a letter for McPherson, and the chief made up his mind to take it over. One must thank one's rescuer, and none is so poor as not at least to feel a lively sense of favors to come. The chief needed help.

McPherson offered civil greetings. On the table beside him stood an empty whiskey-bottle and one half full. With a gesture he invited his guest to drink. The chief declined with another.

"Hang it all, McPherson, I thought you'd cut whiskey out," he remonstrated virtuously. "Why can't you let it alone?"

"I wonder, now," reflected McPherson, with gentle sarcasm.

There was a pause. The chief laid the letter on the bed. McPherson poured himself a drink and looked at it inquiringly.

"Why do I drink this?" he demanded. "Why, because it's Dewar's best, of course. You'd not have guessed it, would you? You're not that expert in reading motives."

He drank, and set down the empty glass. With a steady hand he tore open an envelop, then another inside it. The chief caught a glimpse of some elaborate formula of address on that inclosed envelop as it fell face downward. McPherson read; his hard mouth drew together, his teeth caught in his lip.

"Come back and settle down," he read. "Leave the sons of Belial and the daughters of Heth. Fear no reproaches from me. I am a broken man. We have had many differences, but now you are all my house. Lochinnan died childless in the North."

He folded the letter, and leveled his eyes at the window with its tapping branch.

"If the whiskey annoys you," he remarked presently, "throw it out."

The chief rose, took the bottle, and went to the window. As he raised it, a withered branch flew back and scratched his hand. He broke the twig off petulantly. Then he threw the bottle as far as he could, and came back to the bed.

"I'm in a mean position, McPherson," he admitted. "It's hard to explain about that north pier. You know, I intended to fix it, but the northeaster came on so suddenly. Confound it, it looks as if it might ruin my prospects." He hesitated. "Some people seem to have got an impression, somehow, that it was your oversight. Of course I shall correct that, even if it costs me my Corpus Christi job."

"Oh, let it go," said McPherson. "What's the difference? I'm leaving here as soon as the leg will bear me. Let it go."

"By George!" exclaimed the chief. "That's square in you. I hope you won't mention the matter to Evelyn."

"Does she blame me for it?"

"I don't think she thinks anything about it," the chief hastened to explain. "But, naturally, a fellow likes to stand well with the girl he expects to marry; and I'm hoping to take her to Texas with me."

"Has she accepted you?" asked McPherson.

The chief uttered a satisfied laugh.

"Well, say, now, McPherson, if you had come to with her arms round you, that day on the pier, wouldn't you consider it more or less settled?"

McPherson flinched a little at that.

"I sha'n't see her again," he concluded. "If you'll go now, I'll be obliged."

He did not take the chief's outstretched hand, and the chief knew why, but pretended to himself that it was a defeated lover's spite. Down the stair he ran with the activity of youth. The bell on the front door jangled behind him, jangled for a long time, repeating monotonously, "I sha'n't see her again," then melting into

> And ne'er to meet again,
> My dear,
> And ne'er to meet again.

But McPherson, in the room upstairs, bent stern brows over the old man's letter, and swore to himself that he would not fail his house.

It was a raw, gray afternoon when McPherson left the island. Scattering flakes of snow drifted to the shoulders of his rough Irish frieze overcoat as he climbed painfully out of the station bus. He crossed the platform, leaning on a cane, one foot dragging — a most unpicturesque figure.

There were but two cars in the train. The owner was turning away from the rear steps as McPherson got down. He came over and measured his departing employee with a keen eye.

"What's this about your wrecking the front, McPherson?" he asked.

"A lie," returned McPherson promptly.

"I judged so," returned the owner, and held out his hand. "No use to urge you to stay, I suppose?"

"I'm afraid not," said McPherson.

"No; you're too big a man for us," avowed the owner.

McPherson shook hands with a warm rush of liking. Not until he was settled in the smoker did he ask himself why the owner had been there. Certainly not to say good-by to him, for he had crawled off silently like a lame dog. And Evelyn was perhaps in Texas by this time.

The snow was falling more thickly now. It

blotted out the monotonous flats, the wastes of inland water, the distant line of the ocean. The train crept slowly over impeded rails into a forest of scrub pine. Untimely night came down.

The train reached the junction in a mournful twilight. McPherson, hobbling to the door, lame and cramped with cold, saw a solitary woman descending from the car behind, and knew her by the fierce constriction of his heart. He drew back. She hurried across the platform into the dim little station. Then McPherson got to the ground somehow, and the empty train, after a brief delay, started on its return. He made up his mind not to enter the station. The express would soon be along. He could manage to endure walking on that weary leg until it came.

Why was she here? Where was the chief? Had there been some delay about the marriage? Or perhaps it was only the going to Texas that was delayed. No doubt she was on her way to the city now to meet her husband. He set his teeth and limped slowly to and fro in the gathering darkness. He dared pass the dusty windows soon, for even the smoky lamps within were bright against the gloom outdoors.

She was alone in there. No sign of the express. He would be frozen to death before long. It looked warmer inside. But presently she approached the little iron stove, fumbled with it in helpless investigation, then sat down forlornly on the bench close behind it.

If she was cold, why didn't she ask the station-master to fire up? Women are so incompetent. McPherson could not think of any pleasanter occupation than watching over her incompetence. She ought to get warm now.

After a while he saw her shiver and draw her furs closer. There are things that no resolution can face. For him, Evelyn's distress was the only one. He could not bear that she should even feel embarrassed over the quality of her father's wine, that she should have to doubt her lover's ability; and now she was cold, and he did not care what he had promised himself. He opened the door and went in.

Evelyn saw a grotesque person approaching, clumsy and unprepossessing in a huge overcoat; but she saw the shocking lameness also, and was touched even before she knew him.

"You are cold," he said simply, removing his cap. He looked into the empty coal-scuttle, opened the door upon a dying fire, then dragged himself to the ticket-office, and, with a perfunctory knock, entered. The agent, a dry little countryman, bristled at this impertinence.

"How late is the express?" asked McPherson.

"Four or five hours."

"There's no fire in the waiting-room."

"I guess the coal's all out," answered the indifferent official, with a yawn. "'Twas to be sent down to-day."

McPherson approached the agent's stove. Beside it stood a full scuttle, which he appropriated without further words.

"You can't run things around here to suit yourself," cried the agent angrily.

McPherson straightened his bulk. "If necessary, I will dispose of you also," he remarked, and went unmolested through the door. His voice was low, but in the unearthly calm of the thick-falling snow Evelyn heard, and thrilled a little.

The fire was too far gone for coal. McPherson searched for lighter fuel. Finding none, he went into the baggage-room. There were some milk-cans and a few empty return crates. He smashed a crate, poured oil on it from one of the lamps, and repaired the fire. Evelyn sat and watched.

"You're very kind, Mr. McPherson," she acknowledged. "Are you going up to a hospital? Or to see a surgeon?"

"No," he answered briefly, and put on coal.

"You won't always be lame, will you?"

"I hope not."

She was nonplussed by his repellent answers. He, on his part, realized, to his amazement, that the expression with which she was now regarding him was undoubtedly the same that she had bent upon the chief, that day. McPherson did not pretend to understand women, but this was surely sorrow and pity. Certainly sorrow and pity only, for him. Why, then, more for the chief?

"You're not going away — to stay?" she suggested abruptly.

"I am."

"Mr. McPherson! Without saying good-by!" she reproached him.

"I could not think it mattered. You had not sent to ask about me."

"No," she admitted. "I was angry about the front — because they said it was all your fault."

"Who said so?"

With some hesitation, she named the chief. McPherson flamed savagely for an instant, but was mute. How could he indict her accepted lover, perhaps even her husband?

"The other day," she continued sweetly, "Nelson told me what you did. I hadn't heard before. You're a brave man, Mr. McPherson." McPherson blushed and looked annoyed. "He might have told me himself, when you risked your life for him," she reflected; then, with a sudden sharp doubt in her voice, "Tell me, *was* it your fault about the front?"

Alas for these clay-footed idols of women! How shall a heavily tempted man resist exposing them to their outraged worshipers? McPherson retreated across the room without replying, and sat down in the farthest corner. The fire was doing well enough now.

After a moment's surprised consideration of this move, Evelyn went to the ticket-window and rapped. The agent, sour but restrained, opened it. Evelyn dictated a telegram of explanation to a dinner hostess. "Heartbroken to miss 'Griseldis,'" she ended, and gave her maiden name. It sounded beautiful in McPherson's ears. Not married! Not on her way to meet the chief! But all that was only postponed, of course.

Evelyn returned to her seat; she stretched her hands to the stove.

"You're still cold," he said at once.

She did not deny it.

"The agent must be freezing to death in there," she remarked.

"That's immaterial," said McPherson unfeelingly. He rose and made his painful way back to her. He stopped beside her, and drew off his overcoat. His lined, solicitous face bent over her. "You must have this around you," he declared. "I don't need it at all."

Evelyn contemplated him thoughtfully for a moment, and there was a light in her eyes that the chief would never see in any woman's.

"Do you think I'd let you?" she asked gently; then added with malice: "If you want to worry about somebody, why don't you worry about the agent?"

"You're a woman," said McPherson, searching uneasily for a safe reason.

"Thanks for the fine impersonality of that," she mocked. "And why are you so considerate of the chief?"

"For your sake," said McPherson steadily. "You know it well."

He was far from expecting her answer.

"I liked to think so," she said. "But you are going away."

McPherson's breath came hard.

"One of us had to go," he said.

"Yes," she agreed. "And he's in Texas now."

"I saw you lift his head, that day on the pier," said McPherson stubbornly.

"Oh!" she murmured in a grieved voice. "I thought he was dead, and I had been scolding him." She looked at McPherson straightforwardly. "He's only a handsome, stupid boy. Men don't ask for anything more than good looks, but women like — other things: courage and honor ——"

There was a pause.

"Then what are you going to say to me, my dearest?" he asked, and took her hand.

"Perhaps your overcoat might keep us both warm," she hazarded irrelevantly, "if you sat quite close to me."

McPherson drew her into his arms.

The overcoat proved adequate. Within its shelter, Evelyn turned her face against his shoulder, and went to sleep there in peaceful unconcern. His arm aching under the welcome burden, his leg aching from cold and weariness, McPherson sat through the long hours in deep content.

The agent flung his wicket open.

"Train here in twenty minutes," he snarled through the aperture, and slammed it shut again. Evelyn woke.

"Before twenty minutes I shall be dead of starvation," she predicted sadly.

"There's nothing in the place but those crates and some milk-cans," said McPherson, considering.

He rose and went into the baggage-room Returning, he offered her the battered silver flask, which he had filled with milk.

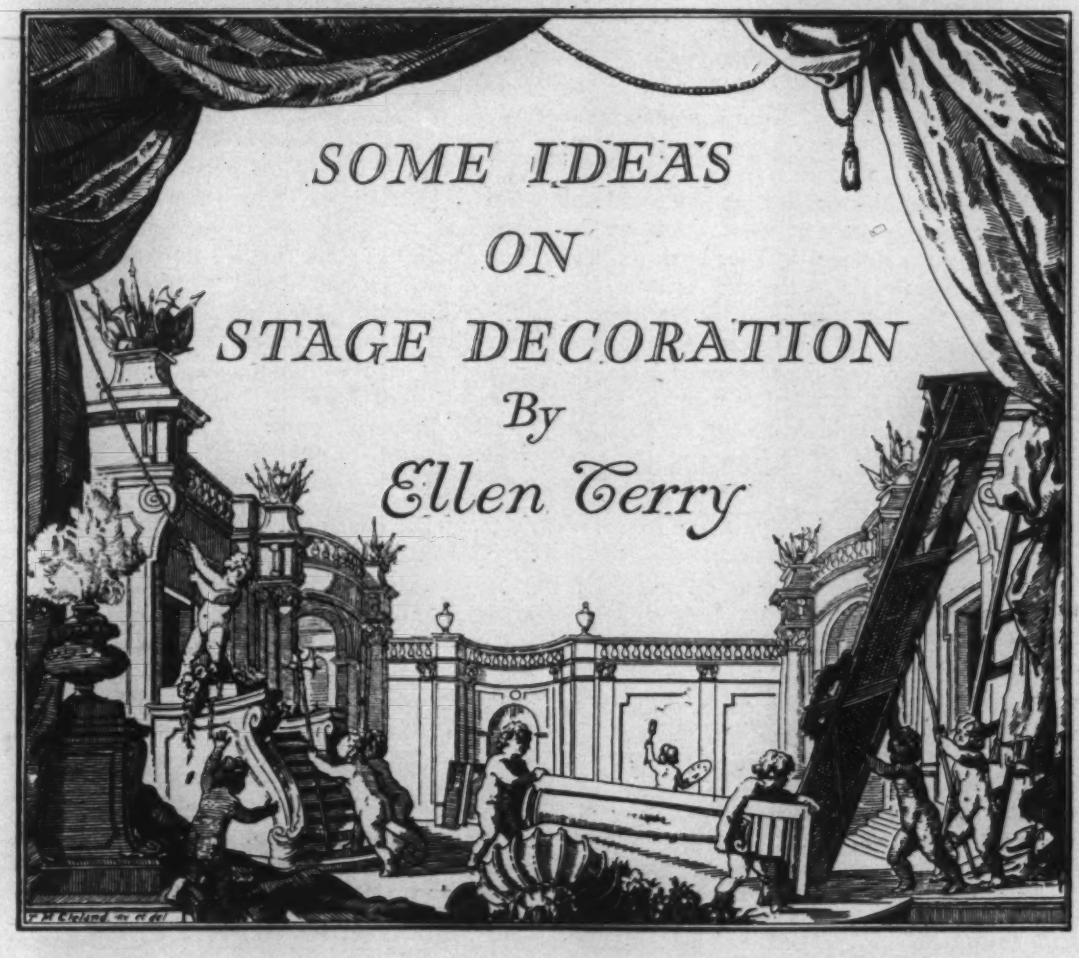
"There's nothing else you could drink it out of," he apologized humbly.

Evelyn took the flask. She saw a half-effaced crest engraved upon it.

"Oh," she cried with startled recollection "you never told me your real name!"

THE WORKING-GIRLS SERIES

The fourth instalment of "Working-Girls' Budgets," by Sue Ainslie Clark and Edith Wyatt will appear in the February number of McClure's, and will deal with the Cloak-Makers' Strike.



SOME IDEAS ON STAGE DECORATION

By

Ellen Terry

KNOW this is a vexed question, but I am not going to approach it in a controversial spirit. If my fifty years' experience of the production of plays has taught me anything, it is that there is no rigid rule to be followed. Some people pit archaeological accuracy against fancy, and realism against stage conventions, but it isn't by these means that the best results are achieved. *Selection* is everything. If you aim at producing a historical play, so that the period in which it is placed is realised in every detail of scenery and costume, you mustn't forget that there are many ways of doing this, and that the right way is that which assists the action of the play.

Henry Irving was often accused, by those who did not really know anything about his work, of overloading his productions with sumptuous accessories. But the fact was that, while he took infinite pains to ascertain what was archaeologically correct, he always refused what was likely to spoil his scenes from the point of view of dramatic significance, and selected what was calculated to help them.

Comfort on the Stage

"No matter what the period is, the chair I sit in must be comfortable," was one of his axioms. He always said that if one were uncomfortable one could not act. Fortunately, there are chairs and chairs in every period, and it was generally possible to get what he wanted without violating historic truth.

Selection is everything. One cannot insist on this too strongly; but if you should ask me how Henry Irving selected and compared his stage pictures, I could not answer. The familiar story of the painter Opie fits the case. "What do you mix your colours with?" "Brains," the artist replied. It was with brains that Henry Irving mixed his colours.

I have always been in theatres where the archaeological side of play-producing was considered. The Shakespearian productions at the Princess' under Charles Kean's management were the real beginning of a serious attempt to clear the air of anachronisms. Charles Kean had had a classical education, and he could not share the complacency of most actors at the sight of antique Romans in knee-breeches, and other inaccuracies in dress and architecture. Planché, to this day considered the best general authority on historical dress, was his right-hand man. I made my first appearance as Mamilius in the middle of an outburst of care and erudition, of which it would be absurd to deny the importance, because the actresses of the time still loved their crinolines so much that they would not discard them when they put on their Greek dresses.

Oscar Wilde's Theory of Stage Costume

Of course, there are people who ask why they should have put on Greek dresses at all, since Shakespeare's plays, in whatever country or period he placed them, are Elizabethan and English, and since he was content to see "The Winter's Tale" and "Troilus and Cressida" and "Julius Caesar" acted in trunk-hose and farthingales. With neither convention, by the way, do I agree. The question is discussed in detail in Oscar Wilde's "The Truth of Masks," and a very brilliant and convincing argument is advanced to prove that in mounting a Shakespeare play in the accurate costume of the time according to the best authorities, we are carrying out Shakespeare's own wishes and methods.

Mr. William Poel, the founder of the Elizabethan Stage Society, who, in his productions of Shakespeare's plays, will have nothing to do with changeable scenery or historical accuracy in dress, stops at having Juliet played by a boy. But why should he, if the idea is to reproduce the limits of Shakespeare's resources? I am not at all desirous of saying anything against Mr. Poel's admirable work. I saw his production of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and it delighted me; but I should not like to see "Romeo and Juliet" in that Elizabethan setting, much less "Julius Caesar."

I don't think we ought to be too sure that Shakespeare knew nothing about chitons and togas. At any rate, there is not a line in "Julius Caesar" which cannot be spoken in a toga. We have to consider whether we should not be wronging the dramatist by denying the play a classic setting.

The dramatist, then, should be considered before everything? Certainly, when we are able to discern his aim — generally, in a great dramatist like Shakespeare, a double aim, the illusion of truth and the illusion of beauty. There is a time for aiding one and a time for aiding the other. There are moments in a play when the drama is the thing, when nothing is so important as to see the protagonists, to have them placed in a scene that is appropriate to the clash of emotion and of will. There are other, quieter moments, when all the forces of the stage-director can be concentrated on producing an effect of beauty. Shakespeare seldom introduces his most beautiful lyrical passages into a highly dramatic scene. It is when nothing much is happening that he gives us of his best poetry. Think of the economy of words, the excessive simplicity of the language, in the Sleep-Walking Scene in "Macbeth"! In the Trial Scene in "The Merchant of Venice" every word contributes to the dramatic effect. Even the famous "Mercy" speech is a model of conciseness. Nothing of the "purple patch" here. But when the dramatic tension has slackened, and Shakespeare transports us from Venice to Belmont, from the moonlit avenue to Portia's house, we may stop and dream with Lorenzo and Jessica:

> How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
> Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.
> Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

In Shakespeare's use of such passages there is a fine lesson for the play-producer who is tempted to sacrifice everything to what is beautiful to the eye.

Mr. Godwin's Great Production of "The Merchant of Venice"

To go back to my individual experiences of decoration. After doing the Princess' I went to Bristol for a stock season. There was nothing very beautiful or remarkable about the production of the plays there, but at Bristol I met Mr. Godwin, who was already dreaming of using his unequalled knowledge of the manners and customs, dress, dwellings, and furniture of other times — all that is included in the term "archaeology," in fact — in the service of the theatre. I was still a mere child, ignorant and un-

tutored. From that time at Bristol I date my interest in colour, texture, effects of light on colour, the meaning of dress, and a certain taste for beauty which I have never lost.

The production of "The Merchant of Venice" at the old Prince of Wales', under the Bancroft management, in which I made my first appearance as Portia, was in the hands of Mr. Godwin, and was, from many points of view, the most beautiful production with which I have ever been connected. It was all very stiff and stately, very Italian, and it necessitated what I may call a Renaissance interpretation of the play. It delighted poets and artists, but did not please the general public. In 1875 the public were certainly less able to appreciate such a production than they are in 1910. Custom is everything. It is an English characteristic to laugh at the unaccustomed, and some of the Italian dresses at the Prince of Wales', though they ought to have been familiar enough through the pictures of Paolo Veronese, provoked laughter from the pit and the gallery.

I may here interrupt myself to say that pictures as authorities are not always to be trusted. Again it is a case of mixing your study of them with *brains*. In illuminated manuscripts, for example, you may see cardinals depicted wearing their hats, because otherwise, the monk illustrator knew, it would be impossible to recognise their rank. But in real life cardinals have never been known to wear their hats, which are always carried before them as insignia. A great many people, ignorant of this technical point, instinctively felt, the other day, that there was something wrong in the Trial Scene in Sir Herbert Tree's magnificent and scrupulously exact production of "Henry VIII.," when Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius wore their hats! It's a strange thing, but what is incorrect is usually bad from a decorative point of view.

Coming now to scenes at the Lyceum which I greatly liked, I must first mention one which, because it was so extremely simple and had such perfect verisimilitude, attracted less attention than some of our more imposing scenes. The Vicar of Wakefield's parlour in "Olivia" was, I think, a model of what an indoor scene should be. There was nothing in it that could not have been in an eighteenth-century room belonging to people of moderate means, and it was perfect to act in. As a rule I am in favour of everything possible being painted, but, I confess, in these intimate interior scenes it is better to have your details real. Within four walls let us have as much realism as we can get — never forgetting (impossible to emphasise this too much) to *select* from reality. We have to compose the room, to make it look as a room looks in real life; but we are never going to attain this by merely taking any *real room we know* and reproducing it on the stage. Such a room, however "real," may be quite unsuitable for our purpose, and therefore "unreal."

Look, what will serve, is *fit*.

The Advantage of the Theatrical Over the Natural on the Stage

When I speak of *realism* in this connection, as in any other, I always mean what looks like realism; for I know that what is real, raw and untreated, may give an impression of artificiality to the audience. I remember that, in "The Corsican Brothers," Henry Irving as Louis dei Franchi had a very natural death scene, but it didn't look natural. He fell in such a way that from the audience he was foreshortened, and his head looked a disproportionate size. I told him about it, and he said it came *naturally* to him to fall like that. This is one of the many, many instances that have made me reflect: "What is really natural should not, in nine cases out of ten, be done on the stage." Think of the scorn attaching to the word "theatrical," though, and the honour to the word "natural," in stage affairs! Theatrical, if the air of the theatre were rightly understood, ought to have an honourable sense. It is by theatrical means, not natural means, paradoxical as it may sound, that a play is made to hold the mirror up to nature.

Now, though I loved that parlour in "Olivia," and in later years delighted in the cottage interior that my daughter "composed" for "The Good Hope," as a general rule I hate acting within four walls. I like an out-of-door scene, or a palace scene with wings — yes, with wings! I can hear the modern school sniff loudly, for do not the modern dramatists assert that a room is the only place for drama? — the only place for the present style of play, perhaps it would be truer to say. For there are emotions, and these by no means the easiest emotions to depict, that cannot be realised in a room *at all*. In my case, I think my early training and a broad method have much to do with my liking for out-of-door scenes. I used to find, too, that they helped to develop my imagination. I could look through the wings and imagine all sorts of things, though sometimes it was hard to have those beautiful, endless ways spoiled by the appearance of a stage-hand emptying a beer-can — a thing that would not be possible nowadays!

I think I have already said that there can't be

too much verisimilitude in an interior. What about an out-of-door scene? Of necessity, it must be rather differently treated; but Mr. Godwin's principle that if you don't have everything right it is better to have nothing right — to have either realism in every detail, or pure fancy — applies to the garden, the heath, and the wood, as well as to the room. A little garden scene we had in "Eugene Aram" at the Lyceum was one of the best I have ever known, but its effect was greatly due to the perfect lighting — a mellow evening light, which I think one might try in vain to get in these days of electric lighting. I am speaking of the days of gas. A day will come, perhaps, when electric light will yield more to the theatre. Great improvements have been made since its introduction, but it still remains obdurate on many points. It has none of the pliant qualities that gas had. It does not seem to matter much how your scenery is painted if your lights are right, but how seldom they are right!

In "Iolanthe" we had another beautiful garden scene of a different kind — great stone pines far back, and flowers that really seemed to be a-growing and a-blowing. I remember one night, after the play, seeing Sarah Bernhardt flitting around this scene, sniffing these flowers, herself like some wonderful butterfly. I had never known how real it all was until then, although from the first things on the stage were very real to me. At the Princess' I thought the Columbine went home and lived like a Columbine, although I *knew* she was only Miss Adams, and an actress like the rest of us! The dreadful tribute I paid to human frailty by being sick from the heat of the gas, as the "top angel" in "Henry VIII.," did not prevent my imagining that the other angels in the vision were really celestial beings, belonging to some starry sphere. I believe that the more we on the stage hypnotise ourselves into perfect illusion, the more the audience in front are hypnotised. And it is very difficult for us to practise such hypnotism without some beauty to help us. The scene representing the Temple of Artemis, in Henry Irving's production of Tennyson's play "The Cup," helped me mightily. In that scene, beauty and mystery of no common kind were achieved. The indistinguishable, gigantic figgure of Artemis, the many-hearted mother, the rows of kneeling worshippers, used nightly to fill me with a kind of ecstasy of holiness. That scene, and the Banquet Scene, which my son, Gordon Craig, designed for "The Vikings," are the two scenes that are transfixed in my memory as pictures of absolute loveliness.

The Artistic Use of Crowds on the Stage

So far I have mentioned only scenery — but one element in stage decoration. You may have toiled to get your scene right, but, if you have a crowd in the play, be sure its pictorial aspect will make or mar that scene. Every moment you must be considering its colour, its form, its movement, its human significance. Very little was attempted with crowds on the English stage after Charles Kean, who had admirable stage crowds, until the Saxe-Meiningen Company visited London. From that moment there was reform amounting to revolution. But I don't honestly think that of late years we have maintained the standard the Saxe-Meiningen people imposed on us. Crowds are not enough rehearsed. Mr. Benson is most successful in this department. He has had some splendid crowds in his Shakespearian productions, especially in "Julius Caesar" — where his arrangement and management of the Forum Scene were admirable, excellent.

The swinging to and fro of the crowd, the involuntary single exclamations jerked out by some one or other during Antony's speech, the individual behaviour of different types of persons in the crowd — this and all else in the scene was most carefully *edited* by Mr. Benson, and well carried out by the young people (and old people) who formed the groups. All this in no way detracted from the effect made by the body of the dead Caesar aloft, and Antony, shrouded in solemn purple and black, standing at the head of the bier — all was most impressive. The face of Mr. Benson, with its fine lines and play of expression, put the finishing touch to a picture I shall never forget.

Clothes

Now we come to clothes, and again we can apply Mr. Godwin's principle — "entirely accurate, or entirely fanciful." But when we take the first line we have to consider other things besides accuracy, things that artists who come into a theatre to design costumes have been known to forget. It is no use putting the right dress on the wrong actor or actress. The physical appearance of the person who is going to wear the dress must be borne in mind; so must the dramatic situation in which it is to be worn. Besides realising the character of the period to which they belong, the dresses must be appropriate to the emotions of the play, and must have a beauty relative *to each other*, as well as an individual excellence. No doubt Ophelia as an individual figure should be in black (for pictorial effect) in the Mad Scene; but, relatively to

Hamlet, she is very wisely dressed in white. There are hundreds of similar instances. To sum up, both the form and the colour of all stage dresses must be governed by the individual actor's appearance, by the general scheme of colour in each scene (this again being governed by the dramatic situation), and by the relative importance of colours; and then the lime-light man may make the best-laid scheme "gang aft agley."

To carry out such a scheme it is not always necessary to spend a great deal of money. I think I may say, without boasting, that I have always been well dressed *on* the stage, but I doubt if there has ever been a more cheaply dressed actress. Off the stage, *tout au contraire!* After trying garments of every size and shape in private life, I have ended by adopting the Japanese style one day and the Greek the next. A cupboard full of unworn corsets bears witness to the number of presentations and representations I have received (and disregarded) from stay-makers and stay-recommenders, begging me to improve my figure. But on the stage I have submitted even to the iron body-casings of the Tudor period. As Queen Catharine I paid my tribute to archaeology in those awful stays, and added thick brocade dresses with fur sleeves of tremendous weight. But my preference is for a loose, diaphanous dress; I am always happy in it.

Dressing for a Masquerade Ball on Sixpence

If you "mix your colours with brains," it is, as I have indicated, quite possible to be cheap, and *not* nasty, in stage costume. My daughter Edy, who has designed and made so many beautiful dresses for the stage, has always understood this. I remember that years ago, when she was at school, she wrote to me and asked me to send her some money, as she wanted to go to a fancy-dress ball. Times were improving with me then, but I still had to be very careful, and I answered that I was sorry, but luxuries were not for the likes of us! That this was one of the things she *could* do without, *must* do without. But I enclosed a postal order for two shillings sixpence, telling her that if she could make a "fancy dress" for *that*, she might go to the dance! She spent sixpence on the dress, and squandered the rest of that large sum on chocolate! My young lady went to the ball, and her dress was the success of the evening. With burnt cork on her face, neck, arms, and ankles, brass curtain-rings in her ears, and old red slippers on her toes, she took the Turkish towels from her bath-room and draped her little body with them, twisting one around her head into a fine turban. With these and her own clever skill, she presented an Arab boy of immaculate appearance! and all for sixpence.

Again, the other day, we hastily arranged to do the Sleep-Walking Scene from "Macbeth" at an entertainment in our village town hall. I had my dress for Lady Macbeth; the doctor's was hired from London; but Edy, as the gentlewoman, appeared to the greatest advantage. She looked splendid.

"What a fine dress, Edy!" I said, when I first saw her in it on the little platform, where she was busy arranging the lights before the curtain went up. "Where did you get it?" I knew she had none of her stage dresses in the country, and that she had not had time to write to London for one.

"I made it this afternoon," said Edy, and there was laughter in her eyes. "The underneath part is an old dressing-gown of yours turned back to front; the overdress is a tartan rug belonging to the dog; the head-dress is a motor-veil; and the ornaments are bunches of buttons!"

Hermione's Dress in the Trial Scene

The designer of costumes for a play, even if he be an artist and an archaeologist, may go wrong if he does not realise the relation of form, colour, and texture to certain dramatic situations. For the Trial Scene in "The Winter's Tale" at His Majesty's Theatre, the artist designed a dress of heavy purple cloth for Hermione, which, whatever it may have been as a dress, was quite unexpressive of the situation. Hermione was to be carried to the court from a sick-bed. She is a martyr to a foul accusation. Her pleading is beautiful, well-balanced, and saintly pleading. She has a moment when, like a prophetess of old, she calls upon the gods to judge between herself and her accusers. How play the scene in a matronly, respectable, prosperous, amethyst-coloured dress? Finally, I wore draperies of white tableau-net which I think well conveyed on the one side Hermione's physical weakness, on the other her stainless purity.

Red and Yellow the Colours for Comedy

Another time I was asked to play Mrs. Page in "Merry Wives of Windsor" in black panne velvet! Rollicking, farcical comedy would be impossible in such a dress. I know better than any one how much the flame-coloured dress I eventually wore helped me in Mrs. Page. Reds and yellows for comedy! I remember the value of Ada Rehan's red dress in "The Taming of

the Shrew." It was fiery and generous, like the part.

Lighting, of course, affects dresses as well as scenery. One has heart-breaking disappointments in colours, such as I had with my hyacinth-coloured dress in "Becket," which the lights turned an uninteresting drab grey.

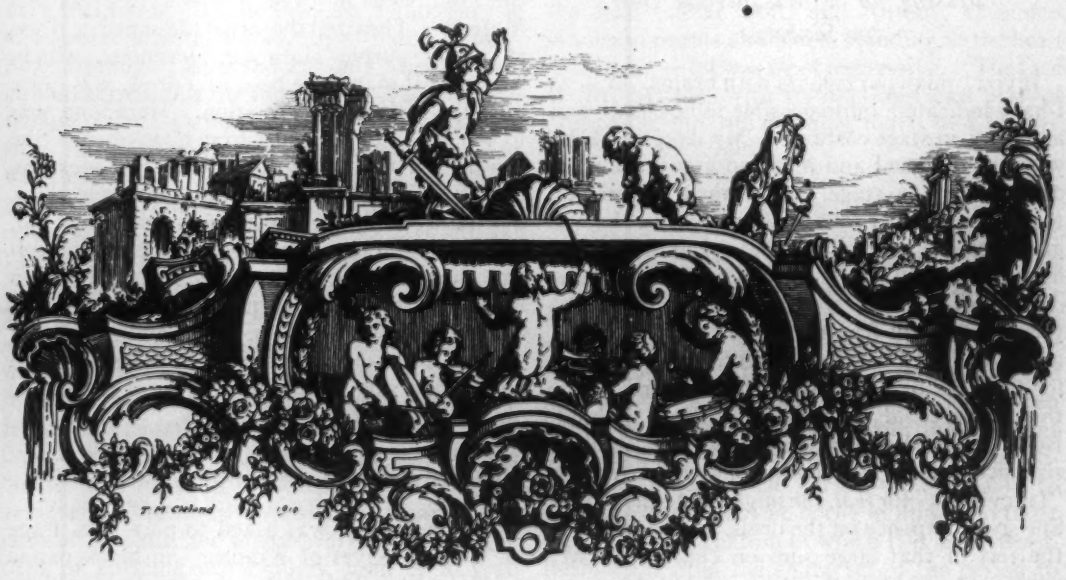
Another danger — even if you faithfully copy a dress from a picture, the modern dressmaker can make it look modern and wrong. A dress has a soul. Yet artistic dressmakers, who understand the soul better, so often cut the body villainously!

A modern garment may often be transformed to ancient uses! At Mrs. Nettleship's, when we were preparing my dresses for Volumnia, I picked up the skirt of a grey chiffon ball-dress and draped it round my head and shoulders. It was exactly what I wanted to wear in the street (for the Romans did not go out bare-headed, as they are so often made to do in plays). At the dress rehearsal, Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, who had designed the clothes for the Lyceum "Coriolanus," much approved of the chiffon skirt, but pointed out that a Roman married woman mustn't go out in a *plain* material! It would mean she wasn't respectable. Mrs. Nettleship embroidered the chiffon, and all was well.

All this care about dresses and scenery seems, I believe, merely much ado about nothing to some people. But "while you are doing a thing, *mean it*," is a counsel of perfection in all arts and trades, as in life itself. A beautiful result cannot be produced without trouble. Some of us are all for "simple" scenery. But simple scenes don't "happen"! They mean, perhaps, more care and more thought than the complicated ones, more elaborate preparations, even. As for the object in view — well, I think few people have expressed what that is better than Oscar Wilde in "The Truth of Masks":

"Beautiful costume creates an artistic temperament in the audience, and produces that joy in beauty for beauty's sake without which the great masterpieces of art can never be understood. . . . Archaeology is not a pedantic method, but a method of artistic illusion. Costume is a means of displaying character without description, and of producing dramatic situations and dramatic effects."

IN FEBRUARY McCLURE'S MAGAZINE WILL PUBLISH A THIRD ARTICLE DEALING WITH MISS TERRY'S FURTHER REMINISCENCES



From the mural decoration by John Duncan in the Hull-House Theater

A VISIT TO TOLSTOY

BY

JANE ADDAMS

THE administration of charity in Chicago during the winter following the World's Fair had been of necessity most difficult; for, although large sums had been given to the temporary relief organization that endeavored to care for the thousands of destitute strangers stranded in the city, we all worked under a sense of desperate need and of a paralyzing consciousness that our best efforts were most inadequate to the situation. During the many relief visits I paid, that winter, in tenement-houses and miserable lodgings, I was constantly shadowed by a certain sense of shame that I should be comfortable in the midst of such distress. This resulted at times in a curious reaction against all the educational and philanthropic activities in which I had been engaged; in the face of such desperate hunger and need they could not but seem futile and superficial.

Evidently the experiences of this hard winter of 1893 and '94 threw other people into a similar state of mind. A young friend of mine who came daily to Hull-House gravely consulted me in regard to going into the paper warehouse belonging to her father, that she might sort rags there with the Polish women; another young girl took a place in a sweat-shop for a month, doing her work so simply and thoroughly that the proprietor had no notion that she had not been driven there by need; two others worked in a shoe factory. And all this happened before such adventures were undertaken for literary material, for it was in the following winter that the pioneer effort in this direction, Walter Wyckoff's account of his vain attempt to find work in Chicago, was published, which compelled even the sternest business man to drop his assertion that "any man can find work if he wants it."

Tolstoy's Effort to Put Himself into Right Relations with the Poor

Under these circumstances it was perhaps inevitable that I should have turned for counsel to Tolstoy's book, "What to Do Then," in which he records his efforts to relieve the unspeakable distress and want in the Moscow winter of 1881, and his definite conviction at the end of that time that only he who literally shares his shelter and food with the needy can claim to have served them, and that anything else is a mere travesty and pretense.

Doubtless it is much easier to see "what to do" in rural Russia, where all the conditions tend to make the contrast between peasant labor and noble idleness as broad as possible, than

Copyright, 1910, by the Macmillan Company

it is to see what to do in the interdependencies of the modern industrial city. But, for that very reason, perhaps, Tolstoy's clear statement is valuable to us who live in the midst of involved industrial complications, where it is so hard not only to walk in the path of righteousness, but also to discover just where that path lies.

I had read the books of Tolstoy steadily all the years since "My Religion" had come into my hands immediately after I left college, and the reading of that book had once for all made clear to me that the Right will not accomplish itself spectacularly, but must be the sum of all men's poor little efforts to do right, accomplished, for the most part, in the chill of self-distrust. But I was most eager to know whether Tolstoy's undertaking to do his daily share of the physical labor of the world — that labor which is "so disproportionate to the unnourished strength" of those by whom it is ordinarily performed — had brought him peace.

Therefore, when the very next year a friend invited me to go to Russia with her, the prospect of seeing Tolstoy filled me, as nothing else could possibly have done, with the hope of finding a moral clue to the tangled affairs of city poverty. I was but one of thousands who were turning toward this Russian, not as to a seer,— his message is much too confused and contradictory for that,— but as to a man who has had the ability to lift his life to the level of his conscience.

Miss Addams' Meeting with Tolstoy

Our first view of Russia confirmed the impression that social affairs there were still uncomplicated, and that life was written in letters of black and white, with little shading. The fair of Nijni Novgorod seemed to take us to the very edge of barbarism, or rather to a civilization so remote and Eastern that the merchants brought their strange goods on the backs of camels or on curious craft riding at anchor on the broad Volga. But, even here, a letter to Korolenko, the novelist, brought us to a realization of that strange mingling of a remote past and a self-conscious present which Russia presents on every hand.

This same contrast was also shown by the pilgrims trudging on pious errands to monasteries, to tombs, and to the Holy Land itself, with their bleeding feet bound in rags and thrust into bast sandals, and, on the other hand, by the revolutionists, even then advocating a republic that should obtain not only in political but also in industrial affairs.

We had letters of introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer Maude, of Moscow, since well known as the translators of "Resurrection" and other of Tolstoy's later works, who at that moment were on the eve of leaving Russia in order to form an agricultural colony in the south of England, where they might support themselves by the labor of their hands. Mr. Maude was giving up a lucrative partnership in one of the oldest English firms in Moscow, and he and his wife, who, happily, shared his views, were deciding upon the disposition of their property, which they felt they could no longer conscientiously retain.

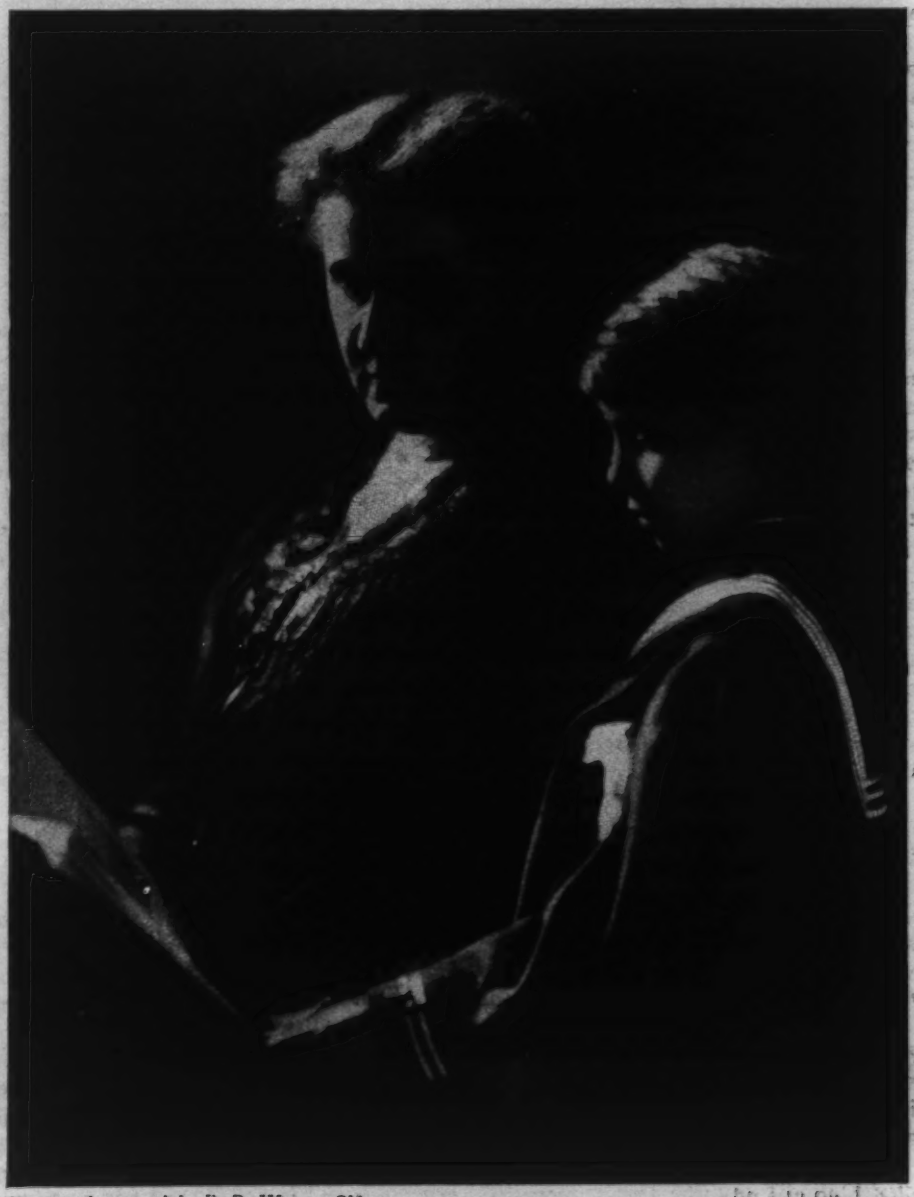
We gladly accepted Mr. Maude's offer to take us to Yasnaya Polyana and to introduce us to Count Tolstoy, and never did a disciple journey toward his master with more enthusiasm than did our guide. When, however, Mr. Maude actually presented my friend and me to Count Tolstoy, mindful of his master's attitude toward philanthropy, he endeavored to make Hull-House appear much more noble and unique, much more a "back to the people" effort, than I should have ventured to do.

Tolstoy Objects to Miss Addams' Sleeves

Tolstoy, standing by clad in peasant garb, listened gravely, but, glancing distrustfully at the sleeves of my traveling gown, which, unfortunately, at that season were monstrous in size, took hold of an edge and, pulling out one sleeve to an interminable breadth, said that there was enough stuff on one arm to make a frock for a little girl, and asked me directly if I did not find "such a dress a barrier to the people."

I was too disconcerted to make a very clear explanation, although I tried to say that, monstrous as my sleeves were, they did not compare in size with those of the working-girls in Chicago, and that nothing would more effectively separate me from "the people" than a cotton blouse following the simple lines of the human form; that even if I had wished to imitate him and "dress as a peasant," it would have been hard to choose which peasant among the thirty-six nationalities we had recently counted in the Hull-House neighborhood. Fortunately, Countess Tolstoy came to my rescue with a recital of her former attempt to clothe hypothetical little girls in yards of material cut from a train and other superfluous parts of her best gown, until she had been driven to a firm stand, which she advised me to take at once.

But neither the Countess nor any other friend was at hand to help me out of my predicament later, when I was sternly asked who "fed" me and how did I obtain "shelter"?



From a photograph by E. D. Waters, Chicago

MISS JANE ADDAMS

Upon my reply that a farm a hundred miles from Chicago supplied me with the necessities of life, I fairly anticipated the next scathing question:

"So you are an absentee landlord? Do you think you will help the people more by adding yourself to the crowded city than you would by tilling your own soil?"

Tolstoy's Daughter Works in the Fields with the Peasants

This new sense of discomfort over a failure to till my own soil was added to when Tolstoy's second daughter appeared at the five-o'clock tea-table, set under the trees, coming straight from the harvest field, where she had been working with a group of peasants since five o'clock in the morning — not pretending to work, but really taking the place of a peasant woman who had hurt her foot. She was plainly much exhausted, but neither expected nor received sympathy from the members of a family who were accustomed to see one another carry out convictions in spite of discomfort and fatigue. The martyrdom of discomfort, however, was obviously much easier to bear than that martyrdom to which Count Tolstoy daily subjected himself; for his shabby study in the basement of the conventional dwelling, with its short shelf of battered books, with its scythe and spade leaning against the wall, had many times lent itself to that ridicule which is perhaps the most difficult form of martyrdom.

That summer evening, as we sat in the garden with a group of visitors from Germany, England, and America, who had traveled to the remote Russian village that they might learn of this man, one could not forbear the constant inquiry to one's self as to why he was so universally regarded as sage and saint that this party of people should be repeated every day of the year. It seemed to me then that we were all attracted by this sermon of the Deed because Tolstoy had made the supreme personal effort — one might almost say the frantic personal effort — to put himself into right relations with the humblest people, with the men who tilled his soil, blacked his boots, and cleaned his stables.

Doubtless the heaviest burden of our contemporaries is a consciousness of a divergence between our democratic theory that working-people have a right to the intellectual resources of society, and the actual fact that thousands of them are so overburdened with toil that there is no leisure or energy left for the cultivation of the mind. We constantly suffer from the strain and indecision of believing this theory and of acting as if we did not believe it; and this man, who years before had tried "to get off of the backs of the peasants," who had at least simplified his life and worked with his hands, had come to be a prototype to many of his generation.

"Bread Labor" and the Personal Effort

Doubtless all the visitors sitting in the Tolstoy garden that evening had excused themselves from laboring with their hands, as most people do, upon the theory that they are doing something more valuable for society in other ways. No one among our contemporaries has dissented from this point of view so violently as Tolstoy himself; and yet, no man might so easily have excused himself from hard and rough work on the basis of his genius and of his intellectual contributions to the world. So far, however, from considering his time too valuable to be spent in labor in the field or in the making of shoes, our great host felt himself too much a part of his fellows, too eager to know life, to be willing to give up the companionship of mutual labor.

One instinctively found reasons why it was easier for a Russian than for the rest of us to reach this conclusion. The Russian peasants have a proverb that says: "Labor is the house that love lives in"; by which they mean that no two people, or group of people, can come into affectionate relations with each other unless they carry on together a mutual task. And when the Russian peasant talks of labor he means labor on the soil, or, to use the phrase of the great peasant Bondereff, "bread labor." Those monastic orders founded upon agricultural labor, those philosophical experiments like Brook Farm, have attempted to put into action this same truth. Tolstoy himself had written many times of his own efforts in this direction, perhaps never more tellingly than in the description of Lavin's morning spent in the harvest field, when he lost his sense of grievance and isolation, and felt a strange new brotherhood for the peasants, as the rhythmic motion of his scythe became one with theirs.

Dinner with the Tolstoy Family

At the long dinner-table, laid in the garden, were the various traveling guests, the grown-up daughters, and the younger children with their governess. The Countess presided over the usual European dinner, served by men; but the Count and the daughter who had worked all day in the fields ate only porridge and black

COUNT AND COUNTESS TOLSTOY

bread, and drank only kvass, the fare of the hay-making peasants. Of course, we are all accustomed to the fact that those who perform the heaviest labor eat the coarsest and simplest fare at the end of the day; but it is not often that we sit at the same table with them, while we ourselves eat the more elaborate food prepared by some one else's labor. Tolstoy ate his simple meal without remark or comment upon the food his family and guests preferred to eat, assuming that they, as well as he, had settled the matter with their own consciences.

The Tolstoy household, that evening, was much interested in the fate of a young Russian spy, who had recently come to Tolstoy in the guise of a country schoolmaster, in order to obtain a copy of "Life," a book of Tolstoy's that had been interdicted by the censor of the press. After spending the night in talk with Tolstoy, the spy had gone away with a copy of the forbidden manuscript; but, unfortunately for himself, having become converted to Tolstoy's views, he had later made a full confession to the authorities, and had been sent to Siberia.

Tolstoy, holding that it was most unjust to exile the disciple, while he, the author of the book, remained at large, had pointed out this inconsistency in an open letter to one of the Moscow newspapers. The discussion of this incident, of course, opened up the entire subject of non-resistance, and, curiously enough, I was disappointed in Tolstoy's position in the matter. It seemed to me that he made too great a distinction between the use of physical force and that moral ruthlessness which can override another's differences and scruples with equal relentlessness.

Is it not the spirit of antagonism that thrusts

men apart into isolation and brutality, as it is good will that binds them in human interdependence?

The conversation at dinner and afterward, although conducted with great animation and sincerity, for the moment stirred vague misgivings within me. Was Tolstoy more logical than life warrants? Could the wrongs of life be reduced to the terms of unrequited labor, and all made right if each person performed the amount necessary to satisfy his own wants? Was it not always easy to put up a strong case if one took the naturalistic view of life? But what about the historic view, the inevitable shadings and modifications which life itself brings to its own interpretation?

My friend and I took a night train back to Moscow in that tumult of feeling which is always produced by contact with a conscience making one more of those determined efforts to probe to the very foundations of the mysterious world in which we find ourselves. A horde of perplexing questions concerning those problems of existence of which in happier moments we catch but fleeting glimpses, and at which we even then stand aghast, pursued us relentlessly on the long journey through the great wheat plains of South Russia, through the crowded Ghetto of Warsaw, and, finally, into the smiling fields of Germany, where the peasant men and women were harvesting the grain.

Lent by Miss Addams

TOLSTOY IN PEASANT COSTUME

This portrait is not allowed to be circulated in Russia

I remember that, at the sight of those toiling peasants, I made a curious connection between the bread labor advocated by Tolstoy and the comfort the harvest fields are said to have brought to Luther when, upon one of his journeys from Leipsic, much perturbed by many theological difficulties, he suddenly forgot them all in a gush of gratitude for mere bread, exclaiming:

"How it stands, that golden-yellow corn, on its fine, tapered stem! The meek earth, at God's kind bidding, has produced it once again."

At least, the toiling poor had this comfort of bread labor, and it did not matter that they gained it unknowingly and painfully, if they only walked in the path of labor. By that curious faculty of the theorist to inhibit all experiences which do not enhance his doctrines, my mind did not admit that exigent and unremitting labor grants the poor no leisure even in the supreme moments of human suffering, nor that "all griefs are lighter with bread."

Miss Addams' Project of Baking Bread at Hull-House

I may have wished to secure this solace for myself, at the cost of the least possible expenditure of time and energy; for, during the next month in Germany, when I read everything of Tolstoy's that had been translated into English, German, or French, there grew up in my mind a conviction that what I ought to do, upon my return to Hull-House, was to spend at least two hours every morning in the little bakery that we had recently added to the equipment of our coffee-house. Two hours' work would be but a wretched compromise, but it was hard to see how I could take more time out of each day. I had been taught to bake bread in my childhood — not only as a household accomplishment, but because my father, true to his miller's tradition, had insisted that each one of his daughters on her twelfth birthday must present him with a satisfactory wheat loaf of her own baking; and he was most exigent as to the quality of this test loaf. What could be more in keeping with my training and tradition than baking bread? I did not quite see how my activity would fit in with that of the German union baker who presided over the Hull-House bakery, but all such matters were secondary and could, of course, be arranged.

It may be that I had thus to pacify my aroused conscience before I could settle down to hear Wagner's "Ring" at Bayreuth; it may be that I had fallen a victim to the phrase "bread labor": but, at any rate, I held to the belief that I should do this, through the entire journey homeward, on land and sea, until I actually arrived in Chicago, when, suddenly, the whole scheme seemed to me utterly preposterous, as it doubtless was; the half dozen people invariably waiting to see me after breakfast, the piles of letters to be opened and answered, the demand of actual and pressing human needs — were these all to be pushed aside and asked to wait while I saved my soul by two hours' work at baking bread?

Although my resolution was abandoned, it may be well to record the efforts of more doughty souls to carry out Tolstoy's conclusions. It was perhaps inevitable that Tolstoy colonies should be founded, although Tolstoy himself always insists that each man should live his life as nearly as possible in the place in which he was born. The visit I made a year or two later to a colony in one of the Southern States illustrated most vividly both the weakness and the strange, august dignity of the Tolstoy position. The colonists at Commonwealth held but a short creed. They claimed, in fact, that the difficulty is not to state truth, but to make moral conviction operative upon actual life, and they announced it as their intention "to obey the teachings of Jesus in all matters of labor and the use of property." They would thus transfer the vindication of creed from the church to the open field — from dogma to experience.

Visit to a Tolstoy Colony

The day my friend and I visited the Commonwealth colony of threescore souls, they were erecting a house for the family of a one-legged man, consisting of a wife and nine children, who had come the week before in a forlorn prairie-schooner from Arkansas. As this was the largest family the little colony contained, their house was to be the largest yet erected. We expressed our surprise at this literal giving "to him that asketh," and inquired whether the policy of extending food and shelter to all who applied, without test of creed or ability, might not result in the migration of all the neighboring poorhouse population into the colony. We were told that this actually had happened during the winter, until the colony fare of corn meal and cow-peas had proved so unattractive that most of the paupers had gone back; for even the poorest of the Southern poorhouses occasionally supplied bacon with the pone, if only to prevent scurvy — from which the colonists themselves had suffered.

The difficulty of the poorhouse people had thus settled itself by the sheer poverty of the situation, a poverty so biting that the only ones willing to face it were those who were sustained by a conviction of the righteousness of the experiment. The fields and gardens were being worked by an editor, a professor, and a clergyman, as well as by artisans and laborers, the fruit thereof to be eaten by themselves and their families, or by any other families that might arrive from Arkansas. The colonists were very conventional in matters of family relationship, and had broken with society only in regard to conventions pertaining to labor and property.

We had a curious experience at the end of the day, when we were driven into the nearest town. We had taken with us as a guest the wife of the president of the colony, wishing to give her a dinner at the hotel, because she had girlishly exclaimed, during a conversation, that she had at times during the winter become so eager to hear good music that it had seemed to her as if she were actually hungry for it, almost as she was for a beefsteak. Yet, as we drove away, we had the curious sensation that, while the experiment was obviously coming to an end,—it did, in fact, terminate in six months from that

time,— in the midst of its privations it yet embodied the peace of mind that comes to him who insists upon the logic of life, whether it is reasonable or not — the fanatic's joy in seeing his own clear formula translated into action.

At any rate, as we reached the commonplace Southern town of workaday men and women, for one moment its substantial buildings, its solid brick churches, its ordered streets, divided into those of the rich and those of the poor, seemed much more unreal to us than the poor little struggling colony we had left behind. We repeated to each other that, in all the practical judgments and decisions of life, we must part company with logical demonstration: that, if we stop for it in each case, we can never go on at all; and yet, in spite of this, when conscience does become the dictator of the daily life of a group of people, it forces our admiration as no other modern spectacle has power to do, and it seems but a mere incident that the group should have lost sight of the facts of life in their earnest endeavor to put to the test the things of the spirit.

I knew little about the colony started by Mr. Maude at Purleigh, containing several of Tolstoy's followers who were not permitted to live in Russia, and we did not see Mr. Maude again until he came to Chicago on his way from Manitoba, whither he had transported the second group of Doukhobors, a religious sect who had interested all of Tolstoy's followers because of their literal acceptance of non-resistance and other Christian doctrines which are so strenuously advocated by Tolstoy. It was for their benefit that Tolstoy had finished and published "Resurrection," breaking through his long-kept resolution against novel-writing. After the Doukhobors were considered settled in Canada, of the five hundred dollars left from the "Resurrection" fund, one half was given to Hull-House. It seemed possible to spend it only for the relief of those most primitive wants of food and shelter on the part of the neediest families.

KILLAIDEN

AN IRISH BALLAD

BY JAMES B. DOLLARD

IT'S here in ould Killaiden that I'd joyful live forever —
Though I've been here eighty summers, I'm not wairy of it yet;
An' the little whitewashed cabin I'll be laivin' of it never,
For its like the world over you might seek an' never get.

The people do be sayin' foreign lands are grand to see —
The busy streets o' London an' the bridges of New York.
What a fool they think ould Shemus! Sure the fairies come to me
An' show me sights an' wondhers that make nothin' o' their talk!

Up here in ould Killaiden sure it's me that has the view!
The five broad counties I can see on any day at all —
Kilkinny, Carlow, Watherford, Tipp'rary's mountains blue,
An' Wexford, where in ninety-eight the Sassenach got a fall!

Now, whisper till I tell ye — where in all the world over
Would ye see the fields so pleasant or the heather bloom so sweet?
And where could ye be baitin' the grand smell o' gorse an' clover,
Or the singin' o' the lark that laives the shamrocks at your feet?

Och, the silly folks that wandher an' go off beyant the wather,
Sure to hear 'em comin' home you'd think 'em millionaires or jooks!
But I tell them, "I'm no omadhaun to heed your impty blather,
And Killaiden's beauty bothers all was ever put in books!"

The Prince's Compliments

By
FREEMAN PUTNEY, JR.

Illustrations by
JOSEPH CUMMINGS CHASE

THE Prince's big scarlet automobile stopped before Matthew Blake's door-yard. Matthew Blake was mending a lobster-pot at the side of the house near the barn.

Mr. Strafford, who was already known in town as the Prince's adviser and secretary, sat in the car, apparently waiting. The chauffeur sounded his horn. Matthew Blake glanced up, looked with apparent interest at the car and its occupants, and then continued to hammer at the lobster-pot.

Mr. Strafford's rosy English complexion shaded to a deeper red. With dignity he rose in the car, with dignity he descended from it, and with dignity he walked across the yard to the over-busy fisherman.

"Er — I wish you good afternoon, Mr. Blake," he began, still with dignity.

"Up-huh-noon," responded Matthew, the first syllables being tangled in a mouthful of nails.

Mr. Strafford drew back his shoulders, and with a full breath began:

"His Royal Highness presents his compliments and ——"

Matthew's mouthful of nails cascaded to the grass.

"Mr. Strafford, I told you the day before yesterday I don't want no more o' your Prince's compliments! He's been sendin' 'em for two weeks now, an' if he keeps up sendin' 'em all summer, he won't get that gate open!"

Matthew picked up a fresh lath and selected a nail from the grass.

"But, Mr. Blake, if you would be reasonable ——"

"Reasonable! I been jest as reasonable as His Royal Highmightiness! D'ye call it reasonable to take advantage of a man when he's out fishin', by openin' a gate in his fence an' makin' a thoroughfare acrost his property, without so much as a by-your-leave? I don't."

"But, I told you, Mr. Blake, that it was with the intention of recompensing you in full. By using the short cut to the big house we save half a mile ——"

"Five eighths," amended Matthew.

"And in England ——"

"Yes," broke in Matthew; "you said the other day that in England the country folks'd be tickled ter death ter have a real live prince traipsin' over their land. Mebbe in England you can use a man's property first an' then ask him about it afterwards. I ain't sayin' you can't. But you can't in this country — leastwise, not in this section. So, if you made a mistake on account o' your bringin' up, I'm sorry, but you'll have to go the long way round this summer — you an' the Prince. By the way, I ain't seen His Royal Highmightiness yet. Didn't know but he'd come round himself to talk gate."

Mr. Strafford drew himself up.

"I am in charge — sole charge — of His Royal Highness' business affairs here," he said stiffly.

"Oh, I ain't kickin'!" Matthew cheerfully assured him. "Guess I can stand it, if the Prince can. Now, ef you don't mind, I'll go on with my work. This here trap ——"

Mr. Strafford first bit his lips and then set them firmly.

"My good man — " he began; Matthew cut him short:

"Don't you call me 'good man'! That's wuss'n His Royal Highmightiness's compliments."

Mr. Strafford swallowed the rest of his sentence and began again:

"We have been very patient, Mr. Blake, but I am sorry to see you force us to harsher measures. I have been in consultation with

solicitors over in your town, and I find that your little property here was once a portion of the great estate we have just bought for the Prince."

"Sartain," agreed Matthew. "My grandfather bought it before the summer visitors was dreamed of. He wouldn't take the pastures, 'cause they wouldn't even graze sheep in them days."

"Exactly. And now we find, Mr. Blake, that there is a flaw in your title."

Matthew's uplifted hammer came down upon its nail with a gentle tap. Then it slipped slowly from his hand to the grass.

"A flaw in my title!"

Mr. Strafford permitted himself a grim smile.

"A flaw, Mr. Blake. A slight one, I admit, but, our solicitors assure us, amply sufficient to afford grounds for a lawsuit."

"A lawsuit! I don't jest follow ——"

Mr. Strafford's countenance became stern.

"We shall begin suit to eject you at once."

"Eject me! Out o' this place that my father an' grandfather —" Matthew laughed. "Mr. Strafford, they ain't a jury — they ain't twelve men in this country that you could get together to give you a verdict."

"Maybe not, Mr. Blake. But, once started, we shall exhaust every measure — carry it to the highest courts. It will cost you thousands of dollars, and, I fancy, will consume your place even if you win your case. You'll lose either way, Mr. Blake, and the alternative is so simple!"

"'AND NOW WE FIND THAT THERE IS A FLAW IN YOUR TITLE'"

"You mean, this is all a threat unless I open the gate?"

"If you put it that way."

"Mr. Strafford, I ought to lam you over the head with this hammer, an' then git a belayin'-pin an' go up an' call on the Prince. But I got a wife in the house, an' — Mr. Strafford, did you ever hear o' the battle o' Bunker Hill?"

"I fancy so. Here in America, was it not?"

"It was. I guess our folks like ter remember it better'n yourn. My ancestors fought at Bunker Hill. Now, the British won Bunker Hill, Mr. Strafford, but by the time they captured it they was an awful mess o' British killed an' wounded. You go ahead with your lawsuit, Mr. Strafford!"

But, as the scarlet car whirred away, Matthew's defiant head drooped, and he walked toward the barn with dragging steps, his lobster-pot in one hand and his hammer swinging listlessly in the other. Dropping the lobster-pot on the barn floor, he stepped into his shed workshop to put away the hammer. There, seated upon an upturned trawl-tub, was a strange small boy in a blue sailor-suit.

In Matthew's heart was a tender spot for a small boy — a tender spot that even now sometimes quivered for the "little feller" he and his wife had laid away a good many years before.

This small boy's black hair was brushed straight and close to his round head; his black, almond-shaped eyes seemed somehow a trifle cross-fixed; his nose was broad and flat; his skin was yellow; and, as he turned to the fisherman, his thick lips parted in a friendly but somewhat sober smile.

"Hello, Bub!" greeted Matthew. "You look like a brother to the youngster that used to pester me last summer. His pa was cook up ter the big place. I s'pose your pa cooks for His Royal Highmightiness up yonder. That so?"

The child turned a grave, uncomprehending stare. "I am Chuen Hock," he said in curiously precise English. "Who are you, and what is this little thing of wood with the string around it?"

"I'm Mr. Blake — most folks call me Matthew. An' that contraption is a seine-needle."

"I will call you Matthew. And for what use is the contraption seine-needle?" asked the boy.

"Just seine-needle. It's to mend nets. See?" He picked up a bit of seine from the floor and deftly added a couple of meshes to it, Chuen watching gravely and intently.

"Why is the blue ship on your arm, and what is the little blue worm with horns?"

"Blue worm?" echoed Matthew, looking at his forearm with new interest. "Oh, that's an anchor with chain and cable. No, it didn't grow; it was painted there. An anchor? Why, that's a big hook to hold a vessel fast to bottom. No, a vessel is a ship — a big boat. No, all American people don't have them on their arms. Say, don't you think you'd better run home and play?"

"I like better this place," returned the child. "There is much here that I do not know. See! I have made to bleed my finger with the little sharp pin, and it will not come out."

"'I AM CHUEN HOCK,' HE SAID"

He had picked up a fish-hook from the bench, and the sharp point had penetrated his thumb to the barb. Matthew deftly extracted it.

"Put it in your mouth till it stops bleedin'," he advised. "An' next time ye'll know better'n to mess with other folks' tackle. It don't pay to monkey with a sharp cod-hook."

The boy, his thumb in his mouth, was staring gravely.

"Why," he demanded abruptly, "do you wash only the low part of your face? And for what is the cod-hook?"

Matthew, with an almost guilty expression, swept his hand over his chin. Then he grinned.

"I wear a beard in winter-time, Bub. Jest shaved it off a few days ago. That's why my jaw ain't tanned like the rest. The hook? Oh, that's to catch fish with."

"The fish-catch!" echoed the boy, enlightened. "I have once seen the fish-catch in my country. But there it is with a net. When do you make fish-catch?"

"Every day, if it ain't too foul. But I catch 'em with hooks — hooks like this, on a long line. See?"

The boy nodded. "I will go with you to-morrow and help you make the fish-catch," he announced.

Matthew laughed.

"Why, Bub, I'm up an' away to work long before you get them eyes o' yourn open. Four o'clock I start to-morrow. Your folks wouldn't hear to it. You see, I go out in a boat — that sloop tied up at the wharf there — the *Emma J.* Miles outside the P'int I go, an' sometimes the sea's so rough ye wouldn't know whether you was wearin' your boots on your feet or on your elbows. No, you stay home an' help your pa cook, an' mebbe some day, when you're older, I'll take you out with me."

The youngster's grave eyes were fixed on the fisherman's face, but he gave no sign that he understood the postponement of his proffered assistance.

"For what," he demanded suddenly, "is your first ear of different color than your second ear?"

Matthew rubbed the "first" ear.

"It was frost-bit," he explained patiently. "Is there anything else about me ye want to know?"

"I wish to know many things," returned the boy gravely, "but I cannot think of all now. For what do you put red on your shoes, and why do you wear that shirt, instead of shining white shirt like Mr. Strafford?"

"Them shoes? Oh, salt water turns 'em that color. An' I'd look nice fishin' in a biled shirt, wouldn't I?"

"I do not know," replied Chuen. "How can I tell when I have not seen you? And what is a bile shirt?"

"Bub," returned Matthew, "it's gettin' 'most supper-time, an' I guess you better lay your course home'ard, or your pa'll be lookin' for ye with the rollin'-pin. You can come again some day when ye think o' suthin' else ye'd like to know. Good-by!"

He watched the blue-clad figure trotting sturdily over the fields up toward the big house, and then turned again to his work.

The next morning's sun was well risen over the *Emma J.*, anchored far outside Sunrise Point, and a dozen good-sized cod and pollack were already flapping about Matthew's feet, when

"'FOR WHAT,' DEMANDED A SMALL VOICE, 'IS THE SQUARE BLUE PART ON THE BACK OF YOUR TROUSERS?'"

a sound in the door of the little cuddy caused him to turn quickly from his work.

"For what," demanded a small voice, "is the square blue part on the back of your trousers which are black?"

Matthew stared, wide-eyed; then closed his mouth under the effort of trying to obtain a view of his own hips.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I didn't jest get your drift. That's a patch, an' ma she made it out o' what was handy. Say, how in breathin' Peter did you get here?"

"I have come to help you make the fish-catch."

"Did your folks know it?"

"I have not said it to them. When three o'clock, I rise from the bed and make escape from window. It was dark under the trees, but there was moon's light by the wharf. I have hidden in the hole beyond, when you were eating some breakfast. But I am now hungry also, and I desire to make the fish-catch."

"Well!" ejaculated Matthew. "Talk o' kids with nerve! They's older ones than you wouldn't have took that walk at three in the mornin'. An' you expect me ter feed ye, too!"

He picked up a rock-cod from the planks, rapped it quiet with the butt of a gaff, cleaned it, and then plunged into the cuddy. In a few minutes Chuen Hock was stuffing himself with fish fried in corn-meal. Matthew himself took a few bites. "Not that I'm hungry, but jest to be sociable," he explained. "Your folks'll be worried about you, an' I ought to take ye right home; but I've got my day's livin' to make, so we'll get our trip fust. Yes, you can have a line an' catch fish, now you're here."

A little later they were fishing, for a wonder in silence, Matthew busy with his work and Chuen Hock intent on his new amusement. Several times the boy's bait was taken, but he did not succeed in bringing aboard a fish.

"You'll learn," Matthew told him. "Jest keep on till ye git the knack."

He looked at the youngster a little uneasily. The day was calm, but there was the motion of the open sea, and the little sloop described a considerable arc as each broad roller raised and then shook her off.

"Youngster ain't scairt o' nothin'," he murmured. "Fust thing I know, the *Emma J.* she'll pitch sudden an' he'll go overboard."

He disappeared into the little house, and came back with a string of doughnut-shaped corks,

the floats used for seines, and which many a Hardyport boy uses for a life-preserver while learning to swim.

"Goin' ter tie these corks on to ye, Bub," he remarked from the door. "Hello! Got one? Hang on! I'll help ye! No—let go of him! Let — go! Let — hell! he's over!"

Clinging like a desperate little monkey to the line, which had hooked some big fish, Chuen Hock had gone over the side. After him, like a flash, Matthew flung the string of corks; and the next instant, his coat and vest thrown off, he had plunged after the youngster.

It was not easy, facing the sweep of those heavy waves, and Matthew's arms were not as strong as they had been once. After what seemed like long minutes, but was probably less than one, he grasped a fold of blue blouse, and the next instant clutched the string of corks. After that, getting back to the *Emma J.* was a comparatively sure task, though a slow one.

Chuen did not lose consciousness. In the water Matthew had discovered that the boy knew something about swimming; and the knowledge, while it was not sufficient to keep him up in such a sea, did prevent his struggling or filling his lungs with water.

"Well!" exclaimed Matthew. "You're a pretty fisherman, you are! Look like a drowned rat! Why did ye fall overboard?"

"I am sorry," returned the boy. "I think I had a big fish-catch. But it pulled the line away and I am now wet! Why did you wear a hat in the water?"

He was shivering in his dripping clothes.

"Lucky I got some old duds aboard!" grumbled Matthew. "Bein's they were built for me, I guess they won't jest fit you, but they'll keep ye warm. An' here's some liquor in a bottle, an' the galley stove's still hot. Good enough! Now, off with them clothes, quick! An' take a swaller o' this. It's bad stuff when ye don't need it, but I guess you need a little now."

It was nearly noon when the *Emma J.* reached the little wharf in front of Matthew Blake's cottage.

"I ginerally git in earlier'n this," said Matthew. "But what with runnin' a floatin' rest'rant an' you tumblin' overboard, they's some excuse to-day for bein' late." He chuckled as he looked at the grave youngster curled up in the stern. "I guess we'll git ashore, ez 'tis, before ye outgrow them pants. All I hope is, ye ain't caught cold so ye'll be sick."

"I am now warm from the sun, thank you," returned Chuen. "When I was in the water I was cold from the wetness; but the bottle medicine was very good, thank you. Will you get much money from the fish-catch? Why do you let the little cloth sail down in front, and for what reason did the hairs wear off the little place on the back of your head?"

But Matthew, engaged in bringing the sloop up to her mooring-place, was too busy to explain.

As soon as they were tied up, he gathered Chuen's small clothes into a still damp bundle.

"I guess, Bub, you'll have ter keep on them

"'I GUESS WE'LL GIT ASHORE BEFORE YE OUTGROW THEM PANTS'"

pants till ye git home. Yer shoes are too shrunk ter wear, so I'll tie the whole kit up, an' you can lug 'em along with ye. 'Twon't hurt ye ter run across the fields barefoot for once, an' I guess you've been off so long your folks'll be so glad ter see you, mebbe you won't git much of a lacin' after all."

The boy took the damp bundle and gravely followed Matthew from the wharf across the wooden planking to the shore. The tiny body was ridiculously lost in the folds of Matthew's great shirt and baggy trousers; but the short figure moved with so much dignity, in spite of the tenderness of the bare feet, that Matthew's smile of amusement turned into a chuckle of admiration.

Toward them, along the shore road, dashed a patch of scarlet, blurred in a whirl of dust.

"Here comes the Prince's automobile," exclaimed Matthew, and shouted, waving his arms.

"Ther feller Strafford he's in it," he said. "I dunno whether it's against the rules o' the house for the cook's young one to ride in His Highmightiness's automobile, but if he'll take ye in it'll save you walkin' home. Hi, there! Hold hard!"

They reached the road just as the speeding car swerved to a stop. Mr. Strafford, his face less ruddy than usual, was instantly on his feet and out, wonder and relief pictured on his features.

"I have been making the fish-catch with Matthew," explained the boy gravely. He dropped his bundle of clothes and shoes where he stood, and put out a small hand. "Good-by, Matthew. I will come other day and help you make another fish-catch. And I will not fall — fall over the board."

"Good day," returned Matthew gravely. "An' say, Mr. Strafford, you tell his pa not to larrup him. He's a plucky young one, that kid — hid in the boat in the night, an' didn't come out till I was fishin'. Fell overboard an' never whimpered. Look out, Bub, you've dropped your dunnage."

But the boy, unheeding, had stepped into the automobile, and it was the dignified Mr. Strafford who, painfully stooping, gathered up the armful of wet clothes. Then he, too, took his seat, and, with a wave of the boy's hand, the machine was off toward the big house.

But Matthew had not trudged a dozen steps in the opposite direction when a shout halted him. The motor-car had stopped and was waiting, and Mr. Strafford, again on the ground, was hurrying after the fisherman as fast as his bulk and dignity would permit.

"His Royal Highness presents his compliments —" he began.

Matthew interrupted:

"Didn't I tell you I didn't want no more of His Royal Highmightiness's compliments?"

Mr. Strafford looked bewildered.

"But, sir, he has taken quite a fancy to you — quite, sir." Then he added, as if to mollify the fisherman: "I think there will be no more legal measures, Mr. Blake.

"IT WAS MR. STRAFFORD WHO GATHERED UP THE ARMFUL OF WET CLOTHES"

We could never sanction them, since the boy says you saved him from drowning."

"What?" exclaimed Matthew. "I didn't suppose a Prince would care what happened to a Chinese cook's young one. Your Prince is more of a man than I thought."

Mr. Strafford was evidently puzzled.

"'Cook's young one'!" he exclaimed. "Our cook is French — he is unmarried. Is it possible that you did not know"— he nodded toward the automobile —"the Prince?"

"Prince? I thought your Prince was English! The boy? He said his name was Chuen Hock!"

"He is the Prince. He is to be educated in America, in charge of the Legation of his country at Washington; and I am his English tutor and immediate guardian. We took this seashore place for his health this summer. He is not Chinese, although an Asiatic, Mr. Blake, and he will one day rule over a country that is larger than your New England. His fuller name is Prince Lalor Chuen Hock Chalalumagoncorn."

"Cracky!" exclaimed Matthew. "Is that all!"

"No, sir, not all, but all we generally use. And, as I was saying, sir, His Royal Highness —— "

"Go ahead!" resigned Matthew.

"His Royal Highness presents his compliments, and wishes to know why your suspenders behind are attached with strings instead of buttons?"

"You tell him," returned Matthew, "that the buttons busted and I used a bit of marline. You're welcome, sir. I knew something was on his mind. An' you tell His Royal — you tell Bub that I'll have that gate open again inside o' fifteen minutes."

A WINTER'S NIGHT

BY W. A. P.

THE wind has reverenced the splendor of the night.
Westward upon the green and saffron light
Of dusk it passed, with vasty wings and voice not low,
Fleeing with awe the splendor of the night.

Were I the wind to-night, the tangled stars and snow
My aweless wings' unfettered might would know.
O joy, the trancèd splendor of the air to shake
And starward hurl like spray the errant snow!

Ah, for the tyranny of furious wings, to wake,
Superb, this ecstasy of calm; to slake
My passion-winnowed heart with tempests' windy woe!
I would to-night the storms were all awake!

THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL

A Serial Novel

by

Mrs Humphry Ward

III

"I AM in love with the house — I adore the Chase — I like heretics — and I don't think I'm ever going home again!" Mrs. Flaxman as she spoke handed a cup of tea to a tall gentleman, Louis Manvers by name, the possessor of a long, tanned countenance, of thin iron-grey hair descending towards the shoulders, of a drooping moustache, and of eyes that mostly studied the carpet or the knees of their owner: a shy, laconic person, at first sight, with the manner of one to whom conversation of the drawing-room kind was little more than a series of doubtful experiments that seldom or never came off.

Mrs. Flaxman, on the other hand, was a pretty woman of forty, still young and slender, in spite of two boys at Eton, one of them seventeen and in the eleven; and her talk was as rash and rapid as that of her companion was the reverse. Which perhaps might be one of the reasons why they were excellent friends, and always happy in each other's society.

Mr. Manvers overlooked a certain challenge that Mrs. Flaxman had thrown out, took the tea provided, and merely enquired how long the rebuilding of the Flaxmans' own house would take. For it appeared that they were only tenants of Maudeley House, furnished, for a year.

Mrs. Flaxman replied that only the British workman knew; but she looked upon herself as homeless for two years, and found the prospect as pleasant as her husband found it annoying.

"As if life were long enough to spend in one county, and one house and park! I have shaken all my duties from me like old rags. No more school-treats, no more bean-feasts, no more hospital committees, for two whole years! Think of it! Hugh, poor wretch, is still chairman of the County Council. That's why we took this place — it is within fifty miles. He has to motor over occasionally. But I shall make him resign that, next year. Then we are going for six months to Berlin, that's for music — *my* show! Then we take a friend's house in British East Africa, where you can see a lion kill from the front windows, and zebras stub up your kitchen-garden. That's Hugh's show. Then of course there'll be Japan — and by that time there'll be air-ships to the North Pole, and we can take one on our way home!"

"*Souvent femme variée!*" Mr. Manvers raised a pair of surprisingly shrewd eyes from the carpet. "I remember the years when I used to try to dig you and Hugh out of Bagley and drive you abroad — without the smallest success."

"Those were the years when one was moral and well-behaved! But everybody who is worth anything goes a little mad at forty. I was forty last week"— Rose Flaxman gave an involuntary sigh —"I can't get over it."

"Ah, well, it's quite time you were a little nipped by the years," said Manvers dryly. "Why should you be so much younger than anybody else in the world? When you grow old there'll be no more youth!"

Mrs. Flaxman's eyes, of a bright greenish grey, shone gaily into his; then their owner made a displeased mouth. "You may pay me

compliments as much as you like. They will not prevent me from telling you that you are one of the most slow-minded people I have ever met!"

"H'm?" said Mr. Manvers, with mild interrogation.

Rose Flaxman repeated her remark, emphasising it with a little tattoo of her teaspoon on the Chippendale tea-tray before her. Manvers studied her, smiling.

"I am entirely ignorant of the ground of this attack."

"Oh, what hypocrisy!" cried his companion hotly. "I throw out the most tempting of all possible flies, and you absolutely refuse to rise to it."

Manvers considered.

"You expected me to rise to the word 'heretic'?"

"Of course I did! On the same principle as 'sweets to the sweet.' Who — I should like to know! — should be interested in heretics if not you?"

"It entirely depends on the species," said her companion cautiously.

"There couldn't be a more exciting species," declared Mrs. Flaxman. "Here you have a rector of a parish simply setting up another Church of England — services, doctrines, and all — off his own bat, so to speak, without a 'with your leave or by your leave'; his parishioners backing him up; his bishop in a frightful taking and not the least knowing what to do; the faggots all gathering to make a bonfire of him, and a great black six-foot-two Inquisitor ready to apply the match; and yet — I can't get you to take the smallest interest in it! I assure you, Hugh is *thrilled.*"

Manvers laid the finger-tips of two long, brown hands lightly against each other.

"Very sorry, but it leaves me quite cold. Heresy in the Church of England comes to nothing. Our heretics are never violent enough. They forget the excellent text about the kingdom of heaven! Now, the heretics in the Church of Rome are violent. That is what makes them so far more interesting."

"This man seems to be drastic enough!"

"Oh, no!" said the other, gently but firmly incredulous. "Believe me, he will resign, or apologise; they always do."

"Believe *me!* you don't — excuse me! — know anything about it. In the first place, Mr. Meynell has got his parishioners, all except a handful, behind him ——"

"So had Voysey," interjected Manvers softly.

Mrs. Flaxman took no notice.

"— And he has hundreds of other supporters, thousands perhaps — and some of them parsons — in this diocese and outside it. And they are all convinced that they must fight — fight to the death, and *not* give in. That, you see, is what makes the difference! My brother-in-law" — the voice speaking changed and softened — "died twenty years ago. I remember how sad it was. He seemed to be walking alone in a world that hardly troubled to consider him — so far as the Church was concerned, I mean. There seemed to be nothing else to do but to give up his living. But the strain of doing it killed him."

"The strain of giving up your living may be severe, but, I assure you, your man will find the strain of keeping it a good deal worse."

"It all depends upon his backing. How do you know there isn't a world behind him?" Mrs. Flaxman persisted, as the man beside her slowly shook his head. "Well, now, listen! Hugh and I went to church here last Sunday. I never was so bewildered. First, it was crowded from end to end, and there were scores of people from other villages and towns — a kind of demonstration. Then, as to the service, neither of us could find our way about. Instead of saying the Lord's Prayer four times, we said it once; and we left out half the psalms for the day, the Rector explaining from the chancel steps that they were not fit to be read in a Christian church; we altered this prayer and that prayer; we listened to an extempore prayer for the widows and orphans of some poor fellows who had been killed in a mine ten miles from here, which made me cry like a baby; and, most amazing of all, when it came to the Creeds ——"

Manvers suddenly threw back his head, his face for the first time sharpening into attention. "Ah! Well, what about the Creeds?"

Mrs. Flaxman bent forward, triumphing in the capture of her companion.

"We had both the Creeds. The Rector read them, turning to the congregation, and with just a word of preface: 'Here follows the Creed commonly called the Apostles' Creed,' or 'Here follows the Nicene Creed.' And we all stood and listened — and nobody said a word. It was the strangest moment! You know, I'm not a serious person, but I just held my breath."

"As though you heard behind the veil the awful voices, '*Let us depart hence*'?" said Manvers, after a pause. His expression had gradually changed. Those who knew him best might have seen in it a slight and passing trace of conflicts long since silenced and resolutely forgotten.

"If you mean by that that the church was irreverent, or disrespectful, or hostile — well, you are quite wrong!" cried Mrs. Flaxman impetuously. "It was like a moment of new birth — I can't describe it — as if a spirit entered in.

And when the Rector finished, there was a kind of breath through the church — like the rustling of new leaves — and I thought of the wind blowing where it listed. . . . And then the Rector preached on the Creeds — how they grew up, and why. Fascinating! Why aren't the clergy always telling us such things? And he brought it all round to impressing upon us that some day *we* might be worthy of another Christian creed — by being faithful; that it would flower again out of our lives and souls — like the aloe. . . . I wonder what it all meant!" she said abruptly, her light voice dropping.

Manvers smiled. His emotion had quite passed away.

"Ah! but I forgot," she resumed hurriedly. "We left out several of the Commandments, and we chanted the Beatitudes, and then I found there was a little service paper in the seat, and everybody in the church but Hugh and me knew all about it beforehand!"

"A queer performance!" said Manvers, "and, of course, childishly illegal. Your man will be soon got rid of. You remind me of the Bishop of Cork on the Dean of Cork: 'Excellent sermon! — eloquent, clever, argumentative! — and not enough gospel in it to save a tom-tit!'"

Mrs. Flaxman looked at him oddly.

"Well, but — the extraordinary thing was that Hugh made me stay for the second service, and it was as ritualistic as you like!"

Manvers fell back in his chair, the vivacity on his face relaxing.

"Ah! — is that all?"

"Oh! but you don't understand," said his companion eagerly. "Of course, ritualistic is the wrong word. Should I have said 'sacramental'? I only meant that it was full of symbolism. There were lights, and flowers, and music; but there was nothing priestly — or superstitious —" She frowned in her effort to explain. "It was all poetic and mystical, and yet practical. There were a good many things changed in the service, but I hardly noticed, I was so absorbed in watching the people. Almost every one stayed for the second service. It was quite short — so was the first service. And a great many communicated. But the spirit of it was the wonderful thing. It had all that — that magic, that mystery, that one gets out of Catholicism, even simple Catholicism in a village church — say at benediction; and yet, one had a sense of having come out into fresh air; of saying things that were true — true at least to you, and to the people that were saying them; things that you did believe, or could believe, instead of things that you only pretended to believe or couldn't possibly believe! I haven't got over it yet; and as for Hugh, I have never seen him so moved since — since Robert died."

Manvers was aware of Mrs. Flaxman's affection for her brother-in-law's memory, and it seemed to him natural and womanly that she should be touched — artist and worldling though she was — by this fresh effort in a similar direction. For himself, he was touched in another way: with pity, or a kindly scorn. He did not believe in patching up the Christian tradition. Either accept it or put it aside. Newman had disposed of "neo-Christianity" once for all.

"Well, of course all this means a row," he said at length, with a smile. "What is the Bishop doing?"

"Oh, the Bishop will have to prosecute, Hugh says; of course he must! And, if he didn't, Mr. Barron would do it for him."

"The gentleman who lives in the White House?"

"Precisely. Ah!" cried Mrs. Flaxman suddenly, rising to her feet and looking through the open window beside her. "What do you think we've done? We have evoked him! *Parlez du diable*, etc. How stupid of us! But there's his carriage trotting up the drive — I know the horses. And that's his deaf daughter — poor, down-trodden thing! — sitting beside him. Now, then, shall we be at home? Quick!"

Mrs. Flaxman flew to the bell, but retreated with a little grimace.

"We must! It's inevitable. But Hugh says I can't be rude to new people. Why can't I? It's so simple."

She sat down, however, though rebellion and a little malice quickened the colour in her fair skin. Manvers looked longingly at the door leading to the garden.

"Shall I disappear, or must I support you?"

"It all depends on what value you set on my good opinion," said Mrs. Flaxman, laughing.

Manvers re-settled himself in his chair.

"I stay — but, first, a little information. The gentleman owns land here?"

"Acres and acres. But he only came into it about three years ago. He is on the same railway board of which Hugh is chairman. He doesn't like Hugh, and he certainly won't like me. But, you see, he's bound to be civil to us. Hugh says he's always making quarrels on the board — in a kind of magnificent, superior way. He never loses his temper — whereas the others would often like to flay him alive. Now, then," — Mrs. Flaxman laid a finger on her mouth,— "'papa, potatoes, prunes, and prism'!"

Steps were heard in the hall, and the butler announced, "Mr. and Miss Barron."

A tall man with an iron-grey moustache and a determined carriage entered the room, followed by a timid and stooping lady of uncertain age.

Mrs. Flaxman, transformed at once into the courteous hostess, greeted the newcomers with her sweetest smiles, set the deaf daughter down on the hearing side of Mr. Manvers, ordered tea, and herself took charge of Mr. Barron.

The task was not, apparently, a heavy one. Mrs. Flaxman saw beside her a portly man of fifty, with a penetrating look and a composed manner, well dressed, yet with no undue display. Louis Manvers, struggling with an habitual plague of shyness, and all but silenced by the discovery that his neighbour was even deafer than himself, watched the "six-foot-two Inquisitor" with curiosity, but could find nothing lurid or torturous in his aspect. There was, indeed, something about him which displeased a rationalist scholar and ascetic; but his apparent adequacy to any company was immediately evident. It seemed to Manvers that he had very quickly disarmed Mrs. Flaxman's vague prejudice against him. At any rate, she was soon picking his brains diligently on the subject of the neighbourhood and the neighbours, and apparently enjoying the result, to judge from her smiles and her questions.

Mr. Barron, indeed, had everything that could be expected of him to say on the subject of the district and its population. He descanted on the beauty of the three or four famous parks which in the eighteenth century had been carved out of the wild heath-lands; he showed an intimate knowledge of the persons who owned the parks, and of their families, "though I myself am only a newcomer here, being by rights a Devonshire man"; he talked on the local superstitions with indulgence and a proper sense of the picturesque, and of the colliers who believed the superstitions he spoke in a tone of general good humour, tempered by regret that "agitators" should so often lead them into folly. The architecture of the district came in, of course, for proper notice. There were certain fine old houses near that Mrs. Flaxman ought to visit; everything, or course, would be open to her and her husband.

"Oh, tell me," said Mrs. Flaxman, suddenly interrupting him, "how far is Sandford Abbey from here?"

Her visitor paused a moment before replying:

"Sandford Abbey is about five miles from you, across the park. The two estates meet. Do you know — Sir Philip Meryon?"

Rose Flaxman shrugged her shoulders.

"We know something of him — at least, Hugh does. His mother was a very old friend of Hugh's family."

Mr. Barron was silent.

"Is he such a scamp?" said Mrs. Flaxman, raising her fine eyes, with a laugh in them. "You make me quite anxious to see him!"

Mr. Barron echoed the laugh stiffly.

"I doubt whether your husband will wish to bring him here. He gathers some strange company at the Abbey. He is there now for the fishing."

Manvers enquired who this gentleman might be, and Mrs. Flaxman gave him a lightly touched account. A young man of wealth and family, it seemed, but spoilt from his earliest days, and left fatherless at nineteen, with only a passionate and extravagant mother to take account of. Some notorious love affairs at home and abroad, a wild practical joke or two, played in one instance on no less a person than the Prime Minister, an audacious novel and a censored play — he had achieved all these things by the age of thirty, and was now almost penniless, and still unmarried.

"Hugh says that the Abbey is falling into ruin, and that the young man has about a hundred a year left out of his fortune. On this he keeps apparently an army of servants and a couple of hunters!"

She turned interrogatively to Mr. Barron, as though inviting him, as a native of the district, to contribute to the tale. But Mr. Barron sat silent.

"Is he really too bad to talk about?" cried Mrs. Flaxman.

"I think I had rather not discuss him," said her visitor, with decision; and she, protesting that Philip Meryon was now endowed with all the charms both of villainy and of mystery, let the subject drop.

Mr. Barron returned, as with relief, to architecture — talked agreeably of the glories of a famous Tudor house on the west side and an equally famous Queen Anne house on the east side of the Chase. But the churches of the district, according to him, were, on the whole, disappointing — inferior to those of other districts within reach. Here, indeed, he showed himself an expert, and a far too minute discourse on the relative merits of the church architecture of two or three of the Midland Counties flowed on and on through Mrs. Flaxman's tea-making; while the deaf daughter became entirely speechless, and Manvers, disillusioned, gradually assumed an aspect of profound melancholy, which merely meant that his wits were wool-gathering.

"Well, I thought Upcote Minor Church a very pretty church," said Rose Flaxman at last, with a touch of revolt. "The old screen is

beautiful; and who on earth has done all that carving of the pulpit — and the reredos?"

Mr. Barron's expression changed. He bent towards his hostess, striking one hand sharply and deliberately with the glove he held in the other.

"You were at church last Sunday?"

"I was." Mrs. Flaxman's eyes, as she turned them upon him, had recovered their animation.

"You were present, then," said Mr. Barron, with passionate energy, "at a scandalous performance! I feel that I ought to apologise to you and Mr. Flaxman, in the name of our village and parish."

The speaker's aspect glowed with what was clearly a genuine fire. The slight pomposity of look and manner had disappeared.

Mrs. Flaxman hesitated. Then she said gravely, "It was certainly very astonishing; I never saw anything like it. But my husband and I liked Mr. Meynell. We thought he was absolutely sincere."

"He may be. But so long as he remains clergyman of this parish it is impossible for him to be honest!"

Mrs. Flaxman slowly poured out another cup of tea for Mr. Manvers, who was standing before her in a drooping attitude, like some long, crumpled fly, apparently deaf and blind to what was going on, his hair falling forward over his eyes. At last she said evasively:

"There are a good many people in the parish who seem to agree with him. Except yourself — and a lady in black who was pointed out to me — everybody in the church appeared to us to be enjoying what the Rector was doing — to be entering into it heart and soul."

Mr. Barron flushed.

"We do not deny that he has got a hold upon the people. That makes it all the worse. When I came here three years ago, he had not yet done any of these things — publicly; these perfectly monstrous things. Up to last Sunday, indeed, he kept within certain bounds as to the services. Though frequent complaints of his teaching had been made to the Bishop, and proceedings, indeed, had been begun, it might have been difficult to touch him. But last Sunday!" He stopped with a little sad gesture of the hand, as if the recollection were too painful to pursue. "I saw, however, within six months of my coming here,— he and I were great friends at first,— what his teaching was and whither it was tending. He has taught the people systematic infidelity for years. Now we have the results!"

"He also seems to have looked after their bodies," said Mrs. Flaxman, in a skirmishing tone that simply meant she was not to be brought to close quarters. "I am told it was he who brought the water-supply here; and that he has forced the owners to rebuild some of the worst cottages."

Mr. Barron looked attentively at his hostess. It was as if he were for the first time really occupied with her — endeavouring to place her, and himself with regard to her. His face stiffened.

"That's all very well — excellent, of course. Only, let me remind you, he was not asked to take vows about the water-supply! But he did promise and vow at his ordination to hold the faith — to 'banish and drive away strange doctrines'!"

"What are 'strange doctrines' nowadays?" said a mild, falsetto voice in the distance.

Barron turned to the speaker — the long-haired, dishevelled person whose name he had not caught distinctly as Mrs. Flaxman introduced him. His manner unconsciously assumed a note of patronage.

"No need to define them, I think — for a Christian. The Church has her Creeds."

"Of course. But, while this gentleman shelves them,— no doubt a revolutionary proceeding,— are there not excesses on the other side? May there not be too much — as well as too little?"

And, with an astonishing command of ecclesiastical detail, Manvers gave an account — gently ironic here and there — of some neo-Catholic functions of which he had lately been a witness.

Barron fidgetted.

"Deplorable, I admit — quite deplorable! I would put that kind of thing down just as firmly as the other."

Manvers smiled.

"But who are *you?*— if I may ask it philosophically and without offence? The man here does not agree with you — the people I have been describing would scout you. Where's your authority? What *is* the authority in the English Church?"

"Well, of course we have our answer to that question," said Barron, after a moment.

Manvers gave a pleasant little laugh. "Have you?"

Barron hesitated again, then evidently found the controversial temptation too strong. He plunged headlong into a great gulf of cloudy argument, with the big word "authority" for theme. But he could find no foothold in the maze. Manvers drove him delicately from point to point, involving him in his own contradictions, rolling him in his own ambiguities, till — suddenly — vague recollections began to stir in the victim's mind. *Manvers?* — was that the

name? It began to recall to him certain articles in the reviews, the Church papers. Was there not a well-known writer — a Dublin man — a man who had once been a clergyman and had resigned his orders ——

He drew himself together with dignity, and retreated in as good order as he could. Turning to Mrs. Flaxman, who was endeavouring to make a few commonplaces audible to Miss Barron while throwing occasional sly glances towards the field of battle, he somewhat curtly asked for his carriage.

Mrs. Flaxman's hand was on the bell when the drawing-room door opened to admit a gentleman.

"Mr. Meynell!" said the butler.

And, at the same moment, a young girl slipped in through the open French window, and, with a smiling nod to Mrs. Flaxman and Mr. Manvers, went up to the tea-table and began to replenish the teapot and re-light the kettle.

Mr. Barron made an involuntary movement of annoyance as the Rector entered. But a few minutes of waiting before the appearance of his carriage was inevitable. He stood motionless, therefore, in his place, a handsome, impressive figure, while Meynell paid his respects to Mrs. Flaxman, whose quick colour betrayed a moment's nervousness.

"How are you, Barron?" said the Rector, from a distance, with a friendly bow. Then, as he turned to Manvers, his face lit up.

"I *am* glad to make your acquaintance!" he said cordially.

Manvers took the outstretched hand with a few mumbled words, but an evident look of pleasure.

"I have just read your Bishop Butler article in the Quarterly," said Meynell eagerly. "Splendid! Have you seen it?" He turned to his hostess with one of the rapid movements that expressed the constant energy of the man.

Mrs. Flaxman shook her head.

"I am an ignoramus — except about music. I make Mr. Manvers talk to me."

"Oh, but you must read it! — I hope you won't mind my quoting a long bit from it?" (the speaker turned to Manvers again). "There is a clerical conference at Markborough next week, at which I am reading a paper. I want to make 'em all read you! What, tea? I should think so!" Then, to his hostess: "Will you mind if I drink half a dozen cups? I have just been down a pit — and the dust was pretty bad."

"Not an accident, I hope?" said Mrs. Flaxman, as she handed him his cup.

"No; but a man had a stroke in the pit — while he was at work. They thought he was going to die. He was a great friend of mine, and they sent for me. We got him up with difficulty. He has a bed-ridden wife — daughters all away, married. Nobody to nurse him, as usual. I say!" — he bent forward, looking into his hostess' face with his small, vivacious eyes,— "how long are you going to be here — at Maudeley?"

"We have taken the house for a year," said Rose, surprised.

"Will you give me a parish nurse for that time? It won't cost much, and it will do a lot of good," said the Rector earnestly. "The people here are awfully good to each other — but they don't know anything, poor souls, and I can't get the sick folk properly looked after. Will you?"

Mrs. Flaxman's manner showed embarrassment. Within a few feet of her sat the squire of the parish, silent and impassive. Common report made Henry Barron a wealthy man. He could, no doubt, have provided half a dozen nurses for Upcote Minor if he had so chosen. Yet here was she, the newcomer of a few weeks, appealed to instead! It seemed to her that the Rector was not exactly showing tact.

"Won't Mr. Barron help?" She threw a smiling appeal towards him.

Barron, conscious of an irritation and discomfort he had some difficulty in controlling, endeavoured nevertheless to strike the same easy note as the rest. He gave his reasons for thinking that a parish nurse was not really required in Upcote — the women in the village being, in his opinion, quite capable of nursing their husbands and sons.

But all the time that he was speaking he was chafing for his carriage. His conversation with Mrs. Flaxman was still hot in his ears. It was all very well for Meynell to show this levity, this callous indifference to the situation. But he, Barron, could not forget it. That very week the first steps had been taken which were to drive this heretical and audacious priest from the office and benefice he had no right to hold and had so criminally misused. If he submitted and went quietly, well and good. But of course he would do nothing of the kind. There was a lamentable amount of disloyalty and infidelity in the diocese, and he would be supported. An ugly struggle was inevitable — a struggle for the honour of Christ and his Church. It would go down to the roots of things, and was not to be settled or smoothed over by a false and superficial courtesy. The days of friendship, of ordinary social intercourse, were over. Barron did not intend to receive the Rector again within his own doors, intimate as they had been at one time; and it was awkward and undesirable that they should be meeting in other people's drawing-rooms.

All these feelings were running through his mind while aloud he was laboriously giving Mrs. Flaxman his reasons for thinking a parish nurse unnecessary in Upcote Minor. When he came to the end of them, Meynell looked at him with amused exasperation.

"Well, all I know is that, in the last case of typhoid we had here,— a poor lad on Reynolds' farm, — his mother got him up every day while she made his bed, and fed him — whatever we could say — on suet dumpling and cheese. He died, of course — what could he do? And as for the pneumonia patients, I believe they mostly eat their poultices — I can't make out what else they do with them — unless I stay and see them put on. Ah, well, never mind. I shall have to get Mrs. Flaxman alone and see what can be done. Now, tell me,"— he turned again with alacrity to Manvers,— "what's that new German book you quote about Butler? Some uncommonly fine things in it! That bit about the Sermons — admirable!"

He bent forward, his hand on his knees, staring at Manvers. Yet the eyes, for all their intensity, looked out from a face furrowed and pale — overshadowed by physical and mental strain. The girl sitting at the tea-table could scarcely take her eyes from it. It appealed at once to her heart and to her intelligence. And yet, there were other feelings in her which resisted the appeal. Once or twice she looked wistfully at Barron. She would gladly have found in him a more winning champion of a majestic cause.

"What can my coachman be about?" said Barron impatiently. "Might I trouble you, Mrs. Flaxman, to ring again? I really ought to go home." Mrs. Flaxman rang obediently. The butler appeared. Mr. Barron's servants, it seemed, were having tea.

"Send them round, please, at once," said their master, frowning. "At once!"

But the minutes passed on, and, while trying to keep up a desultory conversation with his hostess, and with the young lady at the tea-table, to whom he was not introduced, Mr. Barron was all the while angrily conscious of the conversation going on between the Rector and Manvers. There seemed to be something personally offensive and humiliating to himself in the knowledge displayed by these two men — men who had deserted or were now betraying the Church — of the literature of Anglican apologetics and of the thought of the great Anglican Bishop. Why this parade of useless learning and hypocritical enthusiasm? What was Bishop Butler to them? He could hardly sit patiently through it, and it was with most evident relief that he rose to his feet when his carriage was announced.

"How pretty Mrs. Flaxman is!" said his daughter, as they drove away. "Yet I'm sure she's forty, papa."

Her face still reflected the innocent pleasure that Rose Flaxman's kindness had given her. It was not often that the world troubled itself much about her. Her father, however, took no notice. He sat absent and pondering, and soon he stretched out a peremptory hand and lowered the window which his daughter had raised against an east wind, to protect a delicate ear and throat which had been the torment of her life. It was done with no conscious unkindness; far from it. He was merely absorbed in the planning of his campaign. The next all-important point was the selection of the Commission of Enquiry. No effort must be spared by the Church party to obtain the right men.

Meanwhile, in the drawing-room that he had left there was silence for a moment after his departure. Then Meynell said abruptly:

"I am afraid I frightened him away. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Flaxman."

Rose laughed, and glanced at the girl sitting hidden behind the tea-table.

"Oh, I had had quite enough of Mr. Barron. Mr. Meynell, have I ever introduced you to my niece?"

"Oh, but we know each other!" said Meynell eagerly. "We met first at Miss Puttenham's, a week ago; and, since then, Miss Elsmere has been visiting a woman I know."

"Indeed?"

"A woman who lost her husband some days since — a terrible case. We are all so grateful to Miss Elsmere."

He looked towards her with a smile and a sigh; then, as he saw the shy discomfort in the girl's face, he changed the subject at once.

The conversation became general. Some feeling that she could not explain to herself led Mrs. Flaxman into a closer observation of her niece Mary than usual. There was much affection between the aunt and the niece, but, on Mrs. Flaxman's side at least, not much understanding. She thought of Mary as an interesting creature with some striking gifts — amongst them her mother's gift for goodness. But it seemed to the aunt that she was far too grave and reserved for her age; that she had been too strenuously brought up, and in a too narrow world. Rose Flaxman had often impatiently tried to enliven the girl's existence, to give her nice clothes, to take her to balls and to the

opera. But Mary's adoration for her mother stood in the way.

"And, really, if she would only take a hand for herself," thought Mrs. Flaxman, "she might be quite pretty! She is pretty!"

And she looked again at the girl beside her, wondering a little, as if a veil were lifted from something familiar. Mary was talking — softly and with a delicate and rather old-fashioned choice of words, but certainly with no lack of animation. And it was quite evident to an inquisitive aunt with a notorious gift for match-making that the tired heretic with the patches of coal-dust on his coat found her very attractive.

Meynell drank his half dozen cups. But as the clock struck six he sprang up.

"I must go. Miss Elsmere has promised to take me on to see your sister at the cottage; and after to-day — I may not have another opportunity." He looked hesitatingly at his hostess, then burst out: "You were at church last Sunday, I know — I saw you. I want to tell you — that you have a church quite as near to you as the parish church, where everything is quite orthodox — the church at Haddon End. I wish I could have warned you; I — I did ask Miss Elsmere to warn her mother."

Rose looked at the carpet.

"You needn't pity us," she said demurely, "Hugh wants to talk to you dreadfully. But — I am afraid I am a Gallio."

"Of course,— you don't need to be told,— it was all a deliberate defiance of the law — in order to raise vital questions. We have never done anything half so bad before. We determined on it at a public meeting last week, and we gave Barron and his friends full warning."

"In short, it is revolution," said Manvers, rubbing his hands gently, "and you don't pretend that it isn't."

"It is revolution!" said Meynell, nodding. "Or a forlorn hope! The laymen in the Church want a real franchise — a citizenship they can exercise — and a law of their own making!"

There was silence a moment. Mary Elsmere took up her hat, and kissed her aunt; Meynell made his farewells, and followed the girl's lead into the garden.

Mrs. Flaxman and Manvers watched them open the gate of the park and disappear behind a rising ground. Then the two spectators turned to each other by a common impulse, smiling at the same thought. Mrs. Flaxman's smile, however, was almost immediately drowned in a real concern. She clasped her hands excitedly.

"Oh, my poor Catherine! What would she — what *would* she say?"

IV

Meynell and his companion had taken a footpath winding gently downhill and in a north-west direction across one of the most beautiful parks in England. It lay on the fringe of the Chase, and contained within its slopes and glades, now tracts of primitive woodland whence the charcoal-burners seemed to have but just departed, now purple wastes of heather, wild as the Chase itself, or, again, dense thickets of bracken and fir, hiding primeval and impenetrable glooms. Maudeley House, behind them, a seemly Georgian pile with a columnar front, had the good fortune to belong to a man not rich enough to live in or rebuild it, but sufficiently attached to it to spend upon its decent maintenance the money he got by letting it. So the delicately faded beauty of the house had survived unspoilt, while there had never been any money to spend upon the park, where the woods and fences looked after themselves year by year, and colliers from the neighbouring villages poached freely.

The two people walking through the ferny paths leading to the cottage of Forkèd Pond were not, however, paying much attention to the landscape around them. Meynell showed himself at first preoccupied and silent. A load of anxiety depressed his vitality; and from time to time he threw a hesitating glance at Elsmere's daughter, as though she were in some way specially concerned in the thoughts that weighed upon him. Yet the girl's voice and manner, and the fragments of talk that passed between them, seemed gradually to create a soothing and liberating atmosphere in which it was possible to speak with frankness, yet without effort or excitement.

The Rector, indeed, had as yet very little precise knowledge of what his companion's feeling might be towards his own critical plight. He would have liked to get at it; for there was something in this winning, reserved girl that made him desire her good opinion. And yet he shrank from any discussion with her.

He knew, of course, that the outlines of what had happened must be known to her. During the ten days since their first meeting, both the local and London newspapers had given much space to the affairs of Upcote Minor. An important public meeting, in which certain decisions had been taken with only three dissentients, had led up to the startling proceedings in the village church which Mrs. Flaxman had described to Louis Manvers. The Bishop had written another letter, this time of a more hurried and peremptory kind. An account of the service had appeared in the *Times*, and col-

umns had been devoted to it in various West Cumbrian newspapers. After years of silence, during which his heart had burned within him, after a shorter period of growing propaganda and expanding utterance, Meynell realised fully that he had now let loose the flood-gates. All round him was rising that wide response from human minds and hearts — whether in sympathy or in hostility — which tests and sifts the man who aspires to be a leader of men — in religion or economics. Every trade-union leader lifted on the wave of a great strike, representing the urgent physical need of his fellows, knows what the concentration of human passion can be — in matters concerned with the daily bread and the homes of men. Religion can gather and bring to bear forces as strong. Meynell knew it well; and he was like a man stepping down into a rushing stream from which there is no escape. It must be crossed — that is all the wayfarer knows; but as he feels the water on his body he realises that the moment is perhaps for life or death.

Such crises in life bring with them, in the case of the nobler personalities, a great sensitiveness; and Meynell seemed to be living in a world where not only his own inner feelings and motives, but those of others, were magnified and writ large. As he walked beside Mary Elsmere his mind played round what he knew of her history and position; and it troubled him to think that, both for her and her mother, contact with him at this particular moment might be the reviving of old sorrows.

As they paused on the top of a rising ground looking westward, he looked at her with sudden and kindly decision.

"Miss Elsmere, are you sure your mother would like to see me? It was very good of you to request that I should accompany you to-night — but — are you sure?"

Mary coloured deeply and hesitated a moment.

"Don't you think I'd better turn back?" he asked her gently. "Your path is clear before you." He pointed to it winding through the fern. "And you know, I hope, that anything I could do for you and your mother during your stay here I should be only too enchanted to do. The one thing I shrink from doing is to interfere in any way with her rest here. And I am afraid just now I might be a disturbing element."

"No, no! please come!" said Mary earnestly. Then, as she turned her head away, she added: "Of course — there is nothing new — to her ——"

"Except that my fight is waged from inside the Church — and your father's from outside. But that might make all the difference to her."

"I don't think so. It is"—she faltered—"the change itself. It is all so terrible to her."

"Any break with the old things? But doesn't it ever present itself to her — force itself upon her — as the upwelling of a new life?" he asked sadly.

"Ah! if it didn't in my father's case ——" The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"She was never really influenced by him?"

"Not in opinion. But she is conscious of him every moment."

"She feels him beside her?"

"Yes." Then she turned suddenly upon her companion with a passionate gesture that astonished him. "Mr. Meynell, till you have taken away the *terror* of religion you have done nothing!"

"The terror?" he repeated gravely.

She controlled herself with some difficulty.

"It is so strange that the noblest and the best should be overshadowed — tormented! But I ought not to say these things. I will not." She drew herself up, colouring deeply. "My dear mother is very tired, Mr. Meynell. She has worked herself to death — this year — amongst the poor. The doctors say she is not quite herself. But ——"

Then again she restrained herself, and they moved on in silence. Meynell, with his pastoral instinct and training, longed to probe and soothe the trouble he divined in her. A great natural dignity in the girl — delicacy of feeling in the man — prevented it.

But none the less her betrayal of emotion had altered their relation — or, rather, had carried it further. For he had already seen her in contact with tragic and touching things. A day or two after that early morning when he had told the outlines of the Batesons' story to the two ladies who had entertained him at breakfast, he had found her in Bateson's cottage with his wife. Bateson was dead, and his wife in that dumb, automaton state of grief when the human spirit grows poisonous to itself. The young girl who came and went with so few words and such friendly, timid ways, had stirred as it were the dark air of the house with a breath of tenderness. She would sit beside the widow, sewing at a black dress, or helping her to choose the text to be printed on the funeral card; or she would come, with her hands full of wild flowers, and coax Mrs. Bateson to go in the dusk to the churchyard with them. She had shown, indeed, wonderful inventiveness in filling the first week of loss and anguish with such small incident as might satisfy feeling, and yet take a woman out of herself.

The level sun shone full upon her as she walked beside him, and her face, her simple

dress, her attitude stole gradually like a spell on the mind of her companion. It was a remarkable face — the lower lip a little prominent, and the chin firmly rounded. But the smile, though rare, was youth and sweetness itself, and the dark eyes beneath the full mass of richly coloured hair were finely conscious and attentive — disinterested also; so that they won the spectator instead of embarrassing him. She was very lightly and slenderly made, yet so as to convey an impression of strength and physical health. Meynell said to himself that there was something cloistered in her look, like one brought up in a grave atmosphere — an atmosphere of "recollection." At the same time, nothing could be merrier — more childish, even — than her laugh. And now her sudden remark about her mother — with its suggestion of a possible sympathy with his own religious struggle, a sympathy on which he had not dared to count — had loosened his tongue.

He found himself, to his surprise, all in a moment talking to her of the history of the movement in which he was now a leader — of the history, too, of his own life.

And to both of them there was something at once congruous and pathetic in their conversation. She was thinking of her father — dying for the same vast conceptions of change and freedom as thrilled her young feeling in the talk of this man, his junior, who had never known him. And he all the while was trying almost eagerly to make her understand how it was that the lie of the field had altered since her father's day, and how the fight itself must change with it; apologising to her, as it were, for a course of action that seemed to question the need or the wisdom of what her father had done — with such cost and sacrifice.

And his *apologia*, which to most girls of Mary Elsmere's age would have been hardly intelligible, awoke in her the subtlest and deepest feelings. For it appealed to all that was tender in her own memory — to her recollection of a dying face to which her own had been lifted as a tiny child; of the hall of the New Brotherhood, where she sat sometimes beside her veiled mother; of that sombre aspect, also, which an exacting and austere faith had taken beside her, in these more recent days of her youth; of small, heart-piercing things, that brought the sob to her throat. Of silent revolts of her own, too, — silent, yet passionate; the longing for an "ampler ether," for the great, tumultuous clash of thought and doubt, of faith and denial, in the living and daring world; and, again, of those times of remorse in which the movements of revolt had died away, when her only wish had been to smooth the path of her mother and to soften a misery she only dimly understood.

So that, silent as she mostly was, Meynell could in truth have found no more patient listener to those adventures and perils of thought that were all his story. He had never yet told them as a connected whole to human ear. But the sweet, half-critical gravity of the face beside him led him on. It seemed to represent another conscience judging his own, and, as he dimly felt also, a great hidden compassion. It was as though she knew better than he the bitterness and struggle to come.

He spoke of the mood of unquestioning faith in which he had taken orders — himself the son of an Evangelical soldier of the old school, and imbued from his childhood with the Puritan and Evangelical ideals. He drew for his listening companion the gradual growth of mind after his ordination, and the uprising, one by one, of the typical modern problems — historical, critical, scientific. He described the ardour with which he had learnt German, and the effect on him of German historical culture, that "unexhausted hearth" from which in the last hundred years the mind of Europe has been rekindled; of certain forms, also, of modern philosophy. He tried to make her understand the slow struggle with old loves, the slow death of old ideas. Then kindling, as he talked, into a freer eloquence, he dwelt on the efforts he had made to take counsel within the Church; with the Bishop whom he loved and reverenced; with his old teachers at Oxford; with the new lights at Cambridge. And the card-houses, the frail resting-places thus built along the route, had lasted long; till at last a couple of small French books by a French priest, and the sudden uprush of new life in the Roman Church, had brought to the remote English clergyman at once the crystallisation of doubt and the passion of a freed faith. "Modernism"— the attempt of the modern spirit, acting religiously, to refashion Christianity, not outside but inside the warm limits of the ancient churches — was born; and Richard Meynell became one of the first converts in England.

"There has been much suffering!" he said at last, with a long breath. "But I should be insincere if I were not to recognise that at every step in the long process there has been hardly less joy than pain. It has been the lifting of innumberable weights, the freeing of every mental power."

The girl beside him shook her head, and again he saw the tears in her eyes.

"Ah, but remember," he said eagerly, "your father died his noble death twenty years ago. Then the Broad Church movement was at an end. All that seemed so hopeful, so full of new

life in the seventies, had apparently died down. Stanley, John Richard Green, Hugh Pearson were dead, Jowett was an old man of seventy; liberalism within the Church hardly seemed to breathe; the judgment in the Voysey case, — as much a defiance of modern knowledge as any Papal Encyclical! — though people had nearly forgotten it, had yet in truth brought the whole movement to a stand. All *within* the gates seemed lost. Your father went out into the wilderness, and there, amid everything that was poor and mean and new, he laid down his life. But we! — we are no longer alone, or helpless. The tide has come up to the stranded ship — the launching of it depends now only on the faithfulness of those within it."

Mary was moved and silenced. The man's power, his transparent purity of heart, affected her as they had already affected thousands; but there were deep instincts in her that reacted, that protested. Girl as she was, she felt herself for the moment older than he — less of an optimist, more conscious of the dead weight of the world, fighting the tug of those who would fain move it from its ancient bases.

He seemed to guess at her thought, for he passed on to describe the events by which, amid his own dumb or hidden struggle, he had become aware of the same forces working all round him — among the more intelligent and quick-witted miners, hungry for history and science, reading voraciously a Socialist and anti-Christian literature, yet all the while cherishing deep at heart certain primitive superstitions, and falling periodically into hot abysses of revivalism, under the influence of Welsh preachers; or among the young men of the small middle class, in whom a better education was beginning to awaken a number of new intellectual and religious wants; among women, too, sensitive, intelligent women ——

"Ah! but," said Mary, quickly interrupting him, "don't imagine there are many women like Miss Puttenham! There are very, very few!"

He turned upon her with surprise.

"I was not thinking of Miss Puttenham, I assure you. She has taken very little part in this particular movement. I never know whether she is really with us. She stands outside the old things, but I can never make myself happy by the hope that I have been able to win her to the new!"

Mary looked puzzled — interrogative; but she checked her question, and drew him back instead to his narrative — to the small incidents and signs that had gradually revealed to him among even his brother clergy the working of ideas and thoughts like his own.

In the middle of it he broke off abruptly.

"You have heard of our meeting last week?"

"Of course!"

"There were men there from all parts of the diocese — and some from other counties. It made me think of what a French Catholic Modernist said to me two years ago: 'Pius X. may write encyclicals as he pleases — I could show him whole dioceses in France that are practically Modernist, where the seminaries are Modernist, and two thirds of the clergy. The Bishop knows it quite well, and is helpless. Over the border perhaps you get an Ultramontane diocese and an Ultramontane bishop. But the process goes on. Life and time are for *us!*'" He paused and laughed. "Ah, of course I don't pretend things are so here. Our reforms in England — in Church and State — broaden slowly down. In France, reform tends to be catastrophic. But we have won over perhaps a third of the diocese. And the rapidity of the movement in the last few months has been astonishing!"

"And what are you hoping for? Not only — oh! not only — to *destroy!*" said Mary, with the same soft intensity that she had thrown into her question about the "terror" of religion.

He smiled, and there was a silence for a minute, as they wandered downward through a purple stretch of heather to a little stream, sun-smitten, that lay across their path. Once or twice she looked at him timidly, afraid lest she might have wounded him.

But at last he said:

"Shall I answer you in the words of a beloved poet?

> "What though there still need effort, strife?
> Though much be still unwon?
> Yet warm it mounts, the hour of life!
> Death's frozen hour is done!
>
> "The world's great order dawns in sheen
> After long darkness rude,
> Divinelier imaged, clearer seen,
> With happier zeal pursued.
>
> "What still of strength is left, employ,
> *This* end to help attain:
> *One common wave of thought and joy*
> *Lifting mankind again!*

"There," — his voice was low and rapid, — "there is the goal! Men have lost joy — because they have lost faith — even when they thought they were defending and fighting for it. We want to say to them, 'Cease from groping among ruins — from making life and faith depend upon whether Christ was born at Bethlehem or at Nazareth, whether he rose or did not rise, whether Luke or some one else wrote the Third Gospel, whether the Fourth Gospel is history or poetry. The life-giving force is *here*,

not there! It is burning in your life and mine — as it burnt in the life of Christ. Give all you have to the flame of it — let it consume the dross and purify the gold. Take the cup of cold water to the thirsty, heal the sick, tend the dying, and feel it thrill within you — the ineffable, the immortal life! Let the false miracle go — the true has grown out of it, up from it, as the flower from the sheath.' Ah! but then" — he drew himself up unconsciously; his tone hardened —"we turn to the sons of tradition, and we say, 'We too must have our rights in what the past has built up, the past has bequeathed, as well as you! Not for you alone the institutions, the buildings, the arts, the traditions, that the Christ-life has so far fashioned for itself. They who made them are our fathers no less than yours. Give us our share in them — we claim it! Give us our share in the cathedrals and churches of our country — our share in the beauty and majesty of our ancestral Christianity. The men who led the rebellion against Rome in the sixteenth century claimed the *plant* of English Catholicism. "We are our fathers' sons, and these things are *ours!*" they said, as they looked at Salisbury and Winchester. We say the same — with a difference. Give us the rights and the citizenship that belong to us! But do not imagine that we want to attack yours. In God's name, follow your own forms of faith; but allow us ours also — within the common shelter of the common Church. We are children of the same God — followers of the same Master. Who made you judges and dividers among us? You shall not drive us into the desert any more. A new movement of revolt has come — an hour of upheaval — and the men with it!'"

Both stood motionless, gazing over the wide stretch of country, wood beyond wood, distance beyond distance, that lay between them and the Welsh border. Suddenly, as a shaft of light from the descending sun fled ghostlike across the plain, touching trees and fields and farms in its path, two noble towers emerged among the shadows — characters, as it were, that gave a meaning to the scroll of nature. They were the towers of Markborough Cathedral. Meynell pointed to them as he turned to his companion, his face still quivering under the strain of feeling.

"Take the omen! It is for *them*, in a sense — a spiritual sense — we are fighting. They belong not to any body of men that may chance to-day to call itself the English Church. They belong to *England* — in her aspect of faith — and to the English people!"

There was a silence. His look came back to her face, and the prophetic glow died from his own. "I should be very, very sorry," he said anxiously, "if anything I have said had given you pain."

Mary shook her head.

"No — not to me. I — I have my own thoughts. But one must think — of others." Her voice trembled.

The words seemed to suggest everything that in her own personal history had stamped her with this sweet, shrinking look. Meynell was deeply touched. But he did not answer her, or pursue the conversation any further. He gathered a great bunch of harebells for her from the sun-warmed dells in the heather, and was soon making her laugh by his stories of colliery life and speech, apropos of the colliery villages fringing the plain at their feet.

The stream, as they neared it, proved to be the boundary between the heath-land and the pastures of the lower ground. It ran fresh and brimming between its rushy banks, shadowed here and there by a few light ashes and alders, but in general open to the sky, of which it was the mirror. It shone now golden and blue under the deepening light of the afternoon; and, two or three hundred yards away, Mary Elsmere distinguished two figures walking beside it — a young man, apparently, and a girl. Meynell looked at them absently.

"That's one of the most famous trout streams in the Midlands. There should be a capital rise to-night. If that man has the sense to put on a sedge-fly, he'll get a creel-full."

"And what is that house among the trees?" asked his companion presently, pointing to a gray pile of building about a quarter of a mile away, on the other side of the stream. "What a wonderful old place!"

For the house that revealed itself stood with an impressive dignity among its stern and blackish woods. The long, plain front suggested a monastic origin, and there was, indeed, what looked like a ruined chapel at one end. Its whole aspect was dilapidated and forlorn; and yet it seemed to have grown into the landscape, and to be so deeply rooted in it that one could not imagine it away.

Meynell glanced at it.

"That is Sandford Abbey. It belongs, I regret to say, to a ne'er-do-weel cousin of mine who has spent all his time, since he came into it, in neglecting his duties to it. Provided the owner of it is safely away, I should advise you and Mrs. Elsmere to walk over and see it one day. Otherwise it is better viewed at a distance. At least, those are my own sentiments!"

Mary followed the house with her eyes as they walked along the bank of the stream towards the two figures on the opposite bank.

A sudden exclamation from her companion caught her ear — and a light, musical laugh. Startled by something familar in it, Mary looked across the stream. She saw on the farther bank a few yards ahead a young man fishing, and a young girl in white sitting beside him.

"Hester! — Miss Fox-Wilson!"— the tone showed her surprise. "And who is that with her?"

Meynell, without replying, walked rapidly along the stream to a point immediately opposite the pair.

"Good afternoon, Philip. I did not know you were here. Hester, I am going round by Forkèd Pond, and then home. I shall be glad to escort you."

"Oh! thank you — thank you *so* much. But it's very nice here; you can't think what a rise there is. I have caught two myself. Sir Philip has been teaching me."

"She frames magnificently!" said the young man. "How d'ye do, Meynell? A long time since we've met."

"A long time," said Meynell briefly. "Hester, will you meet Miss Elsmere and me at the bridge? We sha'n't take you much out of your way."

He pointed to a tiny wooden bridge across the stream, a hundred yards farther down.

A look of mischievous defiance was flung at Meynell across the stream. "I'm all right, I assure you. Don't bother about me. How do you do, Mary? We don't 'Miss' each other, do we? Isn't it a lovely evening? Such good luck I wouldn't go with mother to dine at the White House! Don't you hate dinner-parties? I told Mr. Barron that spiders were so much more refined than humans — they did at least eat their flies by themselves! He was quite angry — and I am afraid Stephen was, too!"

She laughed again, and so did the man beside her. He was a dark, slim fellow, finely made, dressed in white flannels and a broad Panama hat. From a little distance he produced an impression of Apollo-like strength and good looks. As the spectator came closer, this impression was a good deal modified by certain loose and common lines in the face. But from Mary Elsmere's position only Sir Philip Meryon's good points were visible, and he appeared to her a dazzling creature.

And in point of looks his companion was more than his match. They made, indeed, a brilliant pair, framed amid the light green of the river-bank. Hester Fox-Wilson was sitting on a log, with her straw hat on her lap. In pushing along the overgrown stream, the coils of her hair had been disarranged and its combs loosened. The hair was of a warm brown shade, and it made a cloud about her head and face, from which her eyes and smile shone out triumphantly. Exceptionally tall, with clear-cut, aquiline features, with the movements and the grace of a wood-nymph, the girl carried her beautiful head and her full throat with a provocative and self-conscious arrogance. One might have guessed that fear was unknown to her, perhaps tenderness also. She looked much older than seventeen, until she moved or spoke; then the spectator soon realised that, in spite of her height and her precocious beauty, she was a child, capable still of a child's mischief.

And on mischief she was apparently bent this afternoon. Mary Elsmere, shyly amused, held aloof, while Meynell and Miss Fox-Wilson talked across the stream. Meynell's peremptory voice reached her now and then, and she could not help hearing a sharp final demand that the truant should transfer herself at once to his escort.

The girl threw him an odd look; she sprang to her feet, flushed, laughed, and refused.

"Very well!" said Meynell. "Then perhaps, as you won't join us, you will allow me to join you. Miss Elsmere, I am very sorry, but I am afraid I must put off my visit to your mother. Will you give her my regrets?"

The fury in Hester's look deepened. She lost her smile.

"I won't be watched and coerced! Why shouldn't I amuse myself as I please?"

Meanwhile Sir Philip Meryon had laid aside his rod and was apparently enjoying the encounter between his companion and the Rector.

"Perhaps you have forgotten — this is *my* side of the river, Meynell!" he shouted across it.

"I am quite aware of it," said the Rector, as he shook hands with the embarrassed Mary. She was just moving away with a shy good-bye to the angry young goddess on the farther bank, when the goddess said:

"Don't go, Mary! Here, Sir Philip — take the fly-book!" She flung it towards him. "Good night."

And, turning her back upon him without any further ceremony, she walked quickly along the stream towards the little bridge that Meynell had pointed out.

"Congratulations!" said Meryon, with a mocking wave of the hand to the Rector, who made no reply. He ran to catch up Mary, and the two joined the girl in white at the bridge. The owner of Sandford Abbey stood, meanwhile, with his hand on his hip, watching the receding figures. There was a smile on his handsome mouth, but it was a bitter one; and his mut-

Drawn by C. E. Brock

"SHE SAW ON THE FARTHER BANK A YOUNG MAN FISHING, AND A YOUNG GIRL BESIDE HIM"

tered remark as he turned away belied the unconcern he had affected.

"That comes, you see, of not letting me be engaged to Stephen!" said Hester, in a white heat, as the three walked on together.

Mary looked at her in astonishment.

"I see no connection," was the Rector's quiet reply. "You know very well that your mother does not approve of Sir Philip Meryon, and does not wish you to be in his company."

"Precisely. But, as I am not to be allowed to marry Stephen, I must, of course, amuse myself with some one else. If I can't be engaged to Stephen, I won't be anything at all to him. But then, I don't admit that I'm bound."

"At present all you're asked," said Meynell dryly, "is not to disobey your mother. But don't you think it's rather rude to Miss Elsmere to be discussing private affairs she doesn't understand?"

"Why shouldn't she understand them? Mary! — my guardian, here, and my mother say that I mustn't be engaged to Stephen Barron — that I'm too young, or some nonsense of that kind. And Stephen — oh, well, Stephen's too good for this world! If he really loved me, he'd do something desperate, wouldn't he? — instead of giving in. I don't mind much, myself — I don't really care so much about marrying Stephen; only, if I'm not to marry him, and somebody else wants to please me, why shouldn't I let him?"

The speaker turned her beautiful, wild eyes upon Mary Elsmere; and as she did so Mary was suddenly seized with a strong sense of likeness in the young girl — her gesture, her attitude — to something already familiar. She could not identify the something, but her gaze fastened itself on the face before her.

Meynell meanwhile answered Hester's tirade.

"I'm quite ready to talk this over with you, Hester, on our way home; but don't you see that you are making Miss Elsmere uncomfortable?"

"Oh, no, I'm not," said Hester coolly. "You've been talking to her of all sorts of grave, stupid things, and she wants amusing — waking up. I know the look of her. Don't you?" She slipped her arm inside Mary's. "You know, if you'd only do your hair a little differently — fluff it out more — you'd be so pretty! Let me do it for you. And you shouldn't wear that hat — no, you really shouldn't. It's a brute! I could trim you another in half an hour. Shall I? You know — I really like you. *He* sha'n't make us quarrel!"

She looked with a young malice at Meynell; but her brow had smoothed, and it was evident that her temper was passing away.

"I don't agree with you at all about my hat," said Mary, with spirit. "I trimmed it myself, and I'm extremely proud of it."

Hester laughed out — a laugh that rang through the trees.

"How foolish you are! — isn't she, Rector? No! I suppose that's just what you like. I wonder what you *have* been talking to her about! I shall make her tell me. Where are you going to?"

She paused as Mary and the Rector, at a point where two paths converged, turned away from the path that led back to Upcote Minor. Mary explained again that Mr. Meynell and she were on the way to the Forkèd Pond cottage, where the Rector wished to call upon her mother.

Hester looked at her gravely.

"All right! — but your mother won't want to see me. No! Really, it's no good your saying she will. I saw her in the village yesterday. I'm not her sort. Let me go home by myself."

Mary half laughed, half coaxed her into coming with them. But she went very unwillingly, fell completely silent, and seemed to be in a dream all the way to the cottage. Meynell took no notice of her, though once or twice she stole a furtive look towards him.

The tiny house in which Catherine Elsmere and her daughter had settled themselves for the summer stood on a narrow isthmus of land belonging to the Maudeley estate, between the Sandford trout-stream and a large rushy pond of two or three acres. It was a very lonely and a very beautiful place, though the neighbourhood generally pronounced it damp and rheumatic. The cottage, sheltered under a grove of firs, looked straight out on the water and over a bed of water-lilies. All around was a summer murmur of woods, the call of water-fowl, and the hum of bees; for, at the edges of the water, flowers and grasses pushed thickly out into the sunlight from the shadow of the woods.

By the waterside, with a book on her knee, sat a lady, who rose as they came in sight.

Meynell approached her, hat in hand, his strong, irregular face, which had always in it a touch of naïveté, of the child, expressing both timidity and pleasure. The memory of her husband was enshrined deep in the minds of all religious liberals; and it was known to many that, while the husband and wife had differed widely in opinion and the wife had suffered profoundly from the husband's action, yet the love between them had been, from first to last, a perfect and a sacred thing.

He saw a tall woman, very thin, in a black dress. Her brown hair, very lightly touched with grey and arranged with the utmost sim-

plicity, framed a face in which the passage of years had emphasised and sharpened all the main features, replacing also the delicate smoothness of youth by a subtle network of small lines and shadows which had turned the original whiteness of the skin into a brownish ivory, full of charm. The eyes looked steadily out from their deep hollows; the mouth, austere and finely cut, the characteristic hands, and the unconscious dignity of movement — these personal traits made of Elsmere's wife, even in late middle age, a striking and impressive figure.

Yet Meynell realised at once, as she just touched his offered hand, that the sympathy and the homage he would so gladly have brought her would be unwelcome, and that it was a trial to her to see him.

He sat down beside her, while Mary and Hester — who, on her introduction to Mrs. Elsmere, had dropped a little curtsey learnt at a German school, and full of grace — wandered off a little way along the water. Meynell, struggling with depression, tried to make conversation — on anything and everything that was not Upcote Minor, its parish, or its church. Mrs. Elsmere's gentle courtesy never failed; yet behind it he was conscious of steely withdrawal of her real self from any contact with his. He talked of Oxford, of the great college where he had learnt from the same men who had been Elsmere's teachers; of current books; of the wild flowers and birds of the Chase. He did his best; but never once was there any living response in her quiet replies, even when she smiled.

He said to himself that she had judged him, and that the judgments of such a personality, once formed, were probably irrevocable. Would she discourage any acquaintance with her daughter? It startled him to feel how much the unspoken question hurt.

Meanwhile the eyes of his hostess pursued the two girls, and she presently called to them, greeting their reappearance with an evident change and relaxation of manner. She made Hester sit near her, and presently the child, throwing off her momentary awe, was chattering to her fast and freely, yet, as Mary perceived, with a tact, conscious or unconscious, that kept the chatter within bounds.

Mrs. Elsmere watched the girl's beauty with evident delight, and when Meynell rose to go, and Hester with him, she timidly drew the radiant creature to her and kissed her. Hester opened her big eyes with surprise.

It seemed to Meynell's strained nerves that Mary's farewell to him was cold, like her mother's. Yet the sympathy she had shown him on their walk still thrilled in his memory. Would she report their conversation to her mother?— and with what result? He foresaw that she would be cut off from him just as he might begin to know her.

He walked home with a new anxiety on his mind to add to the many that oppressed him — an anxiety that depended, in truth, on the birth of a new and wholly unexpected emotion.

But, all the same, he retained sufficient command of himself to give Hester, during the walk, one of the scoldings that in his guardian's capacity he found himself obliged to inflict periodically. This time it was rather sharper than usual. Hester took it extremely ill, and ran away from him, as they reached the gate of the Fox-Wilsons' house, without saying good night to him.

He knew that at the Rectory letters must be awaiting him that would take half the night. Nevertheless, after a momentary hesitation at Miss Puttenham's gate, he opened the latch and went straight into the twilight garden, where he imagined that he should find its mistress.

He found her, in a far corner, among close-growing trees, and with her usual occupations, her books and her embroidery, beside her. But she was neither reading nor sewing. She sprang up to greet him, and for an hour of summer twilight they held a rapid, low-voiced conversation.

When he pressed her hand at parting, they looked at each other, still overshadowed by the doubt and perplexity that had marked the opening of their interview. But he tried to reassure her.

"Put from you all idea of immediate difficulty," he said earnestly. "There really is none — none at all. Stephen is perfectly reasonable; and as for the escapade to-day ——"

The woman before him shook her head.

"She means to marry at the earliest possible moment — simply to escape from Edith — and that house. We sha'n't delay it long. And who knows what may happen if we thwart her too much?"

"We *must* delay it a year or two, if we possibly can, for her sake — and for yours," said Meynell firmly. "Good night, my dear friend. Try and sleep — put the anxiety away. When the moment comes,— and of course I admit it must come,— you will reap the harvest of the love you have sown. She does love you! — I am certain of that."

He heard a low sound — was it a sobbing breath? — as Alice Puttenham disappeared in the darkness that had overtaken the garden.

TO BE CONTINUED

ANGELS AND PIGS

BY

M. GAUSS

AUTHOR OF "THE POWER OF THE DOG," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

IT was autumn weather, the sunshine tinged with yellow, and over the afternoon a purple bloom like that on ripe grapes. Weeds stood high in the old Missouri roads; the goldenrod bent earthward with its weight of yellow plumes; and the air had a perfume compounded of drying leaves, stubble-fields, vineyards and orchards, and persimmons hanging high in the woods. On Hilton's place there was also the aroma of ripening muskmelons. His melons were late that year, but especially fine. Hilton was too old for heavy farm-work, and his garden was his joy and pride. When the melons reached perfection, the finest of them would go to the *Tribune* office, just to strengthen a conviction, current in the county, that old Mr. Hilton was directly in league with the angels who cause the earth to yield fruit.

In the middle distance stood the house he had built for his married son, Edwin; and a trifle farther away was a tiny cabin occupied by his daughter Sophy and her husband. Sophy was just then feeding the pigs in the rear of her little house, her blue dress flashing in and out of the barnyard. Hilton watched her awhile, then his eyes returned to rest complacently on his garden. In the heart of his melon-patch, screened from view by the yellowing vines and by a drift of red maple leaves, were three fine-looking young shoats — but Hilton didn't know that.

"Howdy, Mr. Hilton?" his new son-in-law, Sophy's husband, called to him from the road. His voice was rather gruff — for it was only within the last few days that Arthur Haly had been on speaking terms with his wife's parents, and he did not yet feel sure of their friendship.

"Stop a minute, Art," called Hilton. "Won't you try my white heath peaches?"

Art's eyes glistened gratefully, but he flushed in some embarrassment, and his hand shook a little as he took the peach from the old man's hand. "Dandy, Mr. Hilton!" he said, setting his young white teeth into it.

"Bring a basket over this evening, Art," said Hilton; "I'll send Soph all she can preserve."

"Thanks," said Arthur Haly.

But Hilton knew that he would have to carry Sophy's peaches to her himself, and he rather liked his son-in-law's pride. Art was just twenty — slim, dark-eyed, and rather handsome in his way. His shaking hands and excitable temper were a heritage from old "Whiskey" Haly, his father; but the boy himself didn't drink.

Old Mrs. Hilton had been ready from the first to take Sophy's "man" to her heart. She hurried out to the fence. "No, Art," she said; "you tell Sophy to come over to Mama's tomorrow, and do up her peaches here." Her voice broke suspiciously. "It won't be the first time Soph and I have set peeling peaches together," she finished. "And you come here to your dinner, Art."

His eyes shone as before, and he was even more embarrassed. "Thank you just as much," he said, "but I ordinarily carry my lunch to the woods where I'm workin'. I know Soph'll come."

"I wouldn't wonder if Art had the makin' of a fine man in him," remarked Hilton, when the wood-wagon had creaked on its way. "There ain't anything low about him; and if he'd just learn to govern his temper I'd feel well satisfied about Soph."

Peeling a peach switch to examine the condition of the wood, he strolled toward the garden. One of the shoats there saw him, and elevated his snout, with a little snort; but Hilton did not see him.

"I reckon I'll have to go over and take a look at his pigs," he continued. "Soph says he means to fat po'k for the Kansas City market. Well, there's money in po'k, but I don't know as Art knows how to get it out." His dim eyes

"HIS WIFE WAS TRYING TO HEAD OFF THE PIGS WITHOUT TELLING HILTON ANYTHING ABOUT IT"

dwelt with pride on his own farm. It had recently been taken into the city limits, and he might have got a good price for it. "But" — he spoke his thought aloud — "I reckon I'll keep my land while I live. When the Lord calls me up yonder, the children can sell if they care to."

The children! He had forgotten, then, about disinheriting Sophy. His wife smiled radiantly, but she did not remind him.

"Howdy, Father?" This time it was Ed Hilton, striding across the orchard as a short cut to his house. His pockets bulged with peaches, and he had one in each hand. He was a thick-limbed, soft-fleshed man, with pink cheeks like Sophy's, but very small eyes; and he ate his peach with a juicy noise. "Whose team was that?" he inquired. "Art's? Oh!" he laughed meaningly. "Art'd like to make up, hey?"

Hilton smiled rather sheepishly; for he had said so much to Ed about Art that he couldn't very well defend him. He looked across his garden to the slopes, over which were clouds, intensely white in the blue wash of air, as one imagines the wings and breasts of angels. Then his eyes returned to the garden, again failing to perceive the shoats.

"Art's pigs been in any more?" asked Ed.

"No; I spoke to him, and he said he'd keep 'em shut up. Soph says he's made the pen pig-tight."

"When did you see Soph?" demanded Edwin, and his jaw dropped. "Oh, you was over there? I thought you wasn't going over; I thought you said Soph could come home when she wanted to see you!"

"You mustn't misjudge Art, now, Ed," said his mother. "He's got the makin' of a fine man."

"I think it's mighty funny you'd say that, Ma; he's been in jail."

"So he has; but it wa'n't for anything low or mean."

"It was for drawin' a gun on a man that never done nothin' to him — I don't know what you call mean!"

"Say, Ed," broke in Hilton, "I'm going to send you over some of the finest mushmelons ever growed in Missouri."

"And, Ed," said his mother, whose heart knew no difference between her children, "I baked a poke-full of horse cookies for the little boys."

"Fetch 'em out," said Edwin; "but I'm in a danged hurry." He threw away his last pit. "Well, Father, if Art's pigs do bother you again, I'd just call in the marshal. Jail is all that appeals to Art. That's the kind of a tribe he comes of; they ain't got nothing of their own, and all they know is to sponge off other people. He see where he could turn his hawgs into your garden and fat 'em off your melons, and he thought you wouldn't call in the law because he married Soph.

"Why, sure he done it a-purpose. Why not feed 'em on melons? — ain't his melons! You ought to heard him makin' his brags over in town — how much profit he could make fattenin' a hawg. 'Law-see!' I said to him. 'Father don't aim to take no such amount, and I reckon you can't beat him in the farmin' line.' And I just thought, maybe if some of the rest of us had free melons and roastin' ears and stuff to feed hawgs on, we'd make a profit, too."

"I wouldn't do nothing to hurt Art," said Hilton, "but I might teach him a lesson — I *might*, if he turned his hogs in again. Because that ain't no way to do, and the sooner he learns it the better for him and for Soph."

"For Soph, is it? Well, I don't know as Soph'll stay *with* him very long."

Mrs. Hilton came hurrying from the house. "Here's the little horsies; and here's a bucket of cream that I ain't no use for — and you might as well carry some of the dahlias to Minnie."

"I can't tote the flowers, Ma. Hang the bucket on my arm. Well, I guess I must be hurrying. So long."

Hilton went into the sitting-room to take his afternoon nap; but, before he was settled, Ed's head was thrust in at the window.

"Father," he called, "your melon-patch is full of shoats now! I'd like to stop and help you, but I ain't got time."

When the old man reached his garden, his wife was trying to head off the pigs — she wanted to get them out without telling Hilton anything about it. They snorted and squealed, and dashed in a circle around the garden, smashing the dahlias. But, as often as they reached the plank that spanned the ditch, they became alarmed and rushed past her back to the melons. They had all crossed this plank to get into the garden, but seemed to be afraid to cross it to get out.

"Ma, you go back into the house!" roared Hilton. "You don't know no more about drivin' a pig than a pig does about Sunday."

He hurled a pitchfork, which tore off part of a pig's ear, and a terrible squealing ensued.

"Oh, Pa!" wailed Mrs. Hilton. "Them are Art and Sophy's pigs."

"I don't care if they're the angel Gabriel's pigs!"

Slam! went a rock on a flat back, and more squeals followed. A board hit another in the act of taking a bite. And, as if convinced that the old man meant what he said, the

"BROKEN OPEN, HUGE BITES TAKEN OUT OF THEM, LAY ALL HIS FINEST MELONS"

"'IS THIS THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE?' HE ROARED"

three shoats headed for the plank bridge and rushed squealing across it.

Hilton paused to look at his melons. His face, already red from running, grew purple, and he choked audibly. There were a few poor nubbins of melons ripe on the vines, but Art's pigs had disdained these. Broken open, huge bites taken out of them, prints of filthy feet deep in their luscious hearts, lay all his finest melons, the pride of his soul, the fruit of days of labor and a lifetime of experience. He began to pick up smashed melons and throw them into a pile in his tidy garden; and the aroma that had been so sweet to him was like the smell of fresh blood to a bull.

"Did they do much damage, Pa?" quavered the old lady. If anything were wanting to enrage, it was such a remark in such a tone. Without deigning to answer her, Hilton stalked into the house and went to the telephone.

"Is this the marshal's office?" he roared.

His tone was such that the men in the office at the other end of the wire tittered — which did not tend to mollify him.

"Is this the city marshal?" he asked, raising his voice still more. "Well, ain't there a law that calls it a misdemeanor to leave stock run? Arthur Haly, over here, has been turning his hogs into my place this fall, to get fat off melons — and I'm about tired of it. I want

you to 'tend to it right off — right off, do you hear?"

He slammed the receiver into place, went into the sitting-room, and lay down on the lounge, muttering to himself.

Mrs. Hilton left off watching the pigs long enough to steal into the house. When she reached it, the muttering had ceased and Hilton's anger was cooling. He had, instead of a purple face and swollen veins, a crafty and stubborn smile, as he lay with the breeze playing over his face.

"Pa," Mrs. Hilton murmured meekly, "you ain't going to do anything rash, now, are you?"

"No, I ain't going to do anything rash; I'm just going to teach Art a lesson. You leave Art to me, Mother; I won't do no harm — it's all for his good."

"Oh — *Pa!*" The old lady wanted to go into her bedroom and shut the door and pray — but she couldn't, on account of the pigs. So she returned to the garden, just in time to head the three away from the board bridge.

By and by the pleasant breeze and the warm, fruity smells made the old man drowsy. His hands, worn by a lifetime of farm-work, and calloused freshly with that summer's labor in his garden, crept up and clasped themselves on his breast as if in prayer. He was asleep.

Accordingly, an angel took his station beside him, one wing overshadowing him, the other pointing toward the open window. Never was a sweeter landscape. Sophy's white cabin, catching the light, looked as if it were made of some marble finer than any quarried on this earth. The sunlight drifted over the hills, and there were scarlet and yellow leaves fluttering in the air; while overhead, scarcely distinguishable from the white clouds, were the wings of legions of angels.

The angel in Hilton's room remained at his post by the sleeper, turning his eyes to the window. He had no knowledge of the future that is withheld from men; but he was able to see, to the most minute detail, the consequences that must inevitably result from a course of human action. So he was a seer. Not because things to come were revealed to him,— for the future is with God alone,— but by a finer insight. It was as if a man — like a pig — should knock loose a pebble over the edge of a cliff, and the angel, hovering free in the air above, be able to predict the course of its fall. So the angel who stood by Hilton's side while he slept saw a vision. He could not help seeing it, for he knew what the stubborn old man had resolved to do — had in fact, already set going.

He saw the two houses — the old place and Sophy's — over against each other; and the season, in the vision, was a week or two farther advanced. He perceived, as in a dream, all the things that had been happening between the two since the ruin wrought by the pigs. So, when he saw that Art came out of his cabin and the old man came out of his house, and that they were about to meet midway, the dreaming angel felt very nervous as to the issue. He saw that Sophy followed Art a little way, and he heard the boy say to her, "You go back in the house, Soph" — whereupon she sat down on the cistern porch and began to cry. Old Mrs. Hilton likewise tried to be present at the meeting; but, in the angel's vision, the old man turned and said to her, "You go back, Ma; I don't need you. I'll settle this thing with Art."

The vision increased in vividness; the fields and houses were clearer before the angel's eyes. He could see Ed Hilton looking on from the doorway of his nice house; and also, rooting in Art's lot, three plump and prosperous shoats.

Then, in his dream, he began to hear voices that greatly troubled his soul. He heard Art cry out: "You white-headed old hypocrite!"

And he heard the old man rejoin: "That ain't no way for you to speak to me, Art. What I done wasn't in anger; it was to teach you a needed lesson."

At the exceeding unwisdom of this, the angel groaned.

In the vision, Art became white and strange in appearance, and the angel perceived that his common sense had left him, though he retained the use of his tongue. He whipped out a gun — the one that had previously caused his arrest.

"You pretended to be my friend," the angel, in his vision, heard him say. "Yes; and you sneaked over in my place — didn't you? — and turned my pigs loose — didn't you? And then you had me arrested — didn't you? Yes, you old hypocrite; you thought you could git me in trouble, and then poison Sophy against me!"

The angel perceived a change taking place in the old man, similar to the change in Art.

"You shut up your mouth!" he commanded.

"You shut up that hole in your face!" replied Art.

As Hilton was used to being treated with respect, the angel was not surprised, in his vision, to see him lift the peach switch he was holding, and strike his son-in-law across the face.

Then Art's gun, in the vision, asserted itself. It went off, in a rage. The angel perceived that everything was tainted with a vile smoke, and there was confusion. Sophy sprang up, crying out. Edwin Hilton came running from his place.

Out of the confusion came a voice.

"Look out, Art, you've hit me," old Mr. Hilton was saying.

The figures became distinct again. The angel saw Art, as white as a ghost, and Sophy.

"Don't take on that way, Sophy," Hilton was saying. "I ain't hurt, to speak of."

Next, the old man had fallen into Art's arms. Ed Hilton came, and pushed the boy roughly aside. There was blood coming through Hilton's shirt. And, all at once, the angel realized that the old man would die.

It was enough to make an angel weep; and he did weep, so that his vision dissolved. He looked again on the same peaceful landscape the old man had closed his eyes upon an hour before, when he lay down to rest. In the room, Hilton lay on the lounge, taking his usual afternoon nap. In his sleep, he smiled stubbornly.

The angel sighed with relief; but it was not such relief as a man might feel in waking from a bad dream — for to him the vision was true and was yet to be.

"There is yet time!" he cried. "Ah, Lord God, let me alter what must be. Let me!"

But this was an especially foolish prayer on the angel's part — for he knew perfectly that when a pig-headed old man has resolved to do a thing, and has set it going, the Almighty himself is not going to deflect the consequences.

So, turning from the sleeper, the angel stood helpless and with drooping wings. "If I could only speak a warning into his soul!" he thought. But the souls of pig-headed men are closed to angels. So he remained quite helpless — and presently he began to see another vision.

It began with a swift change that took place in the landscape visible to him through the window. Everything, to the angel's eyes, became frosted and wintry. The Hilton place had an untidy look, and some of the crop was left out in the weather, as if nobody cared about it. As for Art's little place, it had gone entirely to rack; and the only visible property of his consisted of three well-grown young hogs, ranging over the two farms, and fattening on the abundant waste. The angel perceived that the old man was dead and in his grave; for an atmosphere heavy with a certain kind of sorrow overhung the house in which he found himself.

There was another kind of sorrow there. He felt that there was a dread in the air, and a waiting for evil tidings. And there was still another sorrow. Some one was sick in the house. All this trouble hung like a mist in the air, so that the angel could see little of his vision clearly; but presently he knew that old Mother Hilton had been called away from Sophy's bedside to the telephone in the hall. He saw that she had become aged and infirm; her face was gray, and she helped herself by the stair-rail. She was about to know.

The angel then perceived what the fear was in the house — and the truth came to him, in his vision, before it was spoken over the wire. He knew what had happened at the courthouse in town a few blocks away, and he knew that the poor old woman knew also — for it was bound to be this way.

But she had to be told. He heard her voice asking; and he heard the lawyer's come faintly across the wire:

"Condemned — just now . . . Yes — to death. But, as I told his mother and sister, ——"

No doubt there were some empty words of hope to follow, but Sophy's mother, in the vision, let the receiver fall. It hung swaying at the end of its cord, and the old woman went and sat down on the lowest step in the hall, looking straight before her. There she sat till Sophy wanted her; and the angel went after her, more dumb and helpless than before with the horror of his vision — up the stairs to Sophy's room.

Sophy, he saw, was conscious; she wanted her mother to come to the bed. The angel felt that she would certainly see the truth in her mother's face. Immediately she began to beg to be told. The nurse thrust herself in the way and lied to her plausibly; but Sophy put out her hands to her mother, begging for the truth, and beginning to cry and sob.

The angel saw that she would have to know. He could look and listen no more, but covered his face with his wing, so that the vision faded. Again he stood in the Hilton sitting-room, and the old man was asleep on the lounge. Looking out into the pleasant afternoon, he saw that the shadows were somewhat oblique and the purple haze had thickened. But he took no pleasure in this peace, for his heart was full of the ruin and misery to come. He stooped to look into Hilton's face — and when he realized that the old man was still stubbornly smiling, still bent on having his way, the angel trembled so that his charge suddenly awoke.

Old Mr. Hilton sat up on the couch and looked out of the window — as oblivious to the presence of an angel in the room as he had been, two hours before, to the pigs in his melon-patch.

"Chiminee, it's late!" he said, consulting his watch. "Mother!"

She did not reply. He walked into the kitchen, and from its window he saw her in the garden, waving her apron to keep Sophy's husband's pigs from trespassing.

"I reckon," said Hilton to himself, "Ma'd like it if I'd call off the marshal."

Mrs. Hilton turned, in the act of "shooing" the pigs with her kindly apron. The sunbon-

net fell away from her white hair; the afternoon sun made her eyes look dim and faded.

"I know I hadn't *ought* to give in," muttered Hilton. Then he turned and went into the hall where the telephone was. The eager angel followed close at his elbow.

Hilton laid his hand on the receiver, but drew it back. "No," he decided; "Art needs a lesson."

The angel folded his wings in despair, and the old man returned to the sitting-room.

From the garden came a voice. "Shoo, piggy, shoo!" it said, very gently. Hilton got up and walked into the hall once more — still followed by the angel.

"Hello — is this the marshal? Have you attended to that complaint of mine yet, marshal?"

Over the wire came an apologetic voice:

"Why, no, Mr. Hilton; I'm terribly busy to-day, and I forgot about it — but I'll 'tend to it right off."

"I thought maybe I'd call it off," said Hilton. "My wife'd ruther I didn't complain — and — well, you needn't do anything in the matter, marshal, till you hear from me again."

It was then past five o'clock, and Hilton went out into his front yard. Along the road came a team with a load of wood. It was a weak team for such heavy work. The boy on the wagon was pale-faced from the afternoon's toil, and his shirt dripped with moisture.

"Oh, Art!" called Hilton. "Come here; I want to speak to you."

Sophy's husband leaped, smiling, from his place on the wood.

"Those hogs of yours broke in again, Arthur," said Hilton. "They e't every good melon I had. I thought you was going to put them up."

"Well, I did, Mr. Hilton."

"Don't look much like it."

"I'll tell you how it was. I worked till past ten o'clock, last night, making a pen — Soph held the lantern. But this morning I turned three young shoats into a lot that I know is pig-tight. And somebody went through my place — it's a fact, Mr. Hilton — and left the gate of the lot unlatched. So of course the shoats nosed it open. I'm awful sorry about the melons!"

Hilton's face had reddened. "Oh, don't you fret about the melons," he said.

"I have my guess who done me that trick," proceeded Art. His pale face underwent a peculiar change and his eyes narrowed. "Of course I can't say for certain, but I know a man that would, all right."

"See here, now, Art; don't you go getting brash, now — because I reckon I'm the man that left your gate open. I was over to your house this morning; and I had my hands full with apples and cookies Mother had sent — and I'll say I ain't got no *memory*, at least, of shutting that gate."

Art looked rather embarrassed. "Oh, well," he said, "it'd be only natural if you'd forget the latch — used to spring locks as you are."

"How are you coming on with your po'k, Art?"

"Get on the wagon and come over and see," suggested his son-in-law.

Side by side, they rode through a miniature valley and across a tiny creek. As the soft, miasmic perfume reached him, Hilton felt a sense of peace that came as mysteriously as if whispered into his heart by an angel. The sun was close to the horizon; there was a pink flush along the earth, but, higher up, still the luminous white, like pigeons' wings and breasts. He laid a hand on Art's shoulder, and the boy's features worked in response.

"Art," said Hilton, "you and me are going to be friends; and I've got something in my heart to say to you."

Arthur listened gravely.

"You know I didn't favor Sophy marrying you — but you mustn't misunderstand my feeling. There's only one objection to you, that I can see; and that's your ungoverned temper. I wish't you'd get control of it."

"The Lord only knows how hard I try!" exclaimed Art.

"Well, boy, I wish you'd get rid of that gun of yours. I can't help the feeling that a man that has once drawn a gun may let it go off some day — and that'd break up Sophy's home and break her heart. Now you see how I feel."

The wagon creaked up the hill. "I tell you what I'll do, then," said Arthur. "When Soph comes over to your house to-morrow, I'll let her take my gun along, and you can keep it for me. When I need it I'll ask for it." He laughed, with the indulgence of youth for elderly and timid persons.

"Send it," said Hilton. "I take you up on it. And, Art, you'll come to dinner?"

Art blushed. "If you think Mrs. Hilton won't object to me coming in my working-clothes." He switched a large horsefly away with his whip. "I must say I appreciate your kindness to me," he began — but choked.

"Say, Mr. Hilton," he resumed in a more natural tone, "I wish't you'd look at that pen of mine, and give me your opinion whether it's really pig-tight or not. You have to look out for pigs. They ain't angels, anyway you fix it." He smiled thoughtfully.

"Well," he added, "I reckon it's just as well they ain't; it would be mighty awkward if they had wings — wouldn't it?"

MASTERS OF CAPITAL IN AMERICA

BY
JOHN MOODY AND
GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

THE INEVITABLE RAILROAD MONOPOLY

IN 1898 J. P. Morgan, his Great Northern allies, and the Pennsylvania Railroad controlled the main east-and-west railway systems across the map of the United States — except in one section, the territory that lies west of the Mississippi and southwest of the Missouri rivers. Morgan had considered reorganizing the chief road in this, but had decided not to do so. This is believed to be the chief tactical mistake of his life.

The great current of traffic runs east and west across the world along the north temperate zone; the chief railroads of North America follow it. There is one notable exception — the road that runs down the main central river basin of the United States, that is, the Illinois Central. Out of this road came a man and a method of railway finance which in ten years' time divided the railroad map of the United States with Mr. Morgan — and gave him the smaller portion.

The Illinois Central was wonderfully successful almost from its start — chiefly because of geographical reasons. Running north and south, it caught the west-bound flood of immigration broadside instead of having it creep out along its line; its government grant of rich Mississippi Valley land was sold early at good prices; the Civil War, soon after its building, gave it a big business; and it escaped the ruinous competition which so long devastated the east- and west-bound trunk lines. For nearly fifty years it has paid cash dividends without a break,— a record almost unparalleled among American railroads,— and it always had a large reserve of money or credit at its command.

Illinois Central, the New York Society Railroad

A group of old New York merchants built this road. They sold five sixths of it in England and Holland; but it remained a favorite solid investment among the old families of New York. The Astors and the Goelets and

the Cuttings were large holders in the '70's and '80's. Illinois Central was quite the "society railroad" in New York.

In 1883 two young New Yorkers took charge of the development of the Illinois Central. The first was Stuyvesant Fish, a member of a rich old New York family, and son of Grant's ex-Secretary of State. Young Fish had been a neighbor, at his summer home in the little town of Garrison, New York, of William Henry Osborne, the old Manila merchant who returned from the Philippines in the '50's with a fortune, and who, from 1857 to 1883, operated the Illinois Central as he would have operated his own warehouse. In 1871–2 Fish had been Osborne's secretary; in 1875 Osborne's son died, and he made Fish a director and his understudy; in 1883 he practically bequeathed the railroad management to Fish — although the latter was not made president until four years later.

Harriman and the Young Society Set

The second man was Edward H. Harriman, an individual of very different history and circumstances. Harriman was the son of a poor and unsuccessful Episcopal clergyman of Jersey City, who spent the latter part of his life as a bookkeeper in the old Bank of Commerce in New York. The family was an old one, and an uncle, Oliver Harriman, was one of New York's leading merchants.

In 1863 young Harriman, a short, sharp-eyed, bow-legged boy of fourteen, began work in Wall Street as office boy for Dewitt C. Hays, broker — a conservative and highly reputable house. While there he met Lewis Livingston, a member of one of the oldest New York families, and became very intimate with him. In 1870, while cashier of the Hays business, at $2,000 a year, young Harriman bought a Stock Exchange seat, costing about $3,000 at that time, and went into business with James Livingston, Lewis' son, who was about the same age as Harriman, then twenty-two years old.

Young Harriman had great ability, and, even then, that peculiar gift, his extraordinary "nose for money," which placed him throughout his life in close relations with the men in control of the greatest bodies of capital in America. He dressed carefully, was lively, and, when he desired to be, of very ingratiating manners. The old Travelers' Club on Fifth Avenue, in the former Cunard mansion, near Nineteenth Street, was at that time counted the most sociable club in New York. Young Harriman became a director, and one of the active attendants of the Saturday evening dinners, which brought together periodically a small company of some of the best known young men in New York.

The Tenth Company of the Seventh Regiment was then the "society" organization of the New York militia, corresponding somewhat to Squadron A of the present time. Harriman was a private in the Seventh for a number of years following 1875. A fellow member in his company was young August Belmont.

The set into which young Harriman fell was athletic and rather "sporting" in its tastes. Harriman was a good shot, an excellent billiard-player, always drove a good trotting horse, and was an unusually quick and clever boxer. He had taken lessons from "Larry" Edwards, and had the distinction of occasionally boxing with Edwards' great brother, "Billy" Edwards, ex-lightweight champion and later peacemaker at the Hoffman House. "Ned" Harriman, by virtue of his mind and temperament, early became a leading spirit among the younger aristocrats of New York, whose families or friends were interested in the secure investment of Illinois Central.

Harriman had known Fish from the time, in the late '60's, when Fish, a friend of the Livingstons', used to come into the Hays' office. They had attended the Saturday night dinners of the Travelers' Club together. In 1880 both Harriman and Fish were directors of the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain Railroad in upper New York — a property which Harriman had planned to acquire. Failing in this, he had become a director. He had also married the daughter of its president, William J. Averell, of Ogdensburg.

A Start on Borrowed Money

Harriman had been markedly successful as a broker. He had started with nothing. The money for his seat was apparently borrowed; the capital for his business certainly was. An old friend of Harriman's still recalls his taking a hundred-dollar bill out of his pocket, just after he had gone into business for himself, and showing it to him, with the remark:

"Well, I can't lose much, anyhow; that's all I've got."

But success came to him immediately. The money he had borrowed was paid back in a comparatively few months; he soon dissolved partnership with young Livingston, and became independent, forming with his brother William the firm of E. H. Harriman & Co.

Harriman's gift for making and keeping an influential acquaintance had not only secured him money for his start, but it brought him immediately a remarkable clientèle. He had

THE LATE E. H. HARRIMAN AND HIS DAUGHTER
From a photograph taken in 1908

not been long in his first office, on the third floor of 30 Broad Street, when "Dick" Schell, one of the most noted speculators of the day, who was fat and hated to climb stairs, offered to give him enough business to pay his rent if he would locate on the ground floor below. Harriman did this, and at once received the trade of Schell, and that of his brothers, two of whom were bank presidents, and the third, Augustus Schell, the New York Central official and personal friend of Commodore Vanderbilt. Through successful business and by several fortunate operations of his own — notably one in the slump in the coal roads just after the panic of 1873 — young Harriman had acquired several hundred thousand dollars before he was thirty-five. He was beginning to turn away from the brokerage business, however, and toward railroads.

Harriman Gets His First Railway

One morning in the early '80's, Harriman walked into his office, and, without any previous warning, announced the purchase of his first railroad.

"Where'd you get the money for it?" asked his partners.

"Never mind; I got it," said Harriman.

The road was the Sodus Bay & Southern, running from Lake Ontario to Stanley, New York. It was thirty-four miles long, and owned two crippled locomotives, two passenger-cars, and seven freight-cars.

"It isn't even a real good streak of rust," said a man who looked over it for him.

Harriman pulled out his map — he was studying railroad maps even then.

"It's got the best harbor on the lake," he said. "The Pennsylvania road has got to buy it."

He started to build a big grain-elevator and to improve the track. A few months later he disappeared from his office for several days, and returned with a check for $200,000. He had sold his road to the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"They had to have it," he said. "They saw it as soon as I showed it to them.

"But I saw it first," he added.

Harriman Decides to Be an Illinois Central Director

Harriman was now a good deal of a man in the New York financial district, and was in the confidence of important interests. He had a restless, inventive mind, and he ingratiated himself with rich men by allowing them to participate in his many schemes. He was aggressive, fearless, and secretive. No order was too great for him to undertake, and no one ever knew what he intended to do. If he wanted to buy five thousand shares of stock, he was apt to begin by selling a couple of thousand shares. "He is the best broker in Wall Street," said C. J. Osborne, one of the big speculators of the day. Old August Belmont said, a little later, that Harriman was good to

draw on his credit up to a million dollars. Already he was close to the big Equitable Life Assurance Society, and when, in the course of its business, the company wished to buy or sell its securities, was employed as its broker. Harriman had become particularly expert in railway investments. His friends said he could tell the contents of most of the railroad reports before they were issued. By this time he had definitely made up his mind to become part of the management of the Illinois Central, and he set out to accomplish this with characteristic directness.

Soon after the Civil War, misfortune threatened the Central and caused it to adopt an entirely new policy. Up to that time it had been strictly an Illinois road, with its southern terminus at Cairo, at the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. Its chief traffic had been in carrying grain to Chicago, for shipment east on lake steamers. Then the extensions of the Eastern roads came through Illinois, at right angles to the Central. Any point along its line was about as near the seacoast as Chicago; consequently the new railroads could give almost as good rates from where they crossed as from Chicago, and the grain was moving directly eastward. William Henry Osborne decided to strike out south for the Gulf of Mexico. Before the panic of 1873, Osborne had advanced the Illinois Central's money to roads building south down the Mississippi Valley below Cairo. These roads failed after the panic, and the Illinois Central took them over. In the late '70's Osborne formed the Chicago, St. Louis & New Orleans out of these roads, rebuilt them, and turned them over to the Illinois Central. In 1881 Stuyvesant Fish was placing their bonds, and Harriman took a great block of them. Then Garfield was shot, there was a general slump in the market, and Harriman had hard work pulling through. He secured the assistance of rich friends, however,

J. PIERPONT MORGAN
From a photograph taken in London in 1907

sold the bonds, and made a large profit. His placing of these bonds added another tie between him and Stuyvesant Fish.

How the "Shorts" Carried Harriman's Stock

Conservative New Yorkers looked askance at the Illinois' new policy of extension. Its stock was selling very low, and many wise men were "selling it short." Harriman had made a thorough study of it. "It's the best road in the country," he told his customers. He himself bought it in such quantities that his partners were frightened.

"It won't cost us a cent to carry," he said; "the 'shorts' will carry it for us."

He was right. He bought steadily; but, just as steadily, the "shorts" appeared to borrow and carry it. The stock went up, and he made a large profit in it.

Harriman retained a good-sized interest in Illinois Central. He was carrying out his plan to become a part of the management of the road. There was at that time a large Dutch stockholding in the railroad, whose votes — according to the Dutch custom — were cast by the firm that had placed the stock in Holland, the Boissevain Brothers. One of the firm came on a visit to America. Harriman met him, and in a short time gained his confidence, and arranged to hold his proxies in the Illinois Central meetings. Soon afterward he accomplished his purpose: in 1882 he was elected a director in the Illinois Central, and became the close associate of Stuyvesant Fish in the operation of the road.

Fish and Harriman Buy Railroads

No two men could have been more widely dissimilar than were these two. Harriman was small, dark, restless, and secretive. Fish was a big, open, easy-mannered young man, whose blond hair and great stature had earned him, in the financial district, the good-humored nickname of the "White Elephant." They worked together steadily, however, especially in promoting the new policy of the Illinois Central, the movement of expansion. Their actions were regarded with apprehension by the conservative men of the financial district of New York.

"I don't like that Harriman," said Sam Sloan, the old railroad man, who was a summer neighbor of Osborne and Fish at Garrison. "He and 'Stuyv' Fish are going to get Osborne in trouble with the Illinois Central, if he don't look out."

They bought part of the old Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific after its failure in 1884; they bought the Dubuque & Sioux City Railroad across Iowa, when its lease to the Central expired in 1887; in the early '90's they bought — much against the will of the old fighting railroad pioneer, Collis P. Huntington — the chain of roads with which he had planned to hitch his Southern Pacific to the Eastern seaboard; they bought the St. Louis, Alton & Terre Haute, to bring them into St. Louis; and they filled in with a great number of scraps of road, until, from the 2,000 miles that they had in 1883, they came, by 1898, to own and control a system of 5,000 miles.

The Cheapest Railroad Money on the Continent

They did not break the Illinois Central — far from it. They expanded according to a definite system, made possible by the peculiar strength of their corporation. This railroad's credit was the best in the country. Railroad bonds in the United States carried seven and eight per cent in the '60's and '70's; they sold at prices that often made them cost the railroads ten per cent a year. The Illinois Central was the exception. It had sold the first six, and five, and four and one half, and four per cent railroad bonds sold in America; and in the early '80's Stuyvesant Fish engineered the extraordinary feat of selling for it a three and one half per cent bond at a fraction above par.

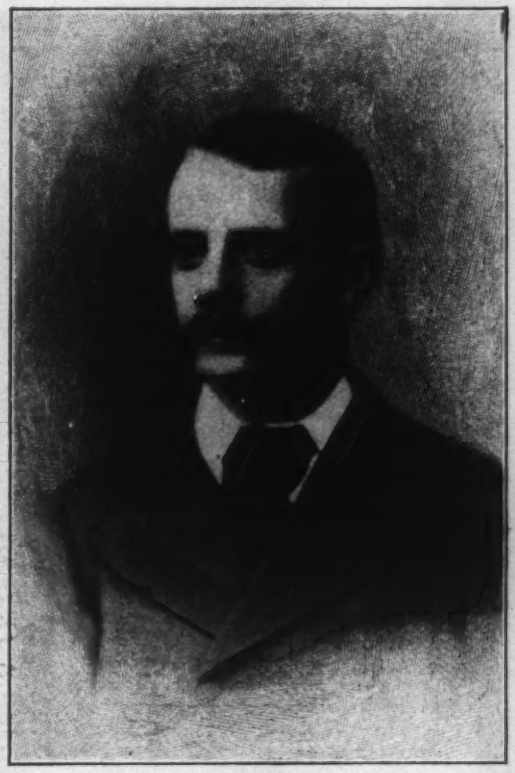
If you buy a small railroad capable of earning six per cent by the proceeds of a sale of three and one half per cent bonds, you make a profit of two and one half per cent a year, and when transactions run into the tens of millions of dollars, profits of this kind mount up. This process of buying railroads by cheap bond issues developed into a formula with Fish and Harriman, and the latter's unfailing "nose for money" made him invaluable as a buyer. In a short time he had charge of this process of extension; and in the middle '90's he was buying railroads with three per cent bonds; that is, he was paying about one third the price for his capital that many a large railroad had been paying only twenty years before.

Harriman's Two Formulas

This formula of development with cheap money became one of the foundation principles of Harriman's career. "I have known him," said one of his closest associates, "to wait nine months, in negotiations for placing bonds, to save a charge of one eighth of one per cent a year. As his operations rose into the hundreds

of millions, this formula of Harriman's became a matter of great consequence.

His second formula was "never to borrow from the substance of a road." He believed that every dollar gained by letting a road run down cost two dollars to replace. He had learned this, in following out his purpose to understand the business of a great railroad thoroughly, by actual operation of his road. In the last of the '80's, while Fish, then president, was traveling in Europe, Harriman took charge of the Illinois Central. He arrived at the conclusion that E. T. Jeffrey, the operating head of the road, was letting the railroad run down. He accepted Jeffrey's resignation, moved to Chicago, and operated the road himself. From that time on, his second principle in dealing with railroad capital was firmly set in his mind. He believed that, to make a railroad a perfect machine, every dollar possible should be raised, because this was the most profitable expenditure of railroad capital.



EDWARD H. HARRIMAN
From a photograph taken about 1880

Harriman First Crosses Morgan's Path

Harriman was as cold and unswerving as the moral law. He turned aside for nobody. He left a straight line of bitter enemies behind him.

Harriman had very soon grown large enough to cross the path of J. P. Morgan. In 1887 the Illinois Central wished to buy the Dubuque & Sioux City Railroad in Iowa, which it had previously leased. Stockholders in the smaller road wished to separate from the larger, and gave their stock into the hands of J. P. Morgan to bring this about. In New York it was regarded as settled that the roads would separate. Harriman took a lawyer, went out to the meeting, and defeated Morgan. It was a ten days' wonder in Wall Street. From that time on Morgan hated Harriman.

In 1894 Harriman had a few hundred thousand dollars of subsidiary Erie bonds, which he had bought for a stock-market "turn." J. P. Morgan announced his plan of reorganization. Harriman objected to the proposed treatment of his securities and started an open fight.

"Whom do you represent?" he was asked.

"Myself," he answered.

Suit was brought, and so much trouble made, that the plans of reorganization were changed.

This was the first appearance of Harriman in the period of railroad reorganization in which he was to play such a revolutionary part. He was not known then outside of Wall Street; in the Illinois Central he was eclipsed by the figure of Fish.

Morgan, the Union Pacific, and the Jewish Bankers

In 1895, after working on the Union Pacific Railroad for more than a year and a half, J. P. Morgan gave up the idea of reorganizing it. The road was a frightful wreck, a tangled mass of subsidiary companies, and the government aggressively insisted on the payment of the huge debt, with the interest that had accumulated since its building, thirty years before. It had never been exactly in Morgan's province; in his earlier days its section had figured in the geography vaguely as "The Great American Desert"; and the English capital that he represented had been placed principally east of the Mississippi.

This region west of the Mississippi and southwest of the Missouri had been, roughly speaking, the domain of the Jewish bankers; its foreign capital was drawn chiefly from Germany. The old and powerful house of Speyer had placed the bonds of the Central and Southern Pacific in Germany when the Germans were giving up their American government bonds for refunding, just after the Civil War. The big house of

Kuhn, Loeb & Co., which came into banking from the clothing business in 1867, had been very active in the district — as bankers for St. Paul, the Northwestern, and the Great Northern. Jacob H. Schiff, the senior member of the firm, began to undertake the reorganization of the Union Pacific when Morgan gave it up.

"I Want It Myself"

Schiff had no sooner begun than he encountered a silent, intangible opposition. There were inexplicable delays in Congress. Foreign bondholders kept refusing to close agreements definitely; certain sections of the press kept arguing that a better plan of reorganization could be offered.

Mr. Schiff sounded Mr. Morgan. No, he was through; he didn't want to reorganize it.

The silent opposition continued. Finally Mr. Schiff received word that it was Harriman. He knew Harriman scarcely at all at that time; but he sent for him, and Harriman came in.

"Is it you that's blocking our reorganizing of the Union Pacific?" said Schiff.

JOHN W. GATES
WHO CAPTURED THE LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD IN 1902

"Yes," said Harriman.

"What are you doing it for?"

"I want it myself," said Harriman.

The two men sat down and argued it out, face to face.

"You can't compete with me," said Harriman. "You've got an old broken-down road to reorganize. It'll cost you five and six per cent to raise money on it. I can hitch it to the Illinois Central and get money for three or four per cent."

Schiff said this might be so, but the reorganization of the Union Pacific belonged to Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

"What's your price?" he said finally.

"The chairmanship of the executive committee," said Harriman.

"I can't give it to you," said Schiff. "I haven't the only say in this matter; and you know how many enemies you've got here in the Street."

"All right," said Harriman; and left.

The silent opposition continued, in Congress, abroad, and in the newspapers. The Union Pacific reorganization would not move. Weeks later Schiff again sent for Harriman.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "We'll

CHARLES STEELE, JAMES J. HILL, AND GEORGE F. BAKER
A SNAP SHOT OF THE MEMBER OF THE J. P. MORGAN FIRM, THE PRESIDENT OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY, AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK

From a photograph taken at the opening of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in 1909

make you a member of the executive committee. If you're the man for chairman, you can get yourself elected afterwards."

"All right," said Harriman.

From that time on, the reorganization of the Union Pacific moved forward. In eight or nine months it was completed. In a few months more Harriman was chairman of the executive committee; a few more months, and he was president. There was no more doubt about his election in the minds of the other directors than in his own.

The National City Bank's Cash

A third man of great consequence in this reorganization was James Stillman, president of the National City, just then beginning to be generally known as the Standard Oil bank. Contrary to the present-day impression, Kuhn, Loeb & Co., when they undertook the reorganization of the Union Pacific, had no affiliations whatever with the so-called Standard Oil interests, nor with the City Bank; Jacob Schiff was not made a director of the City Bank until the reorganization was almost finished; and neither William Rockefeller nor Henry Rogers joined the Union Pacific group until several years later. The City Bank was taken into the operation for a clear, simple business reason. The reorganization of the Union Pacific was in a class by itself; it involved, primarily, not the exchange of securities with old security-holders, but the payment of an immense sum, $45,000,000, to the United States Government. It was a cash transaction, and its promoters needed, not the usual reorganizing syndicate of bond-sellers, but the greatest possible source of cash in America. This was the City Bank; and the City Bank was James Stillman.

Harriman had touched most of the great American sources of credit in his life, but never

before had he touched one like this. The City Bank, the chief center of American capital; Kuhn, Loeb & Co., with their great connections in Germany, France, and England; and Harriman, with the Goulds and the Vanderbilts as subsidiary interests, formed a combination probably never before equaled in America.

JACOB H. SCHIFF
SENIOR PARTNER IN THE GREAT BANKING HOUSE OF KUHN, LOEB & CO.

A Tremendous Financial Achievement

Few realize the size and tremendous consequences of the reorganization of the American railways accomplished by the three or four great private banking houses of New York in the '90's.

"The reorganization of American railways," wrote the well-known student of railroads, Professor Edward Sherwood Meade, of the University of Pennsylvania, in 1901, "is a more noteworthy financial achievement than the payment of the French indemnity or the refunding of the United States debt. It is noteworthy not merely because of the amount of securities involved, but on account of the excellence of the principles that have guided the managers in their action. Its result has made railway bankruptcy a practical impossibility. Railway indebtedness is now well within the limit of railroad earnings. The greatest of all financial interests has been placed on a firm and enduring foundation."

The Centripetal Movement of Railway Control

The consequences of this great achievement were even greater than the achievement itself. Railroad bankruptcy was now impossible in the United States. Because of the operation that has made it so, railroad monopoly was inevitable.

The reorganization of American railroads was the clearest possible example of the general movement of capital which Harriman had been studying in the Illinois Central — a tendency to aggregate by what might be called the centripetal force of modern capital. These reorganizations had fallen into half a dozen hands, because only those hands could mass the millions of resources necessary to handle them.

The bankers no sooner had the temporary control needed for reorganization than the stockholders, too weak or too ignorant to pay their assessments made on them, literally threw into their hands a working control of the stocks of the reorganized railways. Having control of these stocks, the bankers had only one move, which their interests and the interests of their clients demanded. Capital always and everywhere seeks a monopoly. The bankers had control of these railroad systems in their hands; they could make them most valuable by eliminating competition for all time; they could do this in one way only, by tying them to their rich and strong railway competitors, which had outlived them. And so, with the inevitability of a law of physics, the railroads of the United States were successively tied into a monopoly and thrown into control of the financial interests that were powerful enough to handle them. These financially powerful — both individuals and corporations — drew in and absorbed the financially weak by a continuous and cumulative process.

Compared to the operations of reorganization, this process was a transaction demanding small financial resources. A working control of such a huge $200,000,000 property as the Union Pacific could be had just after its reorganization for some $5,000,000 at current prices; the practical control of the still larger Northern Pacific was actually transferred for a little over $4,000,000 in 1897. For great railroads, or for groups of individual millionaires, acquisitions of such properties were simple — especially with the large blocks of stock in the hands of bankers, much of which they had received as a bonus for their work, and which, therefore, had required no cash payment at all.

Sewing Together the Eastern Monopoly

Mr. Morgan was, naturally, the chief figure in this movement: it was the logical fulfilment of his career. In the East, he and the Pennsylvania Railroad interests had control. In the years 1899 and 1900 they were occupied in sewing together a monopoly of the anthracite coal roads and the trunk lines from the Eastern seaboard to Chicago. The law prevented any

railroad's buying a parallel and competing line; it did not prevent — so it was believed — an ownership of stock making less than an actual fifty per cent. Long experience had shown that only about two thirds of the stockholders of great corporations vote at the annual meeting, so the two strong Eastern railroads bought a third, more or less, of the weaker roads, kept technically within the law, and controlled them as absolutely as if they owned them outright.

The Pennsylvania bought more than a third of its old rival, the Baltimore & Ohio; it did the same with the Norfolk & Western and the Chesapeake & Ohio. The Baltimore & Ohio and the Lake Shore, controlled by Morgan's road, the New York Central, together bought more than a third of the Reading; the Reading owned more than half of the New Jersey Central; and Morgan, by a voting trust, held the Erie. By 1901 Morgan and A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania, had largely pieced together the strong railroad monopoly that now controls the Eastern United States. These two men were supreme in its operations.

In the South, Morgan was dominant with his voting trust in the Southern Railway. In the Northwest, he had sold the control of the Northern Pacific to the Great Northern group, and had formed the fast alliance with them which still exists. The country west of the Mississippi and southwest of the Missouri he had left alone — an arid country of doubtful value, recently suffering with peculiar violence from the drought, which cursed it in the imagination of the country. Into this great section — fully half of the area of the United States — came Harriman.

Harriman Captures the West

Too much credit cannot be given to the acumen and daring of the group of men who reorganized the Union Pacific. In the first place, they paid to the Federal Government $45,000,000 in net cash on a bankrupt road — all the principal, and full interest at six per cent, on the Union Pacific debt, which the United States had been trying to collect for thirty years. They put the bonds and preferred stock of the road on a straight four-per-cent basis. And finally, when Harriman came into full control, he began — according to his policy — to spend money by the tens and hundreds of millions upon a ramshackle property across the "Great American Desert."

Fortune played in their favor. For the first time in years, the arid farming section they crossed had copious rains and good crops. The Spanish War sprang up, with the occupation of the Philippines; and the Union Pacific got a great business from this source. Harriman had not only spent money — he had spent it quickly while he was at it, accomplishing in two years work that had been estimated to take five. And he was reaping the fruit of his enterprise.

In the meanwhile, in three years the system expanded, under his direction, from 1,800 to 15,000 miles. The old branches were almost all taken back. After the death of Collis P. Huntington in August, 1900, forty-five per cent of the Southern Pacific stock was bought, principally from his estate. The branch lines were taken by an exchange of securities, the Southern Pacific by the sale of $40,000,000 four-per-cent bonds. As the credit of the company was not yet established, Harriman could not get the four-per-cent money he had been accustomed to use in railroad extension, except by offering a bond that was convertible into stock at the stockholders' option — a desirable privilege if the stock rose above par.

ROBERT BACON
WHO, IN MR. MORGAN'S ABSENCE, HAD CHARGE OF THE MORGAN BUSINESS IN THE PANIC OF MAY 9, 1906

The total capitalization controlled by Harriman's new system had increased from $211,000,000 in 1898 to over $1,000,000,000 in 1901 — five times; the stock which had control of the system had only increased from $136,000,000 to $200,000,000 — about fifty per cent. The process of concentration of power, inevitable under Harriman methods of railroad expansion, was well under way.

$80,000,000 Cash for the Stock-Market

And now, through the inevitable movement

of railroad aggregation, the railroad monopoly of the Northwest came into violent collision with the new railroad monopoly of the Southwest. Hill bought the Burlington Railroad, which gave him the entrance into Chicago that he needed. But, at the same time, it made him a competitor of Harriman a third of the way to the Pacific. The Union Pacific bargained with the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific to give them a part interest in the Burlington and tie up the Western systems into a common monopoly, as the Pennsylvania and New York Central had done with the roads in the East. Hill refused. Without the slightest hesitation Harriman started out to do a new thing in the world — to buy the control of $155,000,000 of stock in the open stock market. If he could not have an ownership in the Burlington, he would buy the Northern Pacific, which owned half of it.

This was no undertaking to raise $5,000,000 or $10,000,000 to take peaceable possession of the cheap stock of a bankrupt road. It was an attempt to buy the control of a great, heavily capitalized railroad, whose stock was now selling well up toward par, in the face of the hitherto strongest railroad interest in the country, which had actual possession of a quarter of it. It was necessary to get, not a third, but an actual majority; and it would cost $80,000,000 cash to do it. That is, a half dozen men who could keep their mouths shut must have $80,000,000 in their own hands to spend in a few weeks in a still hunt in the stock market. It is doubtful if any set of men ever had so much actual cash to spend in so short a time. But Harriman had it within reach. There were $60,000,000 worth of bonds left in the Union Pacific treasury, which he had the right to issue; behind him were the huge cash resources of the City Bank and the powerful alliances of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

Morgan was away on his usual spring and early summer trip to Europe, stopping at Aix-les-Bains. Coster, his chief lieutenant, had died about a year before. The Morgan firm was now in command of Robert Bacon, a member of President Roosevelt's class at Harvard, long pointed out at commencement time as the "Model Harvard Man." A fine, upstanding young man, handsome as a curly-headed Greek god, fortune had followed him all his life, from the time he was the star athlete and class marshal at Harvard to the time when he was called from a brokerage house in Boston to become a partner of Morgan. But he was not a good substitute for J. Pierpont Morgan in a continental financial crisis.

The Still Hunt for Northern Pacific

Harriman and Schiff had gone far on their way toward controlling Northern Pacific before the fact was known to J. P. Morgan & Co. On the first of April Morgan and the Great Northern group held between $35,000,000 and $40,000,000 of Northern Pacific common stock. Seeing it rise beyond par, when they had paid 16 for most of it, they were tempted to sell out. On the first of May they held only $26,000,000. Then Harriman and Schiff announced to the Morgan-Hill party that they had bought an actual majority of the Northern Pacific.

They had; but there was one loophole that Harriman had overlooked. The preferred stock could be retired at the will of the directors, leaving the control to the common stock; and the directors were their enemies. Harriman and Schiff, to control permanently, must have a majority of the common stock, and this they had not yet quite got. The "old guard" of the Great Northern — Hill and the Canadians, Morgan and his conservative old New York financial allies, Kennedy and James — rallied at this point. The house of Morgan sent James Keene, the famous stock manipulator, into the market with orders to buy control of Northern Pacific common for their account. In five days, from May 3 to May 7, he bought over $15,000,000 worth for them; gave the control of the stock again into the hands of Morgan; and brought out of a clear sky the suddenest and one of the worst financial paroxysms this country has ever seen.

Mr. Morgan has explained his attitude in this transaction — and toward all similar "moral responsibilities" of his house, as he calls them — most interestingly in his testimony in the Peter Power suit against the Northern Pacific Railway.

Confidence that Touched Mr. Morgan

"When I heard of it, I felt in this position: We had organized the Northern Pacific; we had placed all the securities of the Northern Pacific, and I knew, as I had always supposed, that there were people, friends of ours and other people, who practically held enough Northern Pacific — we had always supposed we had with us people upon whom we could depend to protect our moral control of the property. And consequently, when that news came to me, I hadn't any doubt about the fact of the matter. And at the same time this news came so strong — whoever had acquired it — I felt something must have happened. Somebody must have sold.

"I knew where certain stocks were, and I figured it up. I feel bound in honor when I reorganize a property and am morally responsible for its management to protect it, and I generally do protect it.

"So I made up my mind that it would be desirable to buy 150,000 shares of stock ($15,000,000 worth), and with that I knew we had a majority of the common stock; and I knew that actually gave us control, and they couldn't take the minority and have it sacrificed to Union Pacific interests. The stock was bought absolutely for my house. . . .

"Mr. J. S. Kennedy has been a friend of mine for forty years. He and I were in Aix together. He came down to see what in the mischief all this meant. I said I didn't know, and he said, 'Whatever you want done I want done with my Northern Pacific.' And that is the way people treated me in the Northern Pacific. Whatever I was willing to do they wanted, and they wanted to put the stock just where I said it would be safe. That was what they wanted. Well, I appreciated that; I cannot help being touched by a thing of that kind."

The confidence Mr. Morgan appreciated was well earned. For three generations his house has made and held the leadership in the financial world, largely because its word was absolutely good; because it was not merely perfunctorily but aggressively honest. J. P. Morgan himself is as straight as a die. No one with a primary knowledge of Wall Street can doubt this. It is an essential of his business; in underwriting syndicates alone he has disbursed hundreds of millions of dollars' profit in the past twenty years. Not one figure of accounting is ever given to the underwriters in these transactions — merely a check for profits from the syndicate manager, or a demand for money. No man whose word is not absolute can permanently hold the leadership in such work.

Hill's Friends Stand Without Hitching

The old men who owned the Great Northern — Hill and Kennedy, Lord Strathcona and Lord Mountstephen, and the rest — made exactly the same kind of fight as Morgan. They had sold stock before they knew; as soon as they did know, they held.

"I and my friends will stand without hitching," said Hill to the Morgan firm.

They did exactly that. No sooner had "Jim" Keene put his hand on the market than he saw there was a corner in Northern Pacific; nothing loath, he bought till he sent the stock up out of sight. The Great Northern men stood, without hitching. It has always been believed that only one "insider," a comparatively small holder, sold. Millions of dollars' profit could have been made by any of these men in fifteen minutes' time; but they stayed put.

But the situation could not last. The stock soared to $1,000 a share. Wall Street had sold millions of dollars' worth that it did not own, and it could not get the millions needed to settle for it. At eleven o'clock that day ninety per cent of the brokerage houses of Wall Street would be bankrupt, unless that corner could be broken. The two interests in the savage fight for the corporation had to come together to save the financial world they lived in.

The attempt to buy a $155,000,000 corporation in the open market had failed. The Morgan party had won by a bare margin of control of the common stock. Mr. Morgan returned home in July. In November, Mr. Bacon retired. Coster had stood the strain of the position of master of detail in the Morgan house for fifteen years before it killed him; Bacon had had it a year and a half, and was broken by it. By the doctor's urgent advice, he retired, went to England, and for five months rode to hounds fifty miles a day and five days in the week in the strenuous endeavor to bring his shattered nervous system back to normal. Morgan took control himself, and another great step toward railroad monopoly was started under his direction, by the formation of the Northern Securities Company.

A Corporation Too Large to be Bought

The idea from which the Northern Securities Company grew started in 1897, in the proposal of the aged holders of the Great Northern to pool their controlling quarter interest in its stock in a holding company, in order to keep it together and to assure the control of the corporation after their death. After the Harriman attack brought about the Northern Pacific panic on May 9, 1901, Mr. Morgan prepared and engineered the plan of putting all stock of both companies, whose holders desired to come in, into one holding company. This company would then control the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, and the Burlington roads. The builders of the structure strenuously denied the popular belief that they formed it to make a common control of their parallel railroads, the Great Northern and Northern Pacific. Indeed, why should they, when they already had the control of both roads in their own hands? The combination was formed, testified Mr. Morgan, for a very different purpose — to get "a company

with a capital large enough so that nobody could ever buy it." His description of the genesis of the Northern Securities Company was this:

"When we found ourselves in this position, having escaped, as I thought at that time, from what was a great danger,— that is to say, our property being absorbed by a competing line without our knowledge or consent,— it occurred to me something ought to be done, and I thought the best plan was to go to some trust company. My idea was first to go to some trust company to take the Northern Pacific stock and control it. Just to surrender it to them, and take the receipt. . . .

"Mr. Hill was a large stockholder in the Northern Pacific, and I said, 'I think that has got to be done; I will not take the responsibility of going through anything of this kind again.' The result was that we decided that the Northern Pacific — so far as I was concerned as a stockholder in the Northern Pacific, I would put my stock in, provided he would take everybody else's into this thing he had proposed to arrange for the Great Northern.

"I wanted to put it in a company with a capital large enough so that nobody could ever buy it, and that is the only one I know of."

The Northern Securities Company was finally dissolved, in the spring of 1904, by the United States Supreme Court. Controlling two parallel railroads, it was pronounced to be in restraint of trade, under the Sherman anti-trust law. If it had been allowed to exist, it would have tied together the two chief groups of railroad capitalists in the country, created one practical railroad monopoly west of the Missouri River, and gone far toward creating a single control of the railroads of the country at large. As it was, each went its own way, perfecting and enlarging its control over American railroads by some method the law would allow.

The Louisville & Nashville Raid

Mr. Morgan kept to his path, tying up small railroads to great ones in the eastern part of the country — approaching in the Pennsylvania and the New York Central his ideal corporation with "a capital large enough so that nobody could ever buy it." The control of the Pennsylvania and the New York Central in the East was rounded out in 1901 and 1902. In April, 1902, a little less than a year after the Northern Pacific panic, another raid in the New York stock market inaugurated a general massing together of the railroads of the South.

The Louisville & Nashville had issued $5,000,000 worth of new stock. This was sold, and a great quantity besides — on the natural assumption that because the issue was enlarged it would sell lower. Two syndicates, led by John W. Gates, steel company promoter and general "plunger," and Edwin Hawley, bought a majority control of the property. Another corner and panic was threatened because of contracts of "shorts" to sell stock they couldn't get. And J. P. Morgan & Co. were called in to straighten out the trouble. They had good reason of their own to interfere. Gates in control of the Louisville & Nashville, competing with the Southern Railway, was a situation J. P. Morgan did not propose to allow.

"I do not wish to impugn any man's ability," he said, when the matter was brought before the Interstate Commerce Commission; "but I do not consider that Mr. Gates was a proper person to manage the Louisville & Nashville Railroad."

"He was a dangerous element in the railway world," he explained, in answer to a question.

"He represented a stock exchange pool. They were not looking after the transportation interests of the South in any way, shape, or manner. They were looking after the profit of the transaction itself."

Completing the Southern Monopoly

So J. P. Morgan & Co. obtained an option on Gates' and Hawley's control of Louisville & Nashville, and proceeded to mass the railroads of the South in a concentrated control which would manage them conservatively and prevent competition. They spent six months of the year 1902 in doing this; and they did it thoroughly.

It was impossible to tie the Louisville & Nashville to the Southern system, as it was clearly a parallel and competing line, and the sentiment of the South was very insistent, at the time, upon the enforcement of laws against railroad monopoly. Mr. Morgan for a while entertained the idea of a Southern Securities Company, like the Northern Securities Company, to hold the stock of both roads; but this idea was given up. There were left only two railroads to take the option of the Morgan house upon the Louisville & Nashville — the Seaboard Air Line and the Atlantic Coast Line Company.

John Skelton Williams, president of the Seaboard Air Line, went to see George W. Perkins, the partner of the Morgan house who had charge of the matter in Mr. Morgan's absence abroad, and tried to buy the Louisville & Nashville. Mr. Perkins would not sell it to his road.

"He told me," said Mr. Williams, at the

Interstate Commerce hearing on the subject, "that he did not think they would be willing to sell the Louisville & Nashville to anybody they could not control. I said, 'You mean by that, then, that you would no sooner sell the Louisville & Nashville to the Atlantic Coast Line than you would to the Seaboard Air Line, if you could not control it?' He said, 'I do mean it.'"

A few months after this interview the Louisville & Nashville was sold by J. P. Morgan & Co. to the Atlantic Coast Line. The Atlantic Coast Line bought the big Plant system of railroads. The Louisville & Nashville and the Southern bought together the "Monon" route into Chicago — a transaction almost exactly similar to the purchase of the Burlington route into Chicago from the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads the year before. The Atlantic Coast Line had 2,100 miles at the beginning of 1902; at the end of the year it owned and controlled 11,000 miles. The operations that brought them together were conducted by the Morgan house. At the end of 1902, the Southern Railway, under a Morgan voting trust, with its 7,000 miles; the Central of Georgia, also absolutely controlled by Morgan, with its 2,000 miles; and the Atlantic Coast Line had, altogether, 20,000 miles of railroad in the South.

How to Hold a $500,000,000 Road with $5,000,000 Stock

This sudden building up was done by the now very general practice of taking stocks from the hands of the public and replacing them with bonds; that is, by buying stocks for the corporation with money raised by selling its bonds. The result was an astonishing step in the centralizing of railroad control. The Atlantic Coast Line Company was one of those extraordinary legal structures, the holding companies, which were being devised at that period to concentrate the control of railroad properties in a few hands. When the aggregation made by Morgan under it was complete, this corporation, w th $10,500,000 of stock and $13,000,000 of debt certificates, controlled a majority of the $50,000,000 stock of the Atlantic Coast Line road; this, in turn, had its big issues of bonds, and also owned a majority of the Louisville & Nashville stock. This also had great bond issues. By this continuous splitting of stock into fractions and the issue of bonds, the control of $470,000,000 of stocks and bonds in public hands was placed in the $10,500,000 worth of stock of the Atlantic Coast Line Company. One share over half of this, $5,250,100, would control the great whole, a capital ninety times its own size.

The man established at the head of this great aggregation, by his own efforts and those of Mr. Morgan, was Henry Walters, of Baltimore. He had held, with two intimate associates, practically all of the $10,500,000 stock of the holding company, when Mr. Morgan's alliance increased its railroad mileage more than five times in one year. What personal agreements exist between him and the Morgan house concerning the control of his system are not, of course, known. It is very clear, however, that he stands in at least as close an alliance with Morgan as does the Hill group controlling the Great Northern in the Northwest.

The Situation in 1902

So, by the end of 1902 Mr. Morgan had greatly extended and solidified his control over American railroads. He and his Hill alliance held the railroads of the Northwest in one dominating system, now increased to 20,000 miles. In the South, with the Walters alliance, he had control of 20,000 miles more. The alliance of the Pennsylvania and the New York Central — the latter really controlled by him, though still known as a Vanderbilt road — held the dominance of the greatest railroad section of the country, that between the Eastern seaboard and Chicago. In regard to rates, extensions, and all practical matters of railroad development, four men had control of these great sections — A. J. Cassatt, James J. Hill, Henry Walters, and J. P. Morgan. Morgan, the common factor among them all, was naturally the dominating figure.

Harriman, in the meanwhile, was working out his own peculiar method of concentration. He was not forming alliances; he was fighting for himself and his own immediate following of half a dozen men. In the six years after the reorganization of the Union Pacific, three powerful financial figures joined the original three, Schiff, Stillman, and Harriman, at the center of the Union Pacific management. William Rockefeller came in for the first time in 1902, Henry H. Rogers a year or two later, and Henry C. Frick in 1904. The two Standard Oil men were interested by Stillman; the steel man by Schiff. The group now certainly surpassed in financial resources any set of men in the history of the financial world. Before it was fully formed, Harriman had made certain his absolute control of the situation he was building up. Loose alliances were not enough for him: he desired something more certain.

A Fright for Railroad Managements

The Northern Pacific battle had given a jar to one of the fundamental theories of this period of railroad concentration. It had been accepted as fixed that the ownership of as low as twenty per cent of a corporation with $100,000,000 of stock was ample to control it, together with the proxies that always come to the management. The twenty-three per cent that the controlling group held in the Northern Pacific was thought very liberal, especially when Mr. Morgan's wide general affiliations were considered. The idea of any one going into the stock market and buying control of $100,000,000 of stock seemed impossible. All at once a single interest, within a few weeks, had bought out an actual majority of $155,000,000 of stock from under the former management of the road. It gave a shock to railroad managements across the country; and it even scared the people who were responsible for it.

Soon after the Northern Pacific raid, Harriman went to his group and took the matter up.

"If we can do that to somebody else, somebody else can do that to us," he said.

The group already had a very great interest in the common stock. At Harriman's insistence they and their financial connections made up, in 1902, a pool which bought $50,000,000 of preferred stock—nearly twenty-five per cent of the stock then outstanding. This, together with blocks of common held by them as individuals, constituted the largest percentage of control ever held by a small group in any of the great modern railroad aggregations—excepting, of course, the specially constructed holding companies. The pool has since been dissolved, but the big concentrated holdings of the Union Pacific still remain in individual hands.

"An Ocean-to-Ocean" Railroad

Having laid a sure foundation, Harriman was now in a position to carry out to the limit the policy of railroad expansion for which he had been preparing and studying ever since he entered the Illinois Central management in 1883. Behind him was a great and rapidly growing railroad, whose credit was unsurpassed in the country, and the richest group of capitalists in the United States. On March 6, 1905, he was finally defeated in his suit to secure, in the distribution of the Northern Securities assets, the Northern Pacific stock that he demanded. With no use for a stockholding in the Great Northern and Northern Pacific, which was subject to the majority interest of Hill and Morgan, he decided to sell out. In the great stocket market boom of 1906 he sold the Union Pacific's holdings. He had now $145,000,000 in cash to spend; there was no doubt as to how he would spend it.

His first logical move was to bring the Union Pacific from the Missouri River into Chicago. By the fall of 1906 Harriman and his associates had secured the control of the Illinois Central by buying a little less than a third of its stock. In 1907 Harriman quarreled with his old friend Stuyvesant Fish, and, after a bitter fight, threw him out of the Illinois Central presidency. The Union Pacific could now send traffic on its own controlled line from Omaha to Chicago; and it had the best route down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

The next move was to reach New York. For some time Harriman had been telling his associates of his intention to secure an "ocean-to-ocean" railroad. In the fall of 1906 President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania, who had been alarmed by the Northern Securities decision, wanted to sell half of his road's forty per cent holding of Baltimore & Ohio stock. He placed it in the hands of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., now the Pennsylvania's chief bankers, to sell.

Mr. Schiff went to Harriman and said: "I can't give you your 'ocean-to-ocean' road, but I can sell you twenty per cent of a road that will bring you to the Atlantic."

After some consideration, Harriman bought twenty per cent of the Baltimore & Ohio. The Union Pacific could now come into New York from Omaha over the Illinois Central, which it controlled, and the Baltimore & Ohio, which it owned jointly with the Pennsylvania. From its Kansas City terminus it had a similar through route, with the exception of a break between Kansas City and St. Louis.

Harriman had not entirely perfected and sealed up his monopoly of his own territory. The through business to and from the Pacific coast was his chief concern. The big Rock Island system had been put together in the past few years, but it ended in the air, so far as the Pacific Coast was concerned. George Gould, with the backing of the Rockefellers, got through as far as Salt Lake City by buying two Western roads; and Senator Clark, of Montana, proposed to connect these lines with the Pacific by the San Pedro to Los Angeles. Harriman fought him until he agreed to divide the stock evenly with the Union Pacific.

The Atchison railroad was the only through-line competitor into Californian territory. Harriman and other Union Pacific directors bought enough of this stock to elect two directors—under the Atchison system of cumulative voting. With a powerful voice in the manage-

THE GREAT RAILROAD GROUPS OF 1906

SHOWING HOW A FEW INTERRELATED GROUPS HELD CONTROL OF ROADS HAVING 88 PER CENT OF THE COUNTRY'S RAILROAD CAPITALIZATION IN PUBLIC HANDS, 86 PER CENT OF THE GROSS RECEIPTS, AND 78.6 PER CENT OF THE MILEAGE. TO DO THIS THEY NEEDED TO SECURE ONLY A FRACTIONAL PART OF THE "CONTROLLING STOCK" OF A FEW MAIN COMPANIES, WHICH ITSELF WAS ONLY 18 PER CENT OF THE CAPITALIZATION OWNED BY THE PUBLIC IN THE ROADS CONTROLLED.

	Mileage	Controlling stock	Total capitalization	Stocks and bonds in hands of public	Gross earnings
[1] Morgan Group	26,347	$38,941,100 (and voting trusts)	$2,096,741,117	$1,678,675,505	$245,998,356
[2] Hill-Morgan Group	21,870	305,000,000	1,159,713,286	1,011,291,254	189,538,100
[3] Harriman Group	23,609	295,029,080	1,579,269,986	1,470,212,225	233,553,398
[4] Pennsylvania Group	15,037	305,951,350	1,902,114,298	1,499,813,752	348,788,919
[5] N. Y. Central Group	11,772	178,172,800	1,214,858,082	1,030,353,219	225,591,500
[6] Harriman-Penna.-N.Y. Cent. Joint Group	7,118	.....	921,575,346	842,899,877	189,363,183
[7] Joint & Miscellaneous Groups	32,689	596,787,058	2,114,443,561	1,625,773,643	360,742,455
[8] Gould Group	17,101	222,212,830	1,377,704,572	1,112,440,068	126,066,806
[9] Rock Island Group	14,816	54,000,000	895,692,613	841,692,613	106,962,853
Totals	170,359	$1,996,094,218	$13,262,112,861	$11,113,152,156	$2,026,605,570
COMPARISON OF SAME SYSTEMS FOR 1893					
Totals	112,862	$2,527,986,229	$6,460,223,724	.....	$905,952,476
CAPITALIZATION OF ALL RAILROADS IN UNITED STATES, 1906					
Totals	216,804	.....	$18,227,196,401	$12,671,983,902	$2,346,640,286

[1] Morgan Group—Atlantic Coast Line system (including Louisville & Nashville); Southern Railway system; Erie system; Lehigh Valley system. The Harriman interests were also identified with the Erie.
[2] Hill-Morgan Group—Great Northern system; Northern Pacific system; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy system.
[3] Harriman Group—Union Pacific system; Southern Pacific system; Illinois Central system.
[4] Pennsylvania Group—Pennsylvania Railroad system; Chesapeake & Ohio; Norfolk & Western.
[5] New York Central Group—New York Central; Lake Shore & Michigan Southern; Michigan Central; C. C. C. & St. Louis; New York, Chicago & St. Louis; Pittsburg & Lake Erie, and other properties. The Harriman interests were also strongly identified with the New York Central.
[6] Harriman-Pennsylvania-New York Central Joint Group—Baltimore & Ohio system; Reading system, including Central Railroad of New Jersey. The New York Central interests also had heavy holdings in the Reading system.
[7] Joint and Miscellaneous—Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé system, with both Harriman and Morgan interests; Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, with Harriman and Rockefeller interests; Chicago & Northwestern, with Vanderbilt interests; Delaware & Hudson; Delaware, Lackawanna & Western; New York, New Haven & Hartford; the latter with Morgan, Rockefeller, and Pennsylvania interests. Also Hocking Valley system, with general "joint" interests.
[8] Gould Group—Missouri Pacific; Denver & Rio Grande; Wabash; Texas & Pacific; St. Louis Southwestern; Western Maryland; Wheeling & Lake Erie, etc.
[9] Rock Island Group—Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific; St. Louis & San Francisco; Chicago & Eastern Illinois; Evansville & Terre Haute.

ment of his only considerable competitor, Harriman took the fruits of his monopoly in higher rates, slower and more cheaply operated freight trains, and greater dividends. Having still more money to spend, he came driving east into Morgan's territory between the Eastern seaboard and Chicago — the principal railroad field in the United States.

The Union Pacific in the fall of 1906 bought eight per cent of the stock of the New York Central Railroad. Harriman's party of Standard Oil capitalists and their partners or relatives held about as much more. Sixteen per cent would not control the road absolutely, but it was more than either the Vanderbilts or Morgan, with his English proxies, held. Harriman and his party were now the principal interest in the New York Central. It was the bitterest affront given to J. P. Morgan throughout his career in railroads.

Henry C. Frick, of the Union Pacific board, was a director and the largest individual stockholder in the Pennsylvania Railroad; Kuhn, Loeb & Co. were its bankers, and voted — according to the rules of German stock exchanges — all the stock held in Germany. This gave them the third largest holding in the stock. The Union Pacific was partner of the Pennsylvania in owning the Baltimore & Ohio; and the Baltimore & Ohio and the New York

Central owned a great part of the coal-carrying roads. Harriman's party did not control the Pennsylvania; its management did that. But they were becoming a part of the management, and its closest affiliation. The Harriman party was now clearly the leader in the small central group of monopolists who controlled the railroads of the United States.

The Situation and Judge Brewer's Warning

There was now about twelve and a half billion dollars* of actual net railroad capital in the United States — capital, that is, actually in the hands of the public. Of this, seven and a half billions, or sixty per cent, was under the direct control of the Harriman group, Morgan and his allies, and the Pennsylvania Railroad. A billion and a half more was in the control of six systems — in which they and their close alliances exercised a powerful influence — the Atchison, St. Paul, Northwestern, Delaware & Hudson, Lackawanna, and New Haven roads. The Gould systems, in the hands of the Gould and Rockefeller families, controlled a billion of capital, and the Rock Island group of capitalists $850,000,000 more. In all, these systems together controlled eleven of the twelve and a naif billion dollars of railroad capital in America, or 88 per cent.

Almost exactly the same percentage of control was shown by the figures of the gross earnings of American railroads in 1906. In mileage the percentage was a smaller one, as would be expected. For the combinations, by a natural evolution, had practically all of the profitable railroad mileage of the country.

Nine tenths of all the railroad capital of the United States had now come into these few great combinations; and these few combinations, driven by the same inevitable tendency that created them, were again moving toward the formation of one central group — a movement shown particularly in the inter-control of the Pennsylvania, New York Central, and Union Pacific, and their interownership of smaller roads. In the meanwhile, the country at large was growing alarmed at the rolling up of corporation power in the United States.

This feeling was centered for some months upon the outcome of the Northern Securities case, and Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, expressed it very clearly in his concurring opinion in the decision which killed that company.

"If the parties interested in these two railroad companies," he said, "can, through the instrumentality of a holding corporation, place both under one control, then in like manner, as was conceded in the argument by one of the counsel for the appellants, could the control of all the railroad companies in the country be placed in a single corporation. Nor need this arrangement for control stop with what has already been done.

"The holders of $201,000,000 of stock in the Northern Securities Company might organize another corporation to hold their stock in that company, and the new corporation, holding the majority of the stock in the Northern Securities Company, and acting in obedience to the wishes of a majority of its stockholders, would control the action of the Securities Company, and through it the action of the two railroad companies. And this process might be extended until a single corporation whose stock was owned by three or four parties would be in practical control of both roads; or, having before us the possibility of continuation, the control of the whole transportation system of the country."

Control by a Fraction of One Per Cent

Justice Brewer described an unthinkable condition of affairs that was to be prevented by the Northern Securities decision. As a matter of fact, this process of gathering control was substantially what had already taken place among American railways — plus a still more rapid process, the operation of bankruptcy.

The actual process was, roughly, this; bankrupt railroad corporations, owning a third of the railroads of the country, fell into the only hands strong enough to receive them — the hands of a few New York bankers. By a splendid piece of work, these men put the railroads' finances upon a sound basis, and made the properties more valuable than they had ever been before.

Great blocks of stocks in the roads were given to the bankers as fees; much greater blocks came to them from the refusal of stockholders to pay reorganization assessments. A control of the stock was literally forced upon them.

These bankers were masters of great bodies of capital. They knew, better than any one else, the value of the roads they reorganized; the control, having once fallen into their hands, would scarcely be released.

At that time a reorganized railroad could be held by an investment of not over one fiftieth of the face value of its capitalization — in this

* The figure, as given in the special report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on Intercorporate Relations of Railroads in the United States as of June 30, 1906, is $12,671,983,904.

way: One fourth of its stock was enough to control it. The stock of an average American railway makes about two fifths of its stock and bonds in the hands of the public, and the cost of these stocks to the bankers and their friends was not over a fifth of its par value. One fourth of two fifths of a fifth makes a fiftieth.

So, five men with a million dollars apiece, in money or credit, could in this way get control of a $250,000,000 corporation. Such a transaction was a very small and simple one, comparatively speaking.

The other process of multiplying control was that through corporations, described by Justice Brewer. Strong railroads bought stock control of the weak ones — which they wanted for extensions or to stop competition. Sometimes they bought all the stock; more generally they bought a half or a third, or two strong roads would split up a third of a competitor between them. Then, by a step further, the corporation controlled by another would hold control of a third company. In this way the fraction of a fiftieth, which had given control of the stock-buying railroad, was divided again by two or three or six — until the five million dollars capital of the original group controlled from half a billion to a billion and a half of actual railroad capital in the hands of the public.

The Small Cost of Railroad Control

In the South, J. Pierpont Morgan had control of the Southern Railway by a voting trust, and of the Central of Georgia by stock ownership; and his ally, Henry Walters, held the Atlantic Coast Line system through the stock of its $10,500,000 holding company, half of which had been given to its holders by a stock dividend in 1897. An actual investment of not mare than $6,000,000 controlled in this section 20,000 miles of railroad and over a billion dollars of capitalization in the hands of the public.

In the Northwest, the Morgan-Hill alliance held the Great Northern by a stock control that had originally cost nothing, the Northern Pacific by a stock control that was acquired for less than $5,000,000, and the old Burlington road through the issue of the bonds of the other roads. So, in all, the original cost of acquiring the control had been less than $5,000,000. The mileage controlled was 22,000, the capital in the hands of the public a billion dollars.

The control of the Union Pacific's monopoly in the Southwest was not acquired out of hand by single transactions, like the others. It started with a $6,000,000 fee of preferred stock to the reorganizing syndicate; other great blocks of stock were acquired at the time of reorganization; the $50,000,000 pool of preferred stock in 1902 required no more than the ordinary twenty-per-cent margin to hold with financial institutions — that is, $10,000,000. And by that time, as in all these properties, the profits already made far more than paid for the cost of control. In this way, the Harriman group held, in the Union and Southern Pacific and the Illinois Central, 23,500 miles of road and a capital of a billion and a half in public hands.

In the East, the control of the Erie, with $450,000,000 capital in public hands, was held by Morgan through a voting trust. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central controlled, between them (together with the Union Pacific joint ownership of the Baltimore & Ohio), 32,500 miles of road and one and a half billion dollars of capital. The Union Pacific, Rockefeller, and Morgan interests together had a dominating if not absolutely controlling voice in this, which had been acquired partly by individual ownership, partly by the investments of the Union Pacific, and partly by the long-established representation of English stock by Morgan.

The Concentration of Profits

In the meanwhile, it was not control alone that was centering; it was profits also. This was absolutely inherent in the process that was going on. The strong railroads were buying stocks by selling their own bonds. It was good business to sell a four-per-cent security to buy one that could be made to pay six, and buy it at a cost that would make it yield eight and ten per cent on the investment. One thing was continually happening: the amount of stocks in the hands of the public was growing relatively smaller all the time, and the amount of bonds always larger.

From 1893 to 1906 the amount of stocks in the hands of the public increased only one eighth. The stocks in the hands of railroads were almost five times as great in 1906 as in 1893. In 1906 the railroads held almost half of the stocks of the country; they had been replaced in the hands of the public principally by bonds. And even when stocks of strong companies were issued to buy other stocks, the amount of stocks in public hands was still reduced. For one share of a strong company sold at par or more would pay for and withdraw from public ownership two shares, more or less, in the weaker roads.

A stockholder is an owner in a property; a bondholder is a creditor. So the general public was steadily losing its ownership in American railroads and becoming simply a creditor.

THE OWNERSHIP OF RAILROAD SECURITIES

SHOWING HOW THE STOCK IN THE HANDS OF THE PUBLIC WAS REPLACED BY BONDS BETWEEN 1893 AND 1906

	TOTALS FOR UNITED STATES			OWNERSHIP OF STOCKS		OWNERSHIP OF BONDS	
	Mileage	Total stocks	Total bonds and other debts	Stocks in public hands	Stocks in hands of railroads	Bonds in public hands	Bonds owned by railroads
1893	175,442	$5,080,032,904	$5,980,654,116	$4,226,429,910	$853,602,994	$4,994,512,353	$986,141,763
1906	216,804	8,884,234,925	9,342,961,476	4,769,382,935	4,114,851,990	7,902,600,969	1,440,360,507
Increase	23.6 per cent	74.9 per cent	56.2 per cent	12.8 per cent	382.7 per cent	58.2 per cent	46 per cent

The country, in the meanwhile, was growing in both size and prosperity, and the value of railroads was increasing accordingly.

Now, by this process, the profits of ownership were concentrated into a comparatively smaller body of stock; but they were still more concentrated into the stocks of the dominant companies, which held the controlling interest in the smaller ones. For example, the hundred-per-cent profit from $90,000,000 of Southern Pacific stock, bought at about fifty, and the fifty-per-cent profit from $80,000,000 of Northern Pacific, bought at about par, all centered in the $300,000,000 stock of the Union Pacific.

And, last of all, the profits focussed again upon the group of men who controlled the main property. It was not only that they held great blocks of dominant stocks through a rising market; but the information they received, as managers, kept them advised as to when it was wise to buy and to sell.

Fortunes like Harriman's* of $75,000,000 and $100,000,000 made in a decade — growths such as came to the allies of Morgan in the Northwest from the Great Northern, which gave a group of men each scores of millions — seem by themselves almost miracles. To many they seem so abnormal as to be credited only to criminal methods. As a matter of fact, they are simply products of an inevitable logical process of concentration that has taken place in American railroads for the past half century.

The Centripetal Force of Capital

The American railway business had started out on a policy of utterly wasteful, unregulated competition: building two roads where there should have been one, cutting rates below a living scale, paying the huge bonuses and interest charges that uncertain enterprises must pay for capital. One after another, the roads went bankrupt — with very rare exceptions. In 1893, a period of especially mad competition ended in widespread bankruptcy.

Competition had ruined American railroads. The government held to the theory that there must be competition; and it certainly was not ready to take the railroads over, as the Prussian government had done. So they were taken over by the few hands that were strong enough to control them, and gradually built into a safe, conservative monopoly. As monopoly is the perfectly logical development of the railroad business, the men who are strong enough to build it up have naturally kept control, and taken the enormous profits monopoly has created.

But the wonder of the movement, the thing that flashed danger to the imagination of the public, was that this process was cumulative. It was not that ten or twenty or fifty men could get together in a room and devise an artificial holding company like that described by Judge Brewer. No body of men could do that. The fear came from the fact that here was an irresistible natural movement of railroad capital into one central mass; and that that mass was controlled as inevitably by a group of men whose number would continually grow smaller.

These men who controlled the railroads were firmly fixed in their places by this very process of accumulation. The control of great roads that had cost five or ten millions in the middle '90's would now cost sums running into the hundreds of millions. Who, in 1906, could buy control of $200,000,000 of Union Pacific common at $175 a share and $100,000,000 preferred at above par, when the strongest centralized financial power in America already had a third of it? No one. The great railroads of the country had already reached the position of the corporation desired by Mr. Morgan, "with a capital large enough so that nobody could ever buy it."

But the railroads were not the only enterprise in which this great centripetal movement of capital was taking place in America. It was going on rapidly in all the greatest industries of the continent. And the same groups of men were at the focus of it.

* The Harriman estate paid a merely preliminary tax on $71,000,000 to the State of New York on October 20, 1910.

THE NEXT ARTICLE IN THIS SERIES WILL CONSIDER THE DEVELOPMENT OF CAPITAL IN THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL FIELD

The Lemon in the Tariff

by

Samuel Hopkins Adams

ON Saturday, May 29, 1909, the Hon. Frank P. Flint, Senator from the State of California, rose to plead for a tottering industry. His theme was the lemon. Lemon culture on the coast, he said, was facing ruin. There was instant need of more protection, otherwise "the lemon-growers of California will have to go out of business." Consequences dire to the public would follow. Importations from Italy would overwhelm the market, drive out the native producer, and establish an advance in the price of lemons, of one to four dollars, and possibly as much as five to six dollars, a box. He besought the Senate to raise the duty fifty per cent — from one cent to a cent and a half per pound. In the sacred name of protection he pleaded. America for the Americans! Support for a bravely struggling but overmatched industry! With figures (such as they were) and facts (alleged), to support the oratory.

Now, the lemon tariff is not highly important as a source of income. It brings in only about two million dollars in duty. But, in another direction, the duty on lemons, as it affects their price, is of the highest interest to the whole country. Above all other fruits, lemons are a necessity. Besides their utility in cookery and as a flavoring, they are an essential in the sick-room, in institutions (as an anti-scorbutic), and in medical practice; while *materia medica* depends largely upon their extracts in preparing citrates. Excluding lemon products, which are not manufactured to any extent in this country, some thirteen thousand car-loads of lemons are consumed annually in the United States. This consumption is balanced about evenly between the foreign and the native product.

Up to the time when the tariff bill was passed, the importations (which are all from Italy) were as seven to five. Inferentially, it would appear that the Italian trade had an advantage under the old tariff of one cent a pound. This was not the fact. The imported lemon could meet the California lemon on anything like equal terms only on the Atlantic coast, and even there it was at a slight disadvantage.

The Conspiracy to Establish a Lemon Monopoly

Why, then, did not the California fruit capture the market? For one reason only. The entire crop of native lemons could supply less than half the demand; and practically the entire American production is limited to a very small area in the southern half of California. Therefore, what the fruit-growers were really seeking when, through their senatorial mouthpiece, they begged an advance, was to drive out their foreign competitors and to *establish a monopoly in an article in which there would be a constant shortage* —

thereby enabling them to regulate prices at their pleasure.

The House Committee gave the growers an advance of twenty-five per cent. The Senate, against the earnest protests of such diverse Senators as Root and Bristow, increased it to the full fifty per cent demanded, and this on the basis of arguments that were too bald to be even specious.

Why Aldrich Needed the Votes of the California Senators

Why, then, was so ridiculous a schedule allowed? For a very simple reason. Senator Aldrich needed the votes. He needed them for his scandalous wool tariff (Schedule K). He needed them for his monstrous trust-written sugar schedule. He needed them for cotton. He needed them for steel. No tariff schedule sins unto itself alone; it invokes and involves in its unrighteousness many allied and interrelated wrongs. Because the great tariff issues were a target for the shafts of insurgents and Democrats, because already public opinion was becoming aroused to their enormity, Aldrich had to muster every possible vote, and at any price. The little lemon benefice was part of the price.

The California Senators, Flint and Perkins, were in a position to dicker to advantage. If Aldrich would allow them the lemon graft, they would help him out on the greater tariff enterprises. That being the case, it would have been wiser, perhaps, to put the lemon tariff through in a fitting silence. But some ill-advised person decided that a showing must be made. Flint was selected to make it. And thus there appears, in naked outline, the whole machinery of tariff-making. What follows is important not so much in itself as because it furnishes one of the most striking instances — and perhaps the most simple one — of the machine at work turning out a schedule.

Senator Flint based his appeal for a fifty-per-cent increase in the duty on lemons upon four major claims:

1. That lemon culture in California was facing ruin.

2. That four per cent or less was all that a grower could expect to make on his investment, under the one-cent tariff.

3. That Italian competiton was ruining the trade.

4. That if the Sicilian-imported lemon were shut out of the American market, California could and would extend its lemon groves until, in a few years, it would be supplying the whole country with lemons at a reasonable price.

Undeniably, these are four excellent and sufficient reasons, from a protectionist point of view; and Senator Flint was, naturally and rightly, presenting his case, as a protectionist, to a majority committed to the cause of protection. An argument based upon these reasons would have been sound, provided the reasons were true.

Beginning with the first claim, we find Senator Flint expressing himself in regard to it with frequency and fervor: "The lemon industry in California is in a precarious condition." "The industry is at a standstill." "We must give further protection to the lemon-growers, if we are to save this industry from destruction." "If this were not a serious proposition to the people of my State, if it did not mean the entire destruction of the lemon business in California, I would not be here appealing for this half-cent additional duty."

The "Perishing Lemon Industry" Quadruples Its Product in Ten Years

Yet, under the then existing duty of one cent a pound, the product of the California groves had quadrupled in ten years. When the Dingley tariff bill was passed, California produced about 30,000,000 pounds of lemons a year. In 1907 this had increased to 90,000,000, and in 1908 to 133,000,000. Pretty good, for a perishing enterprise! In the years when, according to Senator Flint's plaint, the industry was slumping into bankruptcy and the growers were "re-budding their lemon trees to oranges" because there was no money in lemons, the business, in the view of the Department of Agriculture's expert, was several steps from ruin. Professor Powell states that the seasons since 1904 have "proved unusually profitable. Demand is greater than supply, and the area of groves is extending considerably, though more slowly than the growers desire, as the nurserymen have not been able to supply the demand for trees." No wonder that Senator Root, who presented an unanswerable but wholly ineffective argument against the tariff increase, disgustedly demanded of the Senate, referring to these figures: "What is the use of talking about a dying industry?"

But why should an industry paying a negligible return show so tremendous a growth? In discussing this vital matter of profits, Senator Flint hovers about the figure 4 like a moth about a candle. "The entire return for ten years has been a little over four per cent per annum." "The average profit which lemon-growers have received is about four per cent on their investment." "As a matter of fact, the lemon-growers of California have not made four

per cent on their investment since they have been in the lemon business."

Now this recurrent "four" is, in reality, a Mohammed's coffin, floating between heaven and earth. It has no basis. It can show no connection with any figures produced by Senator Flint or his supporters in the debate. But the Senator sedulously labored to foster the impression that it was based upon a table of statistics that was inserted, not once, but twice, in the record, and to which he referred as indicating the profit on lemons. As a matter of fact, the table indicates nothing of the slightest importance to the case under discussion. It does not shed one ray of light upon the financial basis of the lemon business. Nor was there produced by Mr. Flint, at any stage of the proceedings, one single set of figures from which any information as to the investment return on lemons could be derived. The table is printed below. I shall have occasion to refer to it later. For the present, it is necessary only to note that all of the figures relate to *oranges and lemons in combination*, and that there is not one iota of financial information as to lemons alone. One is amazed equally at the impudence of the trick and at its success.

The Actual Dividends of Some Lemon Companies

But, although the defender of the American lemon produced no figures that throw light on the real condition of the lemon industry in California, figures, and highly interesting ones, existed. One of the threatened enterprises that sent a far cry for help to Washington was the great Limoneira grove. The total estimated investment in the grove is about $300,000; the capitalization is $1,000,000. The smallest dividend that the company has paid in several years is ten per cent. Last year, according to the private figures of the company (which were *not* sent to Washington with the far cry for help), the profits were something more than fifty per cent on the investment. True, natural conditions are somewhat better at the Limoneira property than in the average lemon grove. This is not so at the great Leffingwell ranch. On this ranch the soil is difficult and water expensive. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the Leffingwell concern admits paying a handsome return on a valuation of $500,000. What it actually pays is about

CITRUS INDUSTRY IN CALIFORNIA FOR ELEVEN YEARS — AVERAGE PRODUCTION, SELLING PRICE, COST OF PRODUCTION, AND PROFIT OF AN AVERAGE GROVE PER ACRE

	Year	Acres	Boxes produced	Total boxes	Average price per box f. o. b.	Gross average per acre	Producing cost per acre without interest	Selling cost per acre	Profit per acre
Oranges....	1898	30,193	5,371,000	5,734,800	$1.25	$191.00	$172.00	$9.00	$10.00
Lemons....	1898	6,518	363,800						
Oranges....	1899	34,996	3,628,000	3,909,800	1.72	154.00	101.00	5.00	48.00
Lemons....	1899	8,672	281,800						
Oranges....	1900	39,146	6,283,000	6,734,500	1.70	228.00	151.00	8.00	69.00
Lemons....	1900	10,827	451,500						
Oranges....	1901	43,162	8,459,500	9,371,800	1.22	203.00	190.00	10.00	3.00
Lemons....	1901	12,979	912,300						
Oranges....	1902	47,245	7,499,900	8,378,500	1.68	225.00	153.00	8.00	64.00
Lemons....	1902	15,119	878,600						
Oranges....	1903	48,036	8,438,800	9,265,300	1.29	191.00	168.00	9.00	14.00*
Lemons....	1903	14,412	826,500						
Oranges....	1904	52,251	10,306,200	11,174,200	1.09	198.00	205.00	11.00	18.00
Lemons....	1904	9,226	868,000						
Oranges....	1905	59,828	10,538,200	11,871,700	1.37	231.00	193.00	10.00	28.00
Lemons....	1905	10,399	1,333,500						
Oranges....	1906	67,405	9,170,700	10,352,900	2.11	276.00	149.00	8.00	119.00
Lemons....	1906	11,572	1,182,200						
Oranges....	1907	85,738	9,908,000	11,005,300	2.00	221.00	126.00	7.00	88.00
Lemons....	1907	13,478	1,097,300						
Oranges....	1908	104,073	10,486,000	12,071,000	1.75	170.00	114.00	6.00	50.00
Lemons....	1908	16,718	1,585,000						
Total Oranges.....			90,089,300	99,869,800					
Total Lemons.....			9,780,500						
Average.....					$1.56	$208.00	$156.54	$8.27	$43.19

Total profit on investment, $43.19 per acre.
Average cost of 1 acre, $1,000.
Average interest on amount, 4.3 per cent.
* Loss

$40,000 on a total investment of some $90,000. This bears very little resemblance to Senator Flint's four per cent.

I have spoken of the private figures of the Limoneira Company. In the diagram opposite they are published for the first time. In fact, these are the first published figures showing, from the inside, the real condition of the mendicant lemon industry. The information is derived from the company's privately circulated report. There is sound reason for keeping this information confined to the officers and stockholders. An official of the Limoneira concern, in declining to give out the statement of earnings and profits, based his refusal on the ground that the figures would contravene *the case made out by the lemon-growers at Washington.* The Leffingwell figures are also jealously guarded, and the Leffingwell people excused their reticence on the plea of their "desire to protect the lemon industry." Many other citations of earnings might be given; but, lest it might appear that these were selected cases, the figures of Professor Powell, the Agricultural Department's pomologist, are given as coming from an unbiased source. Professor Powell deals in averages. In his report of 1907 he estimates the net profits per acre on lemons from 1903 on (dealing with years, be it noted, when the "ruinous" lower tariff was in force) to be $325. Taking the extreme investment valuation of $1,000 an acre, this would give about eight times the return so insistently asserted by Senator Flint.

EXCERPTS FROM ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MANAGER AND SECRETARY TO THE DIRECTORS AND STOCKHOLDERS OF THE LIMONEIRA COMPANY, SANTA PAULA, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY 1, 1910.

Div'ds paid to stockholders during	1909.	$100,000
" " " " "	1908.	100,000
" " " " "	1907.	140,000

The average price received for all fruit shipped during the year was about $2.77 per box f. o b. Santa Paula.

Statement of Company's net profits for the past eight years:

Total net profit for the year	1902....	$ 24,756.81
" " " " " "	1903....	31,673.41
" " " " " "	1904....	43,995.53
" " " " " "	1905....	135,545.40
" " " " " "	1906....	200,757.49
" " " " " "	1907....	240,110.30
" " " " " "	1908....	123,904.43
" " " " " "	1909....	167,486.76

Respectfully submitted by
N. W. BLANCHARD, Jr.,
Secretary.

This is the company that sent its manager, C. C. Teague, to plead the desperate straits of the lemon industry.

Senator Flint's Elastic Calculations

Here is further light on the Senator's system of mathematics. "We would be perfectly satisfied with fifty or sixty cents a box profit," says Senator Flint. And again, "The California [lemon] grower would be glad to contract his fruit at three dollars a box, delivered" (that is, $2.16 on board the car in California). "Fifty or sixty cents a box profit." Our appealing friend, Mr. Teague, of the Limoneira Company, admitted on the stand that the normal profit on lemons was 95 cents a box, reckoning on the average of several years. The average price he gave was $2.55 a box, free on board — just 39 cents better than the price that Senator Flint believed his mythical grower would be glad to get. But these, remember, are figures for public consumption. The private statement of Mr. Teague's Limoneira Company shows that in the year of ruin 1909, when Senator Flint was putting forth his argument, the average price of lemons, free on board, was $2.77 a box. So that the Senator's gladsome grower who accepted $2.16 a box with gratitude was presenting to the consumer 61 cents on every box — a status of commerce to which the consumer is little habituated. Furthermore, Mr. Teague's actual profits, as compared to his congressional profits, were about $1.50 a box instead of 95 cents — a further improvement upon Senator Flint's "fifty or sixty cents."

As a calculator of productiveness the gentleman from California exhibits a similar idiosyncrasy. "Lemons average about half a car-load an acre," is his estimate. Mr. Fremline, of the California Citrus Union, says that one full car-load an acre is a fair average. The Limoneira grove averaged about a car and a half per acre for 300 acres (this is the private report; Mr. Teague's congressional estimate is only a little over a car-load), and the Leffingwell ranch ships, from 90 acres of bearing trees, between 100 and 150 car-loads a year. One year this ranch shipped 165 car-loads.

Whence, then, are the low figures derived? Senator Root's keen mind went to the heart of the matter, and he pointed out the bad faith of the growers in these words:

"Now, Mr. President, one word as to the way in which the lemon-growers of California make up the figures they present here. This has been a growing industry. The profits have been increasing as they have learned the business. It is the last ten years of perfected work in the lemon groves that have shown the profits. So the government report says. In giving the

average profits for a period of ten years past, they include the period of education, of learning how to conduct the business. Those early years, which in every industry are apt to be unprofitable, are grouped with these later years of great profit, in order to give a low average. But there is no conflict in the statement of facts that is before us now, that this growing and prosperous industry is, with the present law, making great profits and meeting a demand greater than they can supply, and that they need no additional duty."

The Case of the Sicilian Importer

Nevertheless, from the protectionist point of view, the demand for an increased tariff would still be just and reasonable, provided the Sicilian importers were able to wrest the market from the American grower. On this point Senator Flint falls back upon expert testimony, that of John Triolo, the manager of a California grove, and for many years an exporter of lemons in Italy. Mr. Triolo qualified amply as an expert. He gave many figures (mostly wrong) as to the cost of labor in Italy, transportation charges, etc., the purpose of his testimony being to establish the theory that lemons from Sicily can be laid down in New York cheaper than lemons from California. The gist of his whole argument may be summed up in the following quotation from his letter, produced before the Ways and Means Committee of the House:

"The cost of growing lemons in Sicily is small compared with California."

Sworn statements appended to detailed tabulations were produced by New York fruit-dealers refuting Mr. Triolo's figures. But there is no need to reproduce these. It is more enlightening to compare Mr. Triolo's congressional statements with Mr. Triolo's extra-congressional assertions. After the tariff bill was passed and the lemon-growers had won their fight, this man, their expert witness, stated definitely that under normal conditions the Italian importer could not hope to compete with the Californian in the open market. He wrote, over his own signature:

"Although labor is cheaper in Italy, . . . so many more men are needed in the Sicilian orchards that the production *costs the importer as much per box as it does to produce California lemons.*"

So much for expert testimony and tariff-making!

Further to uphold his contention, Senator Flint drew a distressful picture of the California industry shut out of the New York and Eastern market by Italian competition, fighting for its life in the Middle West, and enjoying a free field only in the western part of the country.

"If the duty is not increased, the lemon-growers of California will not be able to market their fruit any farther east than the Missouri River."

The Mythical Freight Charge that the Middle Westerner Pays

And this prophecy is based on the statement that the New York auction price (most lemons are sold at auction) fixes the rate for the Middle Western States, and that the fruit is sold in these States "at prices prevailing in the New York market on that day." This is striking, but not true. The fact is that the rate to the Middle West is the New York market price *plus the freight from New York to the city where the lemons are sold.* The addition to the price is purely fictitious. The lemon-grower doesn't pay the additional freight. He pays no additional freight. There is no additional freight. The car to St. Louis or Minneapolis or Kansas City is cut out of the train, on its way from California to the East, without extra charge, and the added freight charge that the Middle Westerner pays for lemons is a clever form of bunco. It is put on because, as one large grower candidly explains: "Those fellows in that part of the country are easy."

But freight charges to the importer are by no means imaginary. Should he attempt to compete in the Middle West, he must pay, in addition to the duty, the regular freight rates from the port of New York, where his consignments are landed. Hence, as Senator Burkett pointed out, the duty on lemons represents the minimum protection to the American producer, and is confined to the Eastern coast localities. Elsewhere he is protected by the duty plus the freight rate. Under pressure, Senator Flint forsook his position on this point, and admitted the facts. As the entire California crop can supply but half of the demand in this country, it is difficult to understand why more protection is needed on this score.

Finally, Senator Flint is quite reassuring as to the ability of California to furnish all the lemons needed by the entire United States. "Throughout the State oranges and lemons can be produced," he says. Here his geography is on a par with his arithmetic. He is about fifty per cent wrong. North of Sacramento, very little of the country is more suited to lemon culture than Maine or Michigan. It is in scattered spots in the southern half—and mainly the southern fifth—of the State that these tender trees flourish. In all probability, the

Mr. Triolo's testimony as submitted to Congress by Senator Flint

TARIFF HEARINGS: BEFORE THE COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, SIXTIETH CONGRESS

Exhibit C

CORONA, CAL., November 5, 1908.

Mr. A. F. CALL, City.

Dear Sir:

Referring to our conversation in which you asked me to give you some information regarding the cost of growing and marketing lemons in Sicily, will state that I was in the Sicily fruit business as a grower, packer and shipper, for eight years, from 1891 to 1899, and during that time shipped approximately 1,000,000 boxes of Messina and Palermo lemons.

The cost of growing lemons in Sicily is small compared with California.

The writer does not know the present state of the Sicily labor markets . . . but he knows that labor conditions have not improved in Sicily to the benefit of the laborer during the past ten years, so that he thinks the cost of labor to-day and ten years ago could not be any more, and may be less.

Very truly yours,

J. P. TRIOLO.

Mr. Triolo's testimony as given in a letter from which the following extract is reproduced

JOHN P. TRIOLO
CORONA,
CALIFORNIA

CORONA, CALIF., Sept. 7, 1910

The United States government protects the industry by a customs duty of one and one half (1 1/2) cents per pound and it has put the importers at such a disadvantage that they cannot compete with the California fruit except when prices are high enough to permit them to do so. A large part of the labor on the ranches in California is done by machinery while in Italy it is done by hand labor and while a great deal cheaper rates are paid for labor the number of laborers is so increased as to cost the importer as much per box as a box of California lemons.

Yours truly

J. P. Triolo

A SAMPLE OF THE "EXPERT TESTIMONY" BY WHICH SENATOR FLINT JUSTIFIED HIS LEGISLATION
THE SECOND LETTER, WRITTEN AFTER THE TARIFF BILL HAD BEEN PASSED, DIRECTLY CONTRADICTS THE POINT THAT SENATOR FLINT URGED AS AN ARGUMENT FOR FURTHER PROTECTING THE CALIFORNIA LEMON-GROWERS

Western coast groves will eventually be able to satisfy the demand; but that will not be for several years. In the meantime, we must have lemons. And it must be remembered that, as American groves can at present supply only half the country, any curtailing of the foreign influx means an artificial stimulus to prices — a tax on all of us for the benefit of a little section of one State. It was this for which Senator Flint strove so successfully. How successfully, the following list of prices, the latest attainable (the last week in October), will indicate.

On Oct. 31, 1907, the highest grade of Sicilian lemons brought from $4.25 to $4.50 a box. On the same date in 1908 they brought from $4.75 to $5 a box. On the same date in 1909 the price varied between $5 and $5.75 a box. At the corresponding time in 1910, under the one and one half cent duty in full force and with the Sicilian output diverted to other markets, the cost of imported lemons was from $6.25 to $8.12½ cents a box. This on the unimpeachable authority of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which states that only eight hundred boxes entered the port of New York in that week.

Observe, now, the effect upon California lemon prices and upon the consumer. California lemons, at the close of October, 1910, sold for $6 to $9 a box, one car-load selling as high as $10.50, $10.85, $11.87½, and up to $12 a box. Senator Flint predicted a price of $9 a box, if the Sicilians gained control of the market. Well, his Californians now are getting control, thanks to the tariff, and they have

lifted prices thirty-three and one third per cent above his utmost fears. "These are said to have been the highest prices ever paid here for California lemons," says the *Journal of Commerce*. The public pays!

The main difficulty in the lemon situation is that the United States has not been Sicily's best market for several years past. England, Germany, France, and Russia absorb great quantities of the Sicilian lemons, and the markets of Australia and South America are being opened up to them. The prices quoted above are high because October is the end of the lemon season, but they indicate what may be normally expected if, by reason of tariff and other trade discouragements, the growers of Sicily further diminish shipments to this country. That their shipments are steadily declining is indicated by our custom-house figures. June and July are the months of greatest business in lemons. Before the new tariff went into effect, about 750,000 boxes of lemons came through the port of New York during these two months of 1908; during the same period of 1907, about 775,000 boxes. In 1910, during June and July, about 585,000 boxes were received. During June, 1910, no California lemons reached the New York market, "the West absorbing all shipments at good prices" (New York *Journal of Commerce*). In July, 1910, a record price of $7.75 per box was made on the Sicilian lemons. The public pays.

Inevitably there has entered into this outline of a tariff some suggestion of the kind of Senator Mr. Frank P. Flint is. Let me sketch in that portrait with a few instances of his methods in debate. I have referred, heretofore, to the citrus fruit table reproduced on page 355, the table that gives no item of financial information about lemons, but only about oranges and lemons in combination. "The conditions affecting oranges and lemons are different," said Mr. Flint, in a careless moment. Yet he harks back to his precious table as a barometer of conditions in the lemon trade. For example:

Senator Flint Dodges Lemon Statistics from Behind an Orange Tree

Mr. Burkett. I cannot understand the Senator's statement which he has just made — that the lemon planters are in a very serious condition, and that they cannot sustain themselves under the present duty.

Mr. Flint. The Senator did not read the entire statement [referring to the table]. I wish he had done so. I will ask to have it inserted in the record as a part of my remarks. It shows the average profits per acre during the ten years to be $43.19 an acre.

As I have stated, this table proves absolutely nothing.

When Senator Tillman heckled Senator Flint on his statement that the lemon-growers made only four per cent on their money, and asked for figures, the Californian rushed again to his tabulation.

"It shows," he said, "that $1.56 free on board is the average price of *oranges and lemons* in California."

Technically correct. Had Senator Flint used the phrase "of oranges *and* of lemons" instead of "of oranges and lemons," his statement would have been as false in form as it was in substance and purpose.

Between the two kinds of citrus fruits Senator Flint proved a lively dodger. A questioner would try to fix him on lemon statistics, only to find him grinning from behind the trunk of an orange tree.

Mr. Dolliver. I have been told by persons claiming to be more or less familiar with the fruit business that the lemons of California get ripe in the winter-time — [and so on, with no mention of oranges anywhere in the question].

Mr. Flint. So far as the citrus fruit industry in Florida is concerned, the Florida orange comes in October and lasts during October, November, December, and January. The California crop of oranges is of two kinds.

Mr. Dolliver. I am speaking of lemons now.

One more instance of the California statesman's strategy. I have somewhat abridged this from the *Congressional Record* report, without in any respect modifying its meaning. Senator Bristow had suggested the scarcity of land available for lemons.

Senator Flint. There is one valley, the Imperial Valley, almost as large as the State of Kansas, where it is generally admitted lemons can be grown.

Senator Bristow. Abundantly watered?

Senator Flint. It has all the Colorado River.

Senator Bristow. How much of the river gets into the Imperial Valley?

Senator Flint. Enough to irrigate from five hundred thousand to one million acres of land.

Senator Bristow. Are ditches constructed or being constructed?

Senator Flint. It is not all under ditch now.

Senator Bristow. How many acres are under ditch?

Senator Flint. Over three hundred thousand.

Senator Bristow. Three hundred thousand not being cultivated?

Senator Flint. Oh, it is under cultivation of some kind.

Thus, in the course of a brief cross-examination, the area "almost as big as Kansas," and watered by "all the Colorado River," dwindles down to about three hundred thousand acres — and all of it under cultivation. Neither Senator Flint nor any other man knows, as yet, how much of the Imperial Valley, if any, is available for lemon culture. As for the "general admis-

sion" that the fruit can be grown there, I am assured by the Agricultural Department that no opinion upon the point is of value until confirmed by actual experimentation.

Such was the case and such were the methods of presentation on which Senator Flint went to the Senate. By the time the debate was done there was practically nothing left of his argument. Root had riddled it. Bristow and Burkett had knocked the props from under the flimsy structure. Few, if any, members of the Senate failed to realize the true nature of the measure that they were asked to support. Yet it passed. And it passed because of a clinching argument advanced by Senator Aldrich. I reproduce it in full.

"Mr. President, I am very anxious to have a vote taken upon this proposition."

Crack! goes the whip. The traders fall into line. The schedule passed, 44 to 28. By such men and such measures are we, the people of the United States, taxed, one and all of us!

But there is honor among traders. The two California Senators lived up to their bargain. Here is their record of votes on the various schedules of Senator Aldrich's tariff. Senator Flint voted with Aldrich 111 times, against Aldrich not once; Senator Perkins voted with Aldrich 112 times, and voted against him twice.

The Sequel to the Lemon Tariff

There is a sequel to the lemon tariff which does not lack grim and sardonic humor. During the discussion there was a widespread belief that the railroads were "in on the deal"; that Senators Flint and Perkins, notoriously subservient to the Southern Pacific, had been ordered to put the tariff through, in consequence of an agreement between the railroads on the one hand and lemon-shippers on the other. It was generally believed that the agreement was as follows: The railroads were to help the shippers get the advance tariff, and let them take the entire "rake-off" for one year. After that year, the freight rates were to be advanced fifteen cents a hundredweight, thus giving the railroads their "bit." So rife was this report that it entered into the Senate debate when Senator Bristow quizzed Senator Flint on it.

"I should like to ask the Senator from California if he has any evidence that the railroads will not advance the rate if the duty is increased."

"There need not be any fear of raising the rate," Senator Flint answered him.

Again the Senator was wrong. No sooner was the tariff passed than both the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé, with their tributary lines, tacked on the extra fifteen cents. The lemon-growers raged. Senator Flint, who had been hailed as the benefactor of his region, found his popularity waning. But the incensed orchardists did more than fume. They appealed to the Interstate Commerce Commission for justice. The Commission decided that the old rate should be restored. It was now the railroads' turn to appeal. They sought the United States courts, and the courts declared for the new rate of $1.15.

However the rate case may terminate, the tariff remains. The entire United States is being taxed, for the benefit—the super-benefit—of a little corner of California, on a necessity of life, which the beneficiaries can only half supply.

MORMON THEOLOGICAL DOCTRINE

AS supplementary to the article on the "Mormon Revival of Polygamy," published elsewhere in this issue, a number of quotations from Mormon theological works are herewith printed. All the books quoted are orthodox Mormon writings, are freely circulated at the present time, and—with the exception of the *Journal of Discourses*—can be purchased at the official church book-stores in Salt Lake City. The *Journal of Discourses*, from which many quotations are taken, is an official publication of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. It comprises twenty-six volumes, was published in Liverpool from 1854 to 1885, and contains the sermons preached in the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

Plurality of Gods

Q. Are there more Gods than one?

A. Yes, many.—*Mormon Catechism for Children*, page 13.

We believe in the plurality of Gods.—*Mormon Doctrine of Deity* (1903), page 11.

Many Worlds, Many Gods

Let duration, as to the past, be without beginning —yet Joseph Smith has revealed the great truth, an endless succession of exalted men, called Gods. Let duration, as to the future, be without end,— let the end of time be as remote as the beginning of time, which it is, for neither exists,— yet Joseph Smith has revealed the great truth that in that endless future, new worlds, systems of worlds and universes will be created from the exhaustless store of eternal matter, and made the habitation of the ever-increasing posterity of the Gods. Let no one fear — there is room for all this multiplying and increasing in limitless space. Let no one fear — there is material for all these worlds and systems of worlds in the exhaustless store of eternal matter distributed throughout limitless space. Let no one fear — there is time enough in endless duration to accomplish all that God has decreed through his prophet pertaining to the perfecting and exalting of our race.—*A New Witness for God* (1895), page 474.

God a Being of Flesh and Bones

What think ye of Christ? Is he God? Yes. Is he man? Yes. Will that resurrected, immortal, glorified man ever be distilled into some bodiless, formless essence, to be diffused as the perfume of a rose is diffused throughout the circumambient air? Will he become an impersonal, incorporeal, immaterial God, without body, without parts, without passions? Will it be? Can it be? What think ye of Christ? Is he God? Yes. Is he an exalted man? Yes; in the name of all the Gods, he is. Then why do sectarian ministers arraign the faith of the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints because they believe and affirm that God is an exalted man, and that he has a body, tangible, immortal, indestructible, and will so remain embodied throughout the countless ages of eternity? And since the Son is in the form and likeness of the Father, being, as Paul tells, "in the express image of his [the Father's] person"— so, too, the Father God is a man of immortal tabernacle, glorified and exalted: for as the Son is, so also is the Father, a personage of tabernacle, of flesh and of bone as tangible as man's, as tangible as Christ's most glorious, resurrected body.—*Mormon Doctrine of Deity* (1903), page 25.

Adam the God of This World

The question has been and is often asked, who it was that begat the Son of the Virgin Mary. The infidel world have concluded that if what the Apostles wrote about his father and mother be true, and the present marriage discipline acknowledged by Christendom be correct, then Christians must believe that God is the father of an illegitimate son, in the person of Jesus Christ! I will tell you how it is. Our Father in Heaven begat all the spirits that ever were, or ever will be, upon this earth; and they were born spirits in the eternal world. Then the Lord by His power and wisdom organized the mortal tabernacle of man. We were made first spiritual, and afterwards temporal.

Now hear it, O inhabitants of the earth, Jew and Gentile, saint and sinner! When our father Adam came into the garden of Eden, he came into it with a celestial body, and brought Eve, *one of his wives*, with him. He helped to make and organize this world. He is Michael, the Archangel, the Ancient of Days, about whom holy men have written and spoken. He is our Father and our God, and the only God with whom we have to do. Every man upon the earth, professing Christians or non-professing, must hear it, and will know it sooner or later. When the Virgin Mary conceived the child Jesus, the Father had begotten him in his own likeness. He was not begotten by the Holy Ghost. And who is the Father? He is the first of the human family; and when he took a tabernacle, it was begotten by his Father in heaven, after the same manner as the tabernacles of Cain, Abel, and the rest of the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve; from the fruits of the earth, the first earthly tabernacles were originated by the Father, and so on in succession. I could tell you much more about this; but were I to tell you the whole truth, blasphemy would be nothing to it, in the estimation of the superstitious and overrighteous of mankind. However, I have told you the truth as far as I have gone.—BRIGHAM YOUNG, *Journal of Discourses*, vol. 1, page 50.

I have given you a few leading items upon this subject, but a great deal more remains to be told. Now, remember from this time forth, and forever, that Jesus Christ was not begotten by the Holy Ghost. I will repeat a little anecdote. I was in conversation with a certain learned professor upon this subject, when I replied, to this idea: "If the Son was begotten by the Holy Ghost, it would be very dangerous to baptize and confirm females, and give the Holy Ghost to them, lest he should beget children, to be palmed upon the Elders by the people, bringing the Elders into great difficulties."—BRIGHAM YOUNG, *Journal of Discourses*, vol. 1, page 51.

Some of the sectarian ministers are saying that we Mormons are ashamed of the doctrine announced by President Brigham Young, to the effect that Adam will thus be the God of this world. No, friends, it is not that we are ashamed of that doctrine. If you see any change coming over the countenance when this doctrine is named, it is surprise, astonishment, that any one at all capable of grasping the largeness and extent of the universe, the grandeur of existence, and the possibilities in man for growth, for progress, should be so lean of intellect, should have such a paucity of understanding, as to call it in question at all.—*The Mormon Doctrine of Deity* (1903), pages 42, 43.

God a Polygamist

Here let me say that the family order which God established with Abraham and the Patriarchs was the order observed among celestial beings in the celestial world. And this family order is not the only one at which God sits as the Head and first pattern in the series of matrimonial examples; but it is of perpetual duration, both in and beyond this world. It is utterly absurd to suppose the anomaly of such an existence as a father without a mother. Everything in the analogy of nature forbids such an idea. The analogy of birds, fish, quadrupeds, creeping things, and vegetables forbids it. Have not we all one Father? We are all his offspring. A large family to be ascribed to one father! But where is the Scripture that ascribes the origin of all diverse sons to one and the same mother? When God sets up any portion of his kngdom upon the earth, it is patterned after his own order in the heavens. When he gives to men a pattern of family organization on the earth, that pattern will be just like his own family organization in the heavens. The family of Abraham was a transcript of a celestial pattern. The likeness was drawn by a master artist who was perfectly familiar with the celestial pattern. Abraham's family was a fresh organization, designed to effect the perpetuity and increase of God in an endless succession of families. And every family which God institutes

upon the earth is fashioned like his own original family in the heavens.—*Orson Spencer's Letters* (edition 1891), page 192.

Christ a Product of Polygamy

I will next call your attention to the marriage practice of Jacob, one of the most illustrious prophets, and a grandson of Abraham. Jacob had several wives, and by them were born unto him the Twelve Patriarchs, after whom all the Tribes of Israel were named. Now, sir, one of these wives was honored with being the lineal mother of Jesus Christ, according to the flesh. What! Jesus Christ descended from a man who advocated the doctrine of a plurality of wives, and actually had many wives! Why, he was as bad as Mahomet! "I wonder," says one, "that God ever kept a record of such a lineage, seeing it favors the doctrine of a plurality of wives." Why, sir, this was one object of keeping the record of Christ's lineage, that it might sustain this very doctrine.—*Orson Spencer's Letters* (edition 1891), page 197.

Christ a Polygamist

"Then you really mean to hold to the doctrine that the Savior of the world was married; do you mean to be understood so? And, if so, do you mean to be understood that he had more than one wife?" . . . Now, suppose I should set out myself, and travel through the cities of the nation as a celebrated reformer, preaching revelations and sentiments as lofty as the skies, and rolling out ideas strange and new, to which the multitude were entirely unaccustomed; and wherever I went, suppose I had with me three or four women — one combing my head, another washing my feet, and another shedding tears upon them, and wiping them with the hair of her head. Suppose I should lean upon them, and they upon me, would it not appear monstrous in the eyes of the world? Would they ride me into Jerusalem upon an ass's colt, and cast branches of the palm tree beneath my feet, shouting, "Hosannah: blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; hosannah in the highest"? I guess they would give me a coat of tar and feathers, and ride me on a rail; and it is my opinion they would serve the Savior the same, did he go about now as he did eighteen hundred years ago.

There is an old prophecy of Isaiah, which I cannot stop to read, but you will find it in the 53rd chapter of his prophecies; read the whole of the chapter. This particular prophecy speaks of Christ all the way through. It is there said, "When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed." . . . If he has no seed, how could he see them? . . . By and by, the Prophet goes on to say, "And who shall declare his generation?" for his life is taken from the earth. If he had no generation, who could declare it? . . . Who shall declare it? He could not, for he was cut off from the earth.

How was it with Mary and Martha, and other women that followed him? In old times, and it is common in this day, the women, even as Sarah, called their husbands Lord; the word Lord is tantamount to husband in some languages; master, lord, husband, are about synonymous. In England we frequently hear the wife say, "Where is my master?" She does not mean a tyrant, but as Sarah called her husband Lord, she designates hers by the word master. When Mary of old came to the sepulchre on the first day of the week, instead of finding Jesus she saw two angels in white. "And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She said unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord [or husband], and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master." Is there not here manifested the affection of a wife? These words speak the kindred ties and sympathies that are common to that relation of husband and wife. Where will you find a family so nearly allied by the ties of common religion? "Well," you say, "that appears rather plausible, but I want a little more evidence. I want you to find where it says the Savior was actually married."

Gentlemen, that is as plain as the translators, or different councils over this Scripture, dare allow it to go to the world, but the thing is there; it is told; Jesus was the bridegroom at the marriage of Cana of Galilee, and he told them what to do.

Now there was actually a marriage; and if Jesus was not the bridegroom on that occasion, please tell who was. If any man can show this, and prove that it was not the Savior of the world, then I will acknowledge I am in error. We say it was Jesus Christ who was married, to be brought into the relation whereby he could see his seed before he was crucified. "Has he indeed passed by the nature of angels, and taken upon himself the seat of Abraham, to die without leaving a seed to bear his name on the earth?" No. But when the secret is fully out, the seed of the blessed shall be gathered in, in the last days; and he who has not the blood of Abraham flowing in his veins, who has not one particle of the Savior's in him, I am afraid is a stereotyped Gentile, who will be left out and not be gathered in the last days; for I tell you it is the chosen of God, the seed of the blessed, that shall be gathered. I do not despise to be called a son of Abraham, if he had a dozen wives; or to be called a brother, a son, a child of the Savior, if he had Mary, and Martha, and several others, as wives; and though he did cast seven devils out of one of them, it is all the same to me.—ORSON HYDE, *Journal of Discourses*, vol. 2, pages 81, 82.

Polygamy Essential to Salvation

If plural marriage be unlawful, then is the whole plan of salvation through the house of Israel a failure, and the entire fabric of Christianity without foundation.—*A Compendium of the Doctrine of the Gospel*, published for missionaries, 1898.

He has done so. And as he has here stated, as having come from the mouth of the Prophet, this doctrine of eternal union of husband and wife, and of plural marriage, is one of the most important doctrines ever revealed to man in any age of the world. Without it man would come to a full stop; without it we never could be exalted to associate with and become gods, neither could we attain to the power of eternal increase, or the blessings pronounced upon Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the fathers of the faithful.—JOSEPH F. SMITH, *Journal of Discourses*, vol. 21, page 10.